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Cosmopolitan

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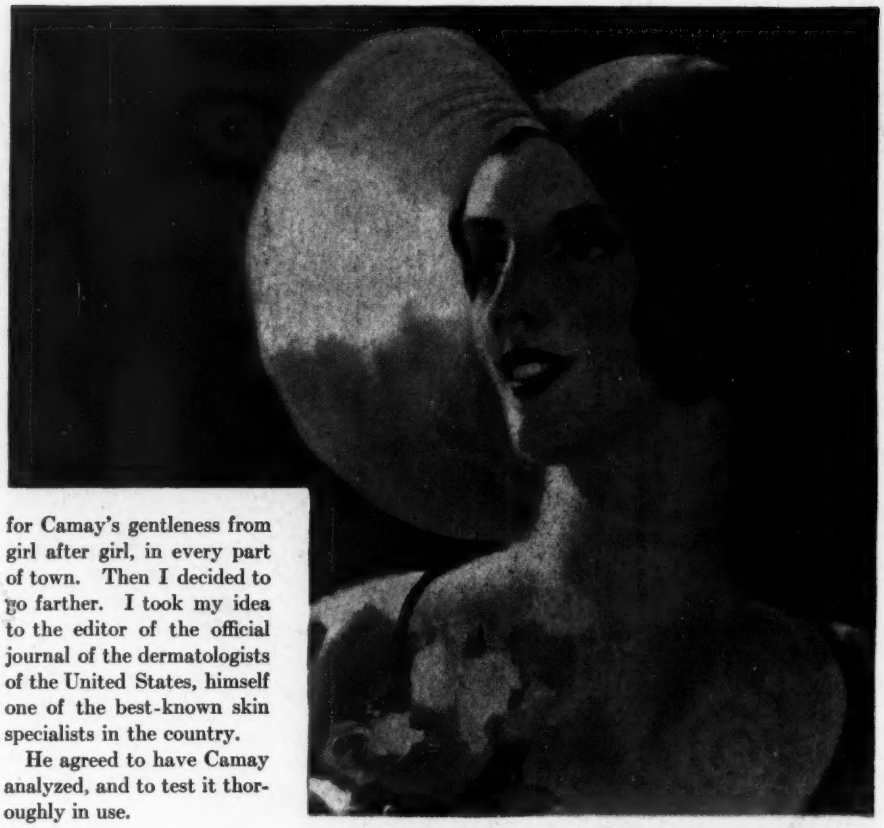
Continuing—

Mr. COOLIDGE'S Story of His Boyhood

71
famous skin specialists said:

"Those 282 Chicago girls have the right idea about complexions"



71 leading American skin specialists gave Camay their unanimous approval as the kind of soap they would recommend for the daily cleansing of the most delicate complexions—something no other complexion soap in history has ever had!

"DID you *really* come all the way from New York just for that?" a young Chicago housewife asked me in utter surprise. She could hardly believe I had traveled a thousand miles just to ask her and several hundred other girls about their complexions and this fragrant new Camay!

But I *had!* I knew all about Camay's gentleness, of course, from my own complexion. And I loved its delicate wild-flower fragrance.

But just *my* experience wasn't enough, I felt. So, among other things, I went out to Chicago and talked to women and girls—282 in all, my note book reminds me.

What Chicago girls told me

"There just never was a soap like Camay for *my* skin," one girl out in Evanston said. "It makes my complexion look so smooth and fresh."

"Camay feels gentler on my skin than any other soap I ever used," and the head of the toilet goods department of a well-known shop who told me this, has a *very* wide soap acquaintance!

I met enthusiasm like this for Camay's gentleness from girl after girl, in every part of town. Then I decided to go farther. I took my idea to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

Why 71 dermatologists approve Camay

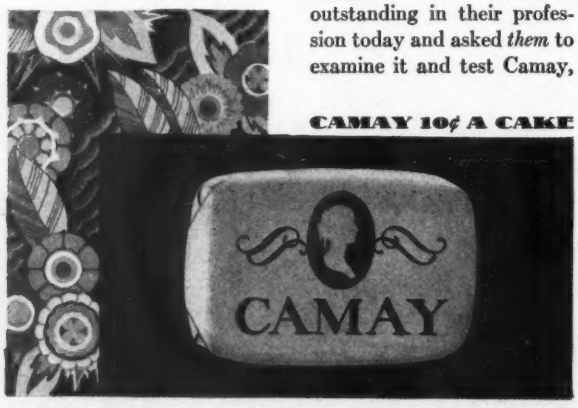
He did this, and Camay came through without a single question-mark. And he did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 70 dermatologists whom he regards as outstanding in their profession today and asked *them* to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and Camay's gentle way of cleansing even the most delicate complexions.

So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's snow-flake lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

Free! For you—All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Sensitive skins, are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep; Way to Use Cosmetics, and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YAA-79, 509 Fifth Ave., New York.

Helen Chase



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VOL. LXXXVII NO. 1

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Worry — *the first step to Success!*

IF you're contented—satisfied with your lot—merely hoping for things to come your way, the chances are you'll stay where you are.

If you're dissatisfied—discontented—studying over what the future holds and how you're going to get ahead—that can be your first step to success.

Be dissatisfied with yourself but don't stop there—let your dissatisfaction stir you to constructive action.

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* * *

Listen a moment to what other men who were in the same position you are today have done.

These are not unusual cases—similar reports come over our desks every day in the year.

For instance, W. A. Day wanted more money but he didn't wish to change employers—he made up his mind to get more money *right where he was*. That meant he must make himself worth more money to his employer, and that, in turn, meant *training*. LaSalle training was the answer—in two years, his salary increased 73.3%.

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These are men who grew without seeking new employment. On the other hand, you may want to be in business for yourself.

In that case, consider W. R. MacNeal and J. H. Bryson.

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If you believe that your future success lies in a new field or with a different employer—

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How Parents Feel About Camp

During the next three weeks thousands of foresighted parents will plan for their children's summer. The Directory of Summer Camps, published in the April, May and June issues of Cosmopolitan and on page 6 of this issue, offers a list of good camps from which to make your selection. Write immediately to those that appeal to you and arrange to meet the directors or their representatives. But it is important to choose wisely.

If your child has never been to a summer camp and you wish to discuss the matter further we shall be glad to hear from you. Our representatives have visited camps in all sections of the country, and we have on file comments from hundreds of parents whose children have spent profitable summers in camp.

"An invaluable experience"

OUR little girl is only eight years old, and when we first decided to send her to camp, I, with my Scotch inheritance, wondered if we would get our "money's worth." It seemed a good deal for two months of a small child's life.

Her father and I were young when she came—younger in experience even than in years—and we took our responsibilities so seriously that we had never really enjoyed her. We so dreaded a spoiled child that we disciplined too much; not harshly but nervously and constantly. The result was a solemn, unresponsive, antagonistic little person—she has returned from her camp a totally different child.

The camp that we chose is small, well equipped, and artistic. The counselors are all women of charm and culture and peculiarly adapted to work with children. Its main asset is the happy atmosphere which pervades every corner every hour of the day. There are few rules, only those necessary for safety, and they are obeyed implicitly and with unfailing cheerfulness. My little girl returned with a well developed sense of humor heretofore unsuspected in her make-up. She is responsive, cheerful, tolerant, and helpful. She has learned to live in harmony with other children.

She has always been strong and athletic, so that in our case development and direction of character were of paramount importance. But physically she is improved also, where there seemed little room for improvement. She gained in weight, filled out, learned a great deal in coordination of mind and muscle in swimming, dancing, canoeing, and various games. She was a "team captain" and learned the meaning of true sportsmanship. She learned songs which will cheer her all through life, and she learned the value and necessity of caring for her own possessions—this last through sad experience, the best of all teachers. She had always been self-reliant, but now she is justified in being so. She has acquired a fund of resourcefulness and self-confidence.

To sum up, camp brought to the surface the best in our little girl's character and enabled us to appreciate the traits which, through over-zealousness and too close proximity, we could never before see. It was, in our opinion, an invaluable experience and one which we shall do our utmost to repeat year after year.

—Jessie Kingsland Fales.
FORT BENNING, GA.

"A good camp is an investment"

MY BOY was a bully—not a cruel one; but he liked to surround himself with younger children and impose his will on them. Boys of his own age would have nothing to do with him when they learned that he had no idea of fair play. He lied easily and plausibly, and did not scruple to lay hands on any property of others that attracted him. Summer in the city or at a resort offered no outlet for his boundless activity; he was only in mischief three-fourths of the time. Through the winters there was constant trouble at school. Finally he was threatened with dismissal and placed on probation.

It was at this time that we decided to try a camp recommended for its healthful situation and for the fine influence of its director and counselors; and here he remained for three months, instead of the customary two.

After it was over and we had marveled at the change in him, we learned that the boys, under the wise guidance of the director, had themselves sat in judgment on him, and had taught him what all the preachings of his parents had failed to impress upon him: the value of truthfulness, honesty and fair play. In those first weeks, while he was learning that he must live with the trouble he made and respect the rights of others, he began to throw himself into the games and sports; and at the end of his stay he brought home a swimming cup, nine pounds in weight, and a new slant on life.

The following summer at the same camp added to the improvement in character and health. The past season was spent at a "salt-water camp," and I have these cherished words from a director who understands and loves boys:

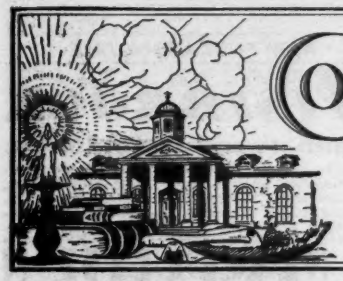
"This boy is absolutely truthful and a 'straight shooter'." There has been a complete change in his character, he has dropped his nervous mannerisms, and is slowly but surely regaining the friends he has lost. A good camp is an investment, and those parents who can possibly contrive to send their children, are doing them an injustice to keep them at home, when they might have the inspiration of forests and mountains; the guidance and companionship of splendid characters; studying Indian-lore and the woodsman's craft; learning self-reliance, and gaining each day in strength of mind and body.

—Irene H. Egerton.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

COSMOPOLITAN CAMP DEPARTMENT

May G. Linehan, Director

Fifty-seventh Street at Eighth Avenue NEW YORK CITY



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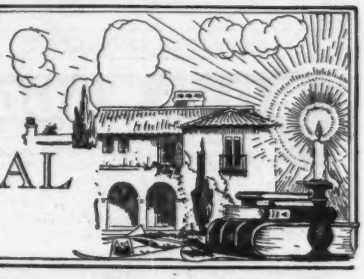

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REV. BROWNELL GAGE, Ph.D., Headmaster,
11 High Street, Suffield, Connecticut.

"Camp life has done more to develop character——"

MY boy was first sent to camp because our relationship was beginning to change from comradeship to a constantly restraining attitude on my part, very tantalizing to the wonderful adventuring age of nine.

He learned to swim the first summer, although he had to overcome a deep-seated dread of water, the result of having seen a swimming accident when a little boy. He learned, too, to live with (not just to play with) other boys, and that for an only child was something which he could get in no other way, at that age.

When he was fifteen he became a junior counselor and after camp he said something like this to me—I think our camp is about the best, because a boy's character is considered more important than the sports—and a year later "It gets tiresome some nights at the council fire talking over every boy, but I noticed I never was sleepy if the talk was about a boy in my division—one of my own boys!" This made me realize as never before that my boy's own character was being formed more by what he was doing for others than by what others were doing for him.

The year he was eighteen it was suggested that he take charge of the horses, but I dreaded the responsibility for him and arranged that he go as junior counselor in a boy's camp on a western ranch.

Back at his old camp the following year he made a success of teaching horseback riding, which had been the most unpopular sport the year he was away.

Looking back at his work and play while camping during the summers from nine to nineteen I see that my son has learned to know himself—to handle boys and work with other counselors and I feel that his camp life has done more to develop his own character in proportion to the time and money put into it than did his splendid school, busy with its college preparation.

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A younger child occupied so much of my time that the older one was naturally left to follow her own inclinations. Thinking of my own girlhood, with its wealth of playmates and outdoor fun, I felt sorry to see my child closing herself away from all this. I tried to interest her in girl scout movements and other outdoor activities but she evinced no interest whatsoever.

When the opportunity for a summer at camp presented itself, I was delighted, feeling sure that something which was lying dormant would be awakened. The only person at camp with whom the child was acquainted was the dancing instructor. Naturally, I was a little afraid that there might be some homesickness. I need not have feared—home was never mentioned after the first day!

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Now, after three seasons in camp, I feel she has benefited greatly. Each year she has come home in splendid physical condition. She eats the food that is served to her and enjoys it.

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—*Maud C. Kimbell,*
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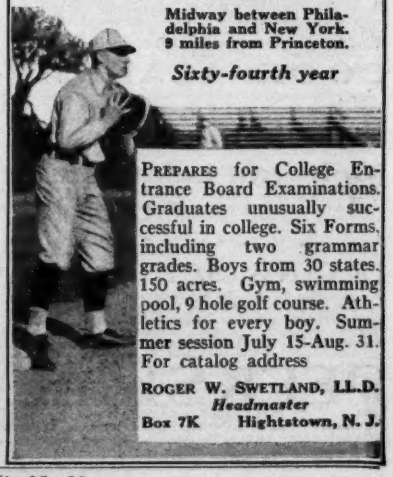

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JULY, 1929

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG Editor

When Boys Leave Home

By O. O. McIntyre

CALVIN COOLIDGE, with stark simplicity, describes in these pages his first trip from home to a boarding school, at the age of thirteen. The man whose recent years are adazzle with some of the most dramatic moments in national history treasures it as "one of the greatest events of my life."

The journey was made in a crude sled along a bleakish snow-clad Vermont countryside, yet so great is his power as a prestidigitator with the commonplace that those of us who read thrill to the savor of the sugar camp, the clip of the sheepshears and the crunch of the plow.

One cannot help reflecting what a drearily drab adventure such a jaunt would be for the modern youth, geared to high-powered roadsters, lightning express trains and bird-rushing planes.

In ship smoking rooms and in Continental and American hotel lounges are always sprinklings of youngsters at home anywhere from the Suez to the Strand. Travel to them is as casual as the weather, and somehow there springs up a gush of sympathy. The enchanting glamour of adolescence has tarnished.

Just last winter on shipboard crossing to Europe I caught up with a fourteen-year-old w[illegible]ldling walking deck. Falling in step, I ventured brightly: "First trip?" With a devastating glance and in a tone registering utter ennui he replied: "Seventh!"

At Monte Carlo on another occasion I saw the sixteen-year-old scion of a rich New York family stroll up to a roulette table, look on awhile and with a blasé gesture toss a mille-franc note on the red. When it spun black, he moved off with an almost imperceptible shrug.

Perhaps I am an old fossil—there have been complaints!—but it seems to me the stripling who has not been stirred out of the corn-husk mattress on the farm before daylight for a trip to the city has missed life's supreme adventure.

Nothing that follows in the astonishing *bizarrerie* of existence will equal the thrill of that early morning loveliness, the gossamer dewiness presaging the pulsing of another day, the stirring of fowls and stock in the barnyard and the sunrise song of a thrush floating across the meadow.

Down by the stile the old spring wagon is waiting with Jake, the hired man, and his lantern huddled on the front seat.

There is the drive to town with wisps of smoke coiling out of farm cottage chimneys, cattle lazing down the winding trail to water, sheep ranging off to pasture and the gloomy thickets spangled with blue and yellow flowers.

Calcium in the street arc lights in town is sputtering out. Kitchen porches bustle with activity. Dishes clatter. Skillets sizzle. The squeak of a neighboring pump. Heels click on wooden sidewalks. Farmers arrive at the courthouse hitching rack. The first school bell.

A world in creation again!

All the depot loungers have arrived for the seven forty-five. Also the hotel hack and its walrus-mustached driver. The bored baking-powder drummer and the Broadway Repertoire Players—including the detached and chemically blond leading lady parading the inevitable white poodle.

"HERE she comes!" The sudden galvanizing into mercurial quickness and satchel snatching. The long-drawn-out whistle as she rounds the bend at Scearce's Cut. The first lap of the Great Adventure.

In all the pleasant cacophony of a whirligig life nothing stands out in memory like the conductor's cheery "'Boa-r-r-d!" ending in that quick rising inflection. A lurch and jangle and off you go.

Yet to come are the odd mysteries of the sweating ice-water cooler and its thumb-push faucet, the pink hat-slip, the train butcher with glass pistols of candy, fruits, chewing gum.

Too, the diner with its swaying waiters and the perspiring white-capped chef in his perambulating inferno. The towns flashing by and the stretches of barn roofs adorned in their black and white panegyrics to pills and plugs of tobacco.

The grimy approach to the city, and you thunder into the yawning portals of the city depot—architecturally more magnificent then than St. Peter's in Rome now.

And you alight to the rhythmic panting of the steam monster—a gar-mouthed country boy agape with an emotional wallop you will never know again.

Is it any wonder Mr. Coolidge, now cloyed with honors and serenely conscious of their emptiness, writes of that first boyhood trip with this very understandable lament:

"I did not know that there were mental and moral atmospheres more monotonous and more contaminating than anything in the physical atmosphere of country life. No one could have made me believe that I should never be so innocent or so happy again."

O. O. M. when he left his home-town.

By CHARLES

"There Goes John

DANA GIBSON

Coolidge's Boy"

The Real Story *of a* Boy *who became*

Illustrations by
Thomas Fogarty

¶ *They took their military service in a matter-of-fact way.*

PRESIDENT

A New Chapter *in the* AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of* CALVIN COOLIDGE

in which he Answers *the* Question: "If you had Your Life *to* Live over again, *would you prefer to be* Country Boy *or* City Boy?"

WHILE the form of government under which the Plymouth people lived was that of a republic, it had a strong democratic trend. The smallest unit was then the school district. Early in my boyhood the women were given a vote on school questions in both the district and town meetings.

The district meeting was held in the evening at the schoolhouse each year. The officers were chosen and the rate of the school tax was fixed by popular vote. The board and room of the teacher for two-week periods was then assigned to the lowest bidders. The rates ran from about 50 cents each week in the summer to as high as $1.25 in the winter.

The town officers were chosen annually at the March meeting. Here again the rate of taxes was fixed by popular vote. The bonded debt was rather large, coming down, as I was told, from expenses during the war and the costs of reconstructing roads and bridges after the disastrous freshet of 1869.

The more substantial farmers wanted to raise a large tax to reduce the debt. I noticed my father did not vote on this subject and I inquired his reason. He said that while he could afford to pay a high rate, he did not wish to place so large a burden on those who were less able, and so was leaving them to make their own decision.

In those days there were about 250 qualified voters, not over 25 of which were Democrats and the rest Republicans. They had their spirited contests in their elections, but not along party lines.

One of the patriarchs of the town, who was a Democrat, served many years as Moderator by unanimous choice. He was a man of sound common sense and an excellent presiding officer, but without much book learning.

When he read that part of the call for the meeting which recited that it was to act "on the following questions, *viz.*" he always read it "to act upon the following questions, *vizley.*" This caused him to be referred to at times by the irreverent as Old Vizley.

I was accustomed to carry apples and popcorn balls to the town meeting to sell, mainly because my grandmother said my father had done so when he was a boy, and I was exceedingly anxious to grow up to be like him.

On the even years in September came the Freemen's meeting. This was a state election, at which the Town Representative to the Legislature was chosen. They also voted for County and State officers and for a Representative to the Congress, and on each fourth year for Presidential electors. I attended all of these meetings until I left home and followed them with interest for many of the succeeding years.

Careful provision was made for the administration of justice through local authorities. Those charged with petty crimes and misdemeanors were brought before one of the five Justices of the Peace, who had power to try and sentence with or without calling a jury. He also had a like jurisdiction in civil matters of a small amount.

The more important cases, criminal and civil, went to the County Court which sat in the neighboring town of Woodstock in May and December. My father was nearly all his life a Constable or a Deputy Sheriff, and sometimes both, with power to serve civil and criminal process, so that he arrested those charged with crime and brought them before the Justice for trial.

Unless it would keep me out of school, he would take me with him when attending before the local justices or when he went to the opening session of the County Court. Before him my grandfather had held the same positions, so that together they were the peace officers most of the time in our town for nearly 75 years.

IN ADDITION to this they often settled the estates of deceased persons and acted as guardian of minors. This business was transacted in the Probate Court, where I often went.

My father was at times a Justice of the Peace and always had a commission as Notary Public. This enabled him to take the acknowledgment of deeds, which

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he knew how to draw, and administer oaths necessary to pension papers which he filled out for old soldiers usually without charge, or to take affidavits required on any other instruments.

In my youth he was also always engaged in the transaction of all kinds of town business, being constantly elected for that purpose. He was painstaking, precise and very accurate, and had such wide experience that the lawyers of the region knew they could rely on him to serve papers in difficult cases and make returns that would be upheld by the courts.

This work gave him such a broad knowledge of the practical side of the law that the people of the neighborhood were constantly seeking his advice, to which I always listened with great interest. He always counseled them to resist injustice and avoid unfair dealing, but to keep their agreements, meet their obligations and observe strict obedience to the law.

By reason of what I saw and heard in my early life, I came to have a good working knowledge of the practical side of government. I understood that it consisted of restraints which the people had imposed upon themselves in order to promote the common welfare.

As I went about with my father when he collected taxes, I knew that when taxes were laid some one had to work to earn the money to pay them. I saw that a public debt was a burden on all of the people in a community, and while it was necessary to meet the needs of a disaster it cost much in interest and ought to be retired as soon as possible.

After the winter work of laying in a supply of wood had been done, the farm year began about the first of April with the opening of the maple sugar season. This was the most interesting of all the farm operations to me.

With the coming of the first warm days we broke a road through the deep snow into the sugar lot, tapped the trees, set the buckets, and brought the sap to the sugar house, where in a heater and pans it was boiled down into syrup to be taken to the house for sugaring off. We made 800 to 2,000 pounds, according to the season.

¶ Neighbors constantly sought his advice.

¶ *My Grandmother Coolidge liked books.*

After that the fences had to be repaired where they had been broken down by the snow, the cattle turned out to pasture, and the spring planting done. Then came sheep shearing time, which was followed by getting in the hay, harvesting and threshing of the grain, cutting and husking the corn, digging the potatoes and picking the apples.

Just before Thanksgiving the poultry had to be dressed for market, and a little later the fattened hogs were butchered and the meat salted down. Early in the winter a beef creature was slaughtered.

The work of the farm was done by the oxen, except running the mowing machine and horse rake. I early learned to drive oxen and used to plow with them alone when I was 12 years old.

Of course, there was the constant care of the domestic animals, the milking of the cows, and taking them to and from pasture, which was especially my responsibility.

We had husking bees, apple paring bees and singing schools in the winter. There were parties for the young folks and an occasional dramatic exhibition by local talent. Not far away there were some public dances, which I was never permitted to attend.

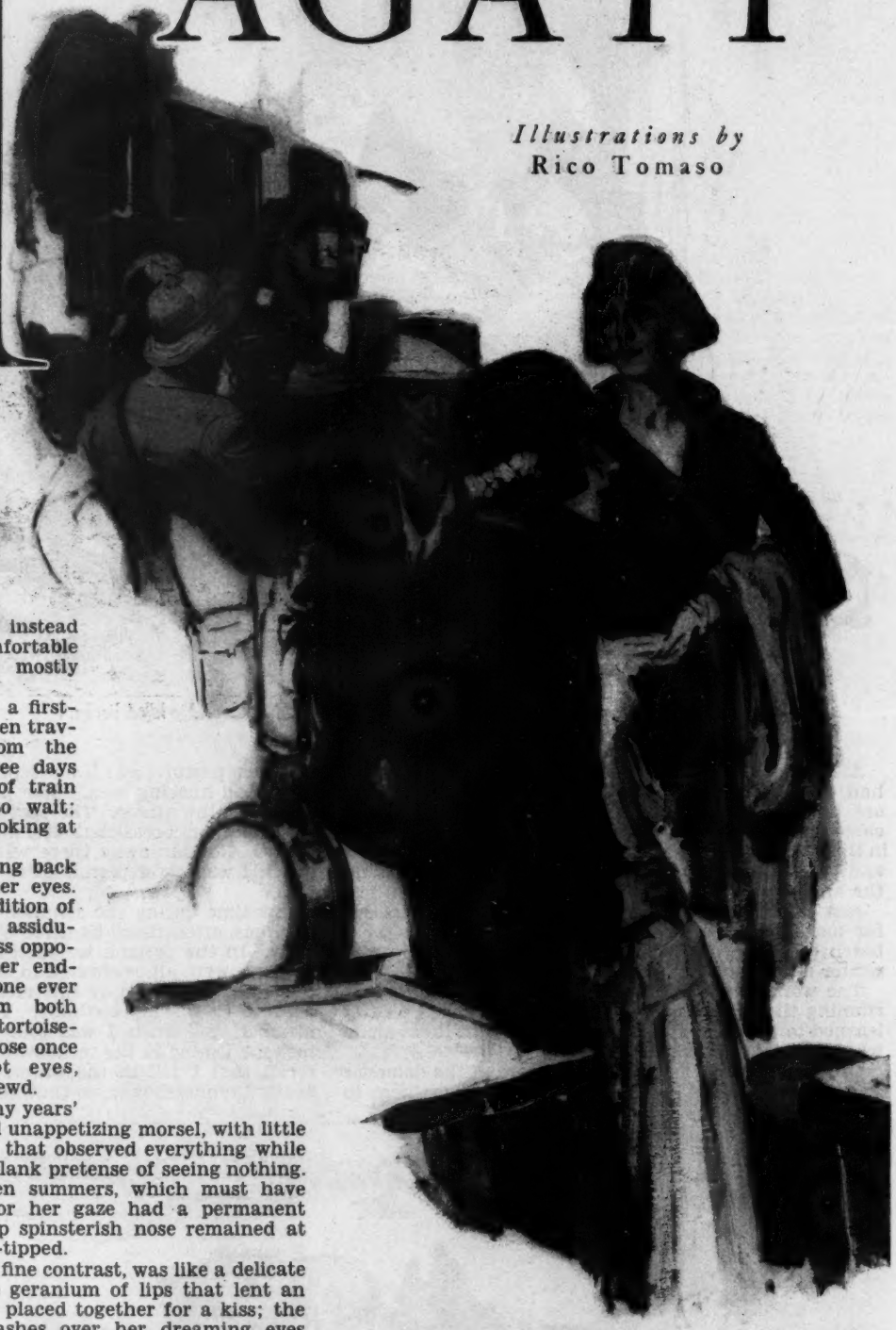
Some time during the summer we usually went to the circus, often rising by three o'clock so as to get there early. In the autumn we visited the county fair. The holidays were all celebrated in some fashion.

Of course, the 4th of July meant a great deal to me, because it was my birthday. The first one I can remember was when I was four years old. My father took me fishing in the meadow brook in the morning. I recall that I fell in the water, after which we had a heavy thundershower, so that (*Continued on page 213*)

BEGINNING

TAGATI

Illustrations by
Rico Tomaso



THERE had been a mishap up the line and the through Bulawayo-to-Salisbury train was two hours late. Passengers for Gwelo, a good-sized town in the midlands of Rhodesia, instead of reaching there in comfortable time for dinner, had mostly dined on the train.

But three inmates of a first-class carriage, having been traveling continuously from the Cape, a matter of three days and nights, were sick of train meals and preferred to wait; they were sick, too, of looking at each other.

Felicia Lissell had flung back her head and closed her eyes. Pagg read the weekly edition of the Times with a prim assiduousness, and the countess opposite, knitting one of her endless jumpers that no one ever wore, considered them both over the top of her tortoise-shell spectacles, with those once famous forget-me-not eyes, faded now, but still shrewd.

Pagg, her maid of many years' standing, was a sour and unappetizing morsel, with little narrow subservient eyes that observed everything while assuming the servant's blank pretense of seeing nothing. She admitted fifty-seven summers, which must have been mostly winters, for her gaze had a permanent bleakness and the sharp spinsterish nose remained at all seasons faintly pink-tipped.

Felicia's short nose, in fine contrast, was like a delicate ivory carving above the geranium of lips that lent an illusion of being freshly placed together for a kiss; the fringe of long black lashes over her dreaming eyes seemed to have been dipped in gold dust; the brows, stenciled archwise above, gave an expression of surprised and wistful innocence—the *priez-pour-moi* look it used to be called in Gaby Deslys, and in Réjane, who also possessed it in her lovely youth, was known as the *fiche-moi-le-camp* look. In Felicia Lissell a tinge of haughtiness about it gave pause to those of a too "come-on-ish" disposition, causing them to count ten before proceeding to further investigation.

No matter what the look is called, one thing is certain: those who possess it possess brains also, and penetration. Life may give them a few shocks but so sound is their judgment that few people take them by surprise.

When Felicia was only ten she proclaimed this faculty in herself with a fair amount of accuracy. It happened that they were in Paris, and, hearing two friends of her

a Novel of Love and Loneliness in the African Veld

By Cynthia Stockley
Author of "PONJOLA"

It was easy to see that Dick Cardross had once been strikingly handsome—three years was a goodish space to leave a man alone on the veld. Felicia wondered what Stella had thought of him after their post-war separation—lovely, secret Stella.

father discussing a play called "Lui," then running at the Grand Guignol, she demanded to be taken to see it. When her father refused she protested plaintively but indignantly:

"But why not, Daddy? I know praclikally ev'thing."

She still knew practically everything, but she said less about it. In spite of this great asset, however, and a number of others patent to the naked eye, the countess often would say in her dictatorial, I-am-the-great-Amen fashion, that Felicia's greatest charm lay in her exquisite unconcern of the effect she produced and a serenity of manner only attained by good breeding combined with an experience of the world simply staggering in one so young.

But this was a purely feminine point of view, and, by male computation, abstract and secondary. What interested men in Felicia was the warm ivoriness of her, faintly flushed with rose; the gray, greeny-blue eyes mysterious as opals; the small proud head shaped as were Greek heads of old, the hair alive and unruly of nature but slicked by art to lie sleek as the blue-black sheen of a swallow's wing; that gracile body of hers, slender and vigorous as a young tree blossoming delicately in spring.

Pagg, rustling the newspaper, gave a suspicious glance at Miss Lissell and coughed in a genteel manner. "I see, m'lady, that her Majesty will spend the week-end with Lady Lingden at Massingham."

Felicia's lips quivered faintly. Well might Pagg have wished to insure herself against that ironical smile!

"Darn Massingham!" said m'lady equably. "It was there I started my sciatica. They can say what they like, Pagg, but I'll never believe that that Anne Boleyn room wasn't damp."

"Yes, m'lady." Pagg pinched her lips together, expressing solicitous agreement, waited patiently for a minute or two, then took another dip into the only

One of Felicia's slippers had just gone slurring across the bare boards, when she was arrested by a whisper, dramatically clear: "Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play the game?" "Oh! The wrong room!" she gasped in dismay as she realized the truth, and spun for the door.

portion of the newspaper that held any interest for her.

Greed and her passion for royalty were the salient features of an unlovable character. Like so many capable servants she hailed from one of those Norfolk villages where the concentration of working-class girls upon an ambition to enter service at Sandringham makes for their extraordinary domestic efficiency.

On the busiest of her days Pagg would still find time to study the court and society news, and might later be heard commenting to anyone who would listen: "I see that the Queen has chosen Lady Mary Trefusis to be her new lady in waiting" . . . "I note that the Duchess of York is moving shortly to her new home" . . . "Lord Iveagh entertains the King at Elveden this week, I believe."

The countess, who took the keenest relish in chronicling these remarks for her friends' delight, related that on the day of Princess Mary's marriage Pagg and she were staying alone at a little country cottage in Devonshire, and to every tradesman who came to the door Pagg made the same arch inquiry:

"Fine day for the wedding, isn't it? Going up to town for it?"

At about ten o'clock that night she startled her mistress by exclaiming solemnly:

"Well! It's all over now!"

"What's all over, Pagg?"

"With Princess Mary," gloomed the virgin maid.

OF COURSE, as Felicia often said, a character like that always in your close vicinity might add to the gayety of your life if only she had a sense of humor or didn't mind your having one. But Pagg was not humorous and never merry and bright; only extremely refined, exclusive and genteel. And with any reason to suppose that anyone was getting any fun out of her, she could become both shirty and vindictive.

"It's a quarter to nine, m'lady, so we must be drawing near our destination," she now declared.

"I should hope so, damme!" said the countess crossly. "Wake up, Shonnie; you ought to be getting ready."

But Shonnie (otherwise Felicia) had no intention of "waking up" until the train actually slowed at the station and offered something more novel for consideration than the sterile visage of Pagg or the conversational eccentricities of Countess Karamine. She was weary of the Countess Karamine. She always guessed she would be, but had been obliged to risk it for the sake of escaping from tiresome relatives to resume the nomadic life she adored.

The death of her father, the famous traveler and explorer, Sir John Lissell, had robbed her of that chosen fate of wandering, and only with Letitia Karamine—a most provoking woman but her godmother, a sort of cousin, and indisputably *grande dame*—had she been allowed to escape again from England and the coils of convention. It was necessary to remember this when things went too badly.

"Old Letty is a pathological case if ever there was one, and Pagg has a sex complex. Probably I shall be a mental case myself before the end of the voyage." Thus she had written to her friend, Kit Fentry, before the ship reached Madeira, and things had got a great deal worse after that, as may be gathered from what she set down in her diary on the eve of the ship's arrival at Cape Town.

"All childless married women over fifty ought to be shot. *Un*married old women are different. They have learned to fill in those blanks of life with other loves and other interests. But a childless married woman, especially when she has been beautiful and spoiled, retains and develops her selfish idiosyncrasies in a way no mother can. When I hear Cousin Letty squabbling with Pagg, bleating about the food, chronicling her aches and pains, or malignantly picking the passengers to pieces over the top of her tortoise-shell spectacles while she knits, I often wish she had died on the Siberian steppes.

"It is hard to remember at such times that epic story of her accompanying her Russian husband into exile; his death in her arms during the frightful journey; the long struggle back through terrible snows, hostile guards, wolves and failing horses; her grim determination to bring the body to the tomb of his fathers, even, it is said, carrying it for long miles on her own back; and arriving in Moscow at last, her blond hair gone snow-white, the frost of Siberian wastes in her eyes and in her soul.

"What a pity not to pass out when one has reached the highest pinnacle of one's life like that, with the glow of tragedy, self-sacrifice, glorious achievement still on one! Instead of living to become garrulous, trivial, tiresome!

"I hope it will never happen to me. I'd like to go out at the top point of existence, tragic or ecstatic, while still young and gay, with the blood sparkling in my veins.

"Old Letty is still rather splendid-looking, with her frosty eyes, patrician nose and the complexion it is her pride never to have touched with paint or powder. It's not difficult to reconstruct the dazzling creature she must have been when, with her celebrated diplomat husband, she went from court to court, fascinating all men and putting the wind up all ambassadresses, who hated her like poison and feared her like death. For, together with her matchless whiteness, unforgettable turquoise eyes and dimpled shoulders, she possessed the tongue of an asp—and still does, alas!

"Oh, this voyage! With what sweet reasonable words did she beguile me to accompany her—not that I needed much beguiling! What charming reasons she gave for needing me, even after I'd made it clear that I wasn't going to be a second Pagg to her, or a paid or unpaid secretary; nor was I to be treated like a pensioned governess, a poor relation or a penniless hanger-on. In case she had any illusions I thought it better to clear the decks beforehand.

"I would, of course, I said, be as useful as I could, but was not going to be tied hand and foot and unable to call my soul my own. She had to swallow hard to get this down, being accustomed to tyrannizing over everyone in sight, but she did get it down, and I had to realize then that she really wanted me, and asked her to tell me frankly why.

" 'My dear Shonnie, you are extremely modern: a thing I admire without being able to emulate it.' This is far from being the case. With her alert mind, snow-white hair (shingled and permanently waved), beautiful jewels and fashionable frocks, she's nothing if not up-to-date. However, I let that pass.

" 'One should be of one's time,' she continued in her best *grande dame*, I-have-lived-and-loved-in-greater-times-than-these manner. 'Then, your youth is a lure. I adore youth, and the only way for a poor old woman to keep it in her life is to have young people about her to attract their kind.

" 'Further, my dear, as you well know, you are a lovely creature and I also adore loveliness about me. Of your breeding I am certain. In spite of modernity and the unusual way you've been brought up, you are of the right stock. Lastly, I want to see this new country with your eyes as well as my own, and there is no reason I know of why we shouldn't have an amusing time!'

"How pleasant and flattering and clear-cut it all sounded! Far too good to be true, in fact, for Cousin Letty could no more be simple and reasonable than a whale can take a ticket on a Union-Castle liner. Wherefore I think that over this period from Southampton to the Cape I had better draw a kindly veil.

"No doubt it is a charming voyage, especially when made for the first time. Even I, who know all about its marvelous silver nights under the Southern Cross, and its glittering days under the awnings, enjoyed it, as I enjoy everything. But not as did those happy mortals who hadn't a Cousin Letty in tow.

"From the first night—when her bed had to be stripped of ship's blankets and linen and remade with her own (which she always carries as well as her towels and table napkins); when the captain had been recognized and put into his place as a 'grinning jackanapes,' the purser 'a fat fool,' the head steward 'a knave' who had appointed to us the stoutest, dampest, hardest-breathing and most eavesdropping of table stewards;

¶"*I hope you've not already weighed the Rhodesian hero and found him wanting?*" *said fellas up here,*" *he added.* "*One, at least, whom it would be a feat for a woman to*

when our bedroom steward was discovered to be a low fellow, and our stewardess to possess the most revolting cockney accent ever heard outside of Whitechapel—to this last day, when she said to me with sinister significance:

" 'As for the doctor, I am sure he's too fond of women; besides, he's done absolutely nothing for my sciatica!'

"Then the passengers! No, it is better to draw a veil. From the beginning to the end it has not been a voyage but a chapter of cataclysms, a maelstrom of events. Suffice it that we come at last to Cape Town, and at least I shall see again with my living eyes the Africa of my dreams—mine own country!"

Thus the diary of Felicia Lissell—known to her family and intimates as Shonnie; a girl of twenty-one, very much alive, ardent as the noontide, warm for all things lovable and fine; cold, critical, cruel with the mercilessness of youth that sees too far and asks too much of life; witty, full of generosity, vivid imaginings and secret dreams. There she sat, pretending to be asleep, to escape the boredom of beholding Pagg or of listening to the cynical garrulities of Letitia Karamine.

A wire had reached them at Bulawayo that Dick Cardross would meet the train at their destination, and, as they drew into the station at last, both the countess and Felicia glanced alertly out at the dim platform while

Father Drago. Felicia smiled faintly, a shade of disdain on her lips. "We still have a few reclaim." "Blackguards are more interesting unreclaimed, I always think, Father," she said.

Pagg began to arm herself with small impedimenta and all the crudely carved spotted lions, leopards and giraffes that she and the countess had purchased from the natives on the journey up.

It was about nine o'clock of an evening in June, which in those latitudes means winter, with a bleak nip in the air, and something like a Scotch mist mixed with the darkness, to bilk the eye of its rightful office.

But there is one blessed thing about the climate of Rhodesia: it never bores by its sameness. It is often better, sometimes worse, but never according to prescription and schedule. Neither are Rhodesians.

Not surprising, therefore, that the countess and Felicia, abetted by Pagg, already had disembarked before their particular specimen sample of the race turned up. The countess was just beginning to get the famous frosty glint in her eye and Felicia's lip to curl in disdainful anticipation of a rumpus, when a big man, coatless, hatless, his bulk held together by a firm leather belt, came bustling to where they stood midst clumps of baggage, crates of poultry and numbers of darting natives.

The only bustling thing about Dick Cardross was his gait, but he also had a winning smile and there was real affection and warmth in the way he kissed the countess and welcomed Felicia, (*Continued on page 154*)

Illustrations by
David Robinson

Franklin's Favorite

IN THE big room at the back of Magnolia Hall on West Ninety-third Street, New York City, that drafty cavern where so many musical comedies have gone through the painful process of getting themselves born, the rehearsal of Goble and Cohn's stupendous new production, "Coralie," had been interrupted by one of those mysterious pauses. These occur at irregular intervals throughout the preparation of every musical piece and last till the Man Behind the Cigar claps his hands peevishly and wants to know what the blazes we're wasting time like this for.

The company, glad of the respite, stood chatting in groups. The pianist, having put his feet up on the keys, lighted a cigaret. Near the door a little knot of managers, librettists, producers, dance directors and Yes-old-man-but-do-just-listen-to-me-for-a-minute men were waving their hands and strenuously debating. Above the din of battle rose a voice saying that it had been twenty years in the show business.

On a bench in a corner, the Deputy Assistant Lyric Writer sat chewing a pencil and staring bleakly before him. Somebody had just told him to write in ten lines for the girls in the Finale and, like all lyrists, the only thing he could think of was to have them strew something in the path of the happy young couple on their wedding day. He was working on this inspiration when a girl, simply clad in pink shoes and a bathing suit, detached herself from a neighboring group and came and sat down beside him.

"Busy?" she said.

"Listen," said the Deputy Assistant Lyrist. "What do people strew?"

"How do you mean, strew?"

"Why, strew." The lyrist made strewing motions.

"Oh, strew?" the girl reflected. "Roses."

"I've had 'em strewing roses in the Opening Chorus."

"Sawdust."

"Not sawdust." The lyrist's face cleared. "I know! Sunshine."

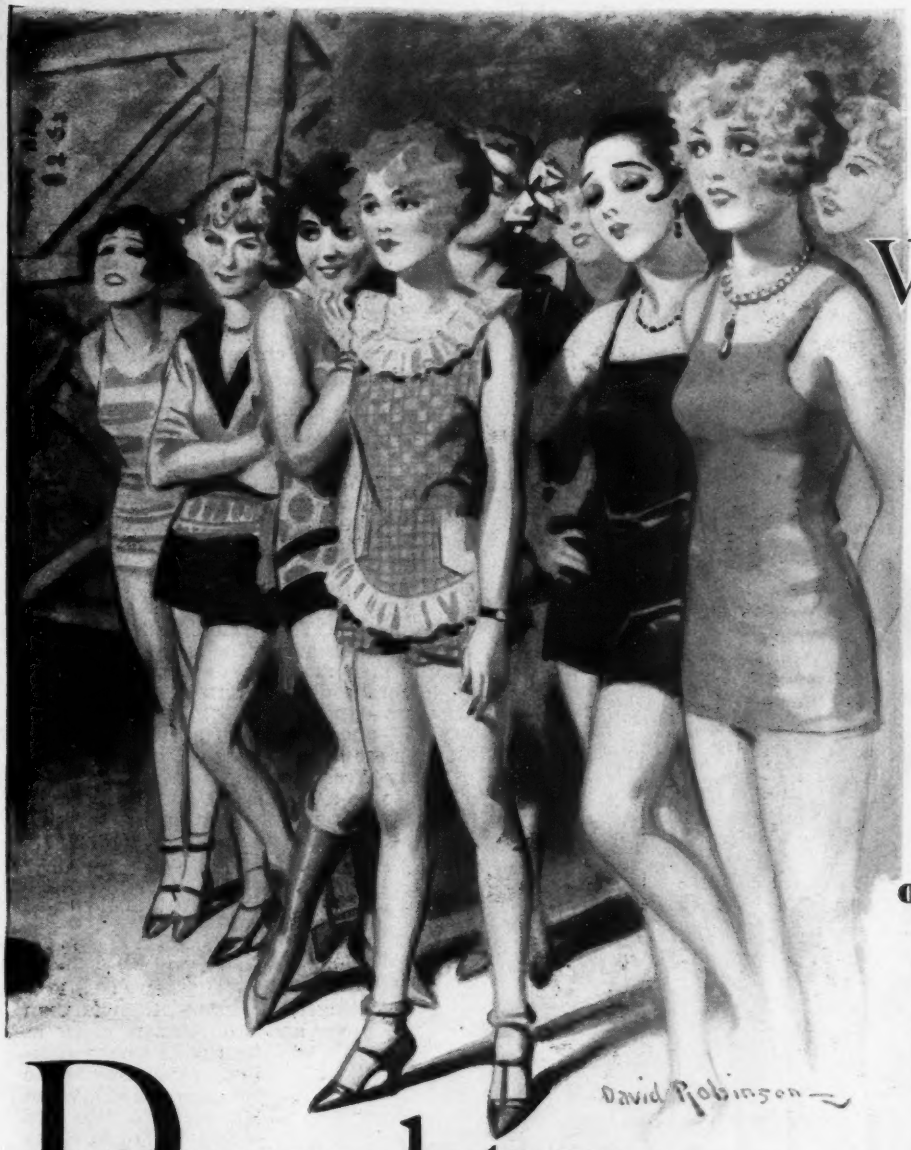
"Sunshine?"

"Rays of happy sunshine."

His companion shook her head. "You expect us girls to go about strewing rays of happy sunshine? It can't be done—not on forty dollars a week."

"You'll do it—and like it," said the lyrist firmly.

"Oh, well," said the girl, "I suppose, when you come



¶ *Walter says he'll try the gag, and then comes the business of choosing a Jane. All us girls stand round trying to look intelligent, but Pearl's red hair catches Mr. Pottinger's eye and there's no one else in the race.*

Daughter

By P. G. Wodehouse

right down to it, there's nothing that can't happen in musical comedy. Yes, sir, that's the first lesson we wage-slaves in the Ensemble have to learn. Did I ever tell you about the Career of Pearl Delahay? There was a case."

"I'm busy," said the lyrist. "I'm trying to concentrate. I don't want to hear about any Pearl Delahays."

"It isn't what we want in this life," said the girl, with gentle rebuke. "Come to that, I don't want to strew rays of happy sunshine."

She mused for a while, smiling reminiscently.

I MET her in this very hall (she said). We're sitting round the piano for the first chorus-rehearsal of a show called "Ask Dad." There's thirty-two of us and I'm on the edge of the mob scene and there's only one other girl on my bench and we're far enough away from the center of things to be able to have a little quiet conversation without getting called down by the maestro, so naturally we become sociable.

She was a pretty kid with a turned-up nose and a sort of soppy, small-town expression and the brightest red hair you ever saw. I told her my name and asked what was hers.

"Pearl Delahay," she says. "At least, it isn't."

"Make up your mind."

"Well, what I mean, I'm married."

"I'm on the verge," I said. This was just before Jim and I teamed up. "Mine does company managing. He'll probably get the Number Two Co. of this show, if there ever is one. And if we both have a good season you ought to be buying the wedding present round about next August."

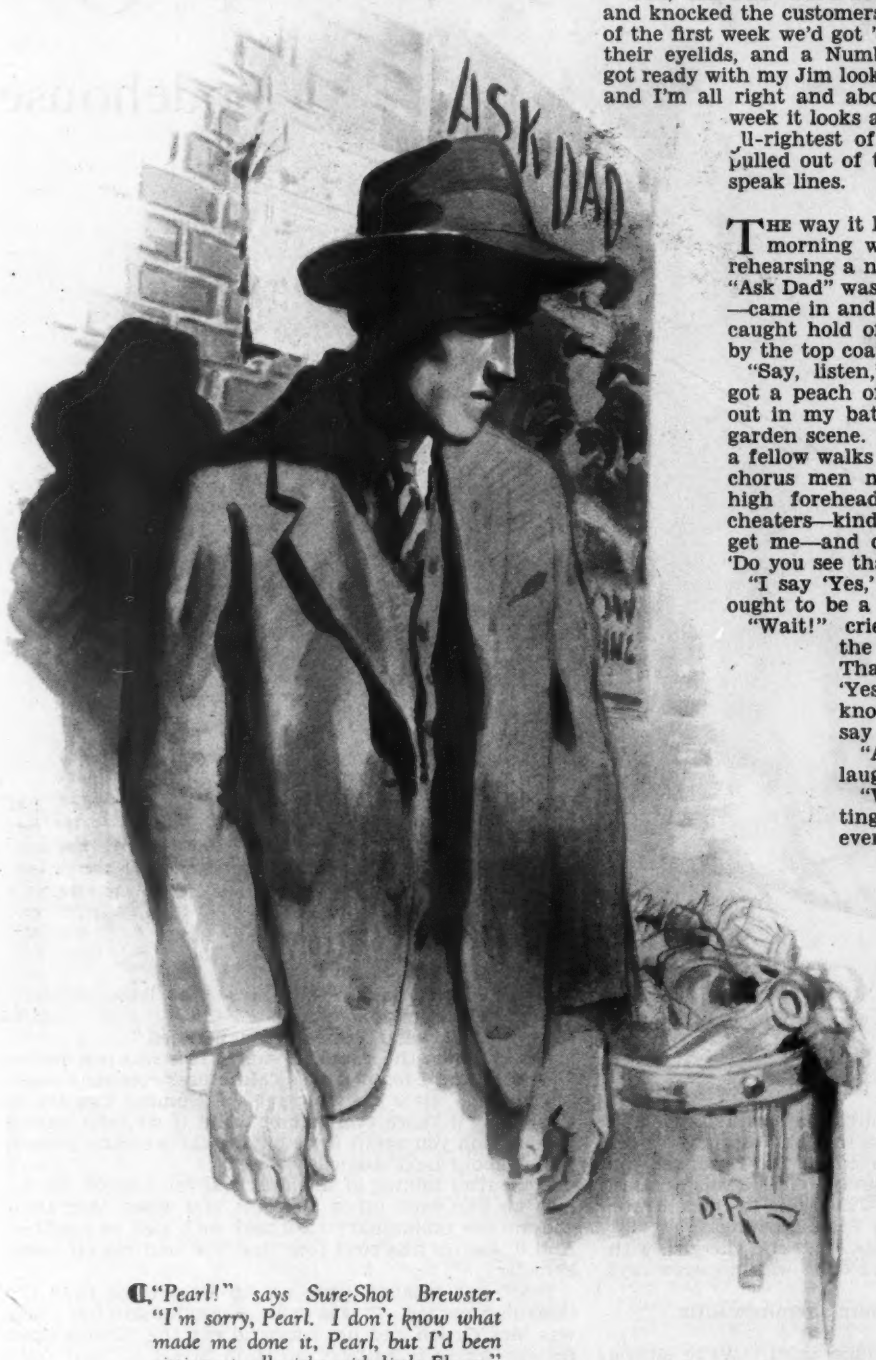
Well, after talking of this and that for a while, we decide we like each other all right and when "Ask Dad" goes on the preliminary road tour we'll kick in together. And it was on this road tour that she told me all about herself.

Pearl has escaped from an up-state town near the Canadian border. It was called Franklin and her name was Mrs. Gooch and her husband ran the Always Open Garage which is halfway up Main Street on your right as you leave the Baptist Chapel. He was doing well enough and making good money, what with the Always Open and a little bootlegging on the side.

But you can say what you like, Pearl told me, a garage in a small town doesn't afford real scope for a romantic girl, and so she left home and came to Broadway to go on the stage and fulfill herself. "Ask Dad" was her second show. Before that, she was in a thing called "Come On In," but the audiences didn't, and just when she was fulfilling herself up in Schenectady they closed down on her.

Well, that's all right, I said, but what did old man Gooch think about it? Isn't he sore? She says Yes, but that's not worrying her much. What's on her mind, if anything, is her three-year-old son, Elmer. Leaving Elmer, she keeps feeling, is not so good.

There's a sister of Brewster—which is the husband—



"Pearl!" *says Sure-Shot Brewster. "I'm sorry, Pearl. I don't know what made me done it, Pearl, but I'd been sitting up all night with little Elmer."*

looking after him, but she's far from easy about this sister, who has views and may be teaching the kid vegetarianism and other newfangled ideas.

And, on top of all that, a mother's heart is a mother's heart.

"You ought to go home," I said.

"If Brewster would show one flash of romance," said Pearl, "I would. But he's hopeless. But I do miss little Elmer a whole lot. This is him," she said, producing a photograph. "Gee, I miss that kid. Yes, sir, I certainly would like to see Elmer again."

I took a swift look at the photograph. One was sufficient.

"Why?" I said. And it wasn't till after the opening in New York that she would speak to me again.

Well, "Ask Dad" was a wow. We opened at the Imperial and knocked the customers bow-legged. Before the end of the first week we'd got 'em hanging from the roof by their eyelids, and a Number Two company was being got ready with my Jim looking after it. So he's all right and I'm all right and about the middle of the second week it looks as if this Pearl Delahay is the all-rightest of the whole bunch—for she's pulled out of the chorus in the first act to speak lines.

THE way it happened was like this. One morning we were down at the theater rehearsing a number, when Mr. Pottinger—"Ask Dad" was a Pottinger and Abeles show—came in and stopped the proceedings and caught hold of Walter Catfield, our comic, by the top coat-button.

"Say, listen," says Mr. Pottinger. "I've got a peach of a gag for you. Thought it out in my bath this morning. It's in the garden scene. You're kidding the girls and a fellow walks across the stage—one of the chorus men made up as a bimbo with a high forehead and tortoise-shell-rimmed cheaters—kinda intellectual-looking, you get me—and one of the girls says to you, 'Do you see that man?' and you say 'Yes.'"

"I say 'Yes,' do I?" says Walter. "That ought to be a scream."

"Wait!" cries Mr. Pottinger, clutching the button. "Wait! Wait! That's not the gag. You say 'Yes,' and she says, 'Do you know who he is?' and then you say 'No.'"

"And you black out on the big laugh, I suppose?"

"Wait! Wait!" says Mr. Pottinger, clutching tighter than ever and beginning to giggle as he thinks what's coming. "I'm coming to the gag now. When you say 'No,' the girl says, 'Why, he's the great authority on fish-culture,' and then you spring it. You say, 'Fish-culture? I didn't know fish had any culture—to speak of.' How's that? Isn't that a wam?"

I'm not sure Walter's so altogether sold on the thing as Mr. Pottinger would have liked him to have been, but he says he'll try it at the Wednesday matinée, and then comes the business of choosing a Jane for the other half of the sketch. All us girls stand round trying to look full of intelligence, but that red hair catches Mr. Pottinger's eye and there's no one else in the race.

"You," says Mr. Pottinger, pointing. "The human torchlight procession. What's your name?"

"Pearl Delahay," says this Pearl Delahay.

"Well, you'll feed Mr. Catfield his lines. Come right down to the foots, don't mumble, and give them the teeth."

Well, sir, I want to tell you, this Pearl took her art

serious. If she didn't lift 'em out of their seats, it wasn't going to be for want of careful study.

Me being her particular buddy, I get the heavy weight of it. She'd read those lines over to me till they were written on my brain in letters of fire and I got so I couldn't bear to look at fish for weeks and weeks and weeks. It was her first big part on Broadway, and she meant to show them.

Why, after the Tuesday-night performance, she actually wanted to drag me off to a midnight show that an English company was giving.

"No," I said, firm. "I get enough of the theater without going out of my way to attend milkman's matinées. What's the idea?"

You'll never guess. She wanted to study the methods of some girl that London was wild over. Thought she might pick up a hint or two. Said she'd heard her technique was so wonderful.

"Say, listen," I told her. "You've got to be careful. If you don't watch out, you're apt to get so good you'll play Walter Catfield right off the stage tomorrow, and then there'll be trouble."

So she consented to cut out the midnight performance; and next day we rolled up to the stage door for the big show, this Pearl muttering to herself about fish and me trying not to listen, when suddenly, as we were going in, there appeared from nowhere a long, skinny, freckled, lantern-jawed bozo with big feet, mail-order clothes and one of those small-town hair-cuts that leave the back of the neck looking like it had been peeled.

"Pearl!" says this exhibit.

The coming star halts in her tracks, spellbound. "Brewster." She gave a gulp. "What ever are you doing here, you poor fish?" she said, her mind, no doubt, running on her part.

Brewster shuffled his feet, and the sound was like waves breaking on a stern and rockbound coast.

"Pearl," he said. "Pearl," he said. "Pearl," he said, "I want you to come back home with me, Pearl. There's a train at four-thirty. That'll give us time to go and see that new talkie."

"You mean you think I'm going to give up the stage?"

"Little Elmer needs a mother's care," said Brewster. "I don't like the way he's hiccuping."

"Hiccuping?" says Pearl.

"Hiccuping," says Brewster, "is right."

"Why doesn't Ellabelle stop him hiccuping?"

"She says it ain't really hiccuping. Only imagination or something. I don't quite get her. But a fellow can't say a word to her without having her jump down his throat like he'd insult her or something. All I say is that little Elmer sounds like a motor cycle and I claim he needs a mother's care."

I could see Pearl was shaken, but the call of her Art was too strong.

"I can't abandon the stage just when my foot is on the ladder of success," she says. "Why, this very afternoon I'm speaking lines in a big scene with the highest-paid comedian in New York."

"Then you won't come home?"

"How can I?"

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes, it is."

"O. K.," says Brewster. "Well, I guess I'll go see that talkie and then get aboard the four-thirty. Pleased to have met you."

The great public don't know how tough it is for us artists. A girl's got to go on and speak her part, I mean, no matter how much her bosom may be seething with all sorts of feelings.

What with the strain of studying her lines and the shock of hearing that her little Elmer is going around with his cut-out open, I don't wonder Pearl was upset. For the break she made that afternoon I claim she was more to be pitied than censured. Not that you could have got Mr. Pottinger to look at it that way in a million years.

WHAT happened was this. That matinée started and there was Mr. Pottinger standing in the wings, all ready to listen to his nifty and the gales of laughter it's going to provoke, and the action of the drama worked along to the spot where Mr. Pottinger's nifty was to occur, and one of the chorus boys came on with a property forehead and horn-rimmed glasses, acting kind of pensive and intellectual, like a man that's an authority on fish-culture, and Pearl gave a sort of shiver as if she'd been walking in her sleep and rudely awakened, and then she took a step down to the footlights and looked up at the second balcony and cleared her throat, and she said:

"Do you see that man?"

"Yes," says Walter Catfield. And Mr. Pottinger's bending tensely forward in the wings like a hound straining at the leash.

"He's very cultured," says Pearl. "What I mean, he's fond of fish."

There's a moment's pause, with the audience sitting in respectful silence, and then Walter Catfield says, "Is that so?" in a dazed sort of way, and the drama proceeds.

I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw Mr. Pottinger turning Alice-blue with *(Continued on page 217)*

Does This Explain

NOTE the amazing resemblance between John D. Rockefeller and his mother! She is described as "a strong, purposeful woman who ruled her family with a rod of iron, believed in the literal Bible, hell-fire and damnation, a just God and a redeeming Christ."

Contrast her features and her character with John D.'s father, "Old Doc" Rockefeller (below), itinerant medical man, a pre-bellum racketeer,

By John K.

AN EPOCHAL life enters its tenth decade this summer, a life that has spanned a graphic transition—covered wagon to ocean-crossing airplane!—in the progress of the world and the activities of mankind. John D. Rockefeller will be ninety on Monday, July the eighth.

More than to any other, with the possible exception of Edison, was opportunity given Rockefeller to speed an era of industrial development, the wonders of which are still spread daily before our dazzled eyes. Just as "whoso saith Cæsar saith Rome," so whoso saith Rockefeller saith combination, consolidation, monopoly.

Rockefeller mastered an entire industry. He was the pioneer builder of a business structure that is the wonder of statists and the marvel of economists the world over.

John D. and his Standard Oil trust have provoked a literature and a litigation. No one has been more discussed, no one less known than the Emperor of Oil. Alternately arraigned as a modern Attila of trade and glorified as a Moses leading us out of an industrial wilderness, Rockefeller is known to most people for what he has accomplished. Few know what he is.

For two generations this astonishing individual has pressed his personality and his private affairs into the background with an ingenuity that assuredly ranks among his greatest triumphs. He is not inarticulate, as are so many outstanding industrialists. He merely has not chosen to discuss intimate personal matters which most Americans feel they have a right to be informed about by those grown rich or great.

The most vivid charts of a man's character are to be found in his parentage and in the earliest events of his life. Many of these indices are all but obliterated in the Rockefeller history. Yet the reward of sedulous search is a vivid and thrilling picture of the reticent individual who became the earth's first billionaire. Let's peer into the past, then, and reconstruct John D.'s dim background . . .

In the tremulous years preceding the Civil War a buoyant, boastful man, bearded, keen-eyed, happy-go-lucky, possessing the thews of a bear and door-wide shoulders, drove a spanking horse from hamlet to hamlet in the Middle West. He lifted a jovial voice in song—rude and rutty as the road—and only silenced its great volume when opportunity offered to shoot at a whirring covey of quail or prairie chickens.

Then, gleefully, he'd draw forth a shotgun or rifle of beautiful mount and bang away.

Approaching his immediate destination he would halt and slick up his appearance, changing his rough homespun shirt for a white-bosomed starched affair and, in lieu of a cravat, inserting a great diamond at the neck. A swallow-tailed coat of latest cut completed a striking ensemble.

Thus attired, he'd flourish into town with a whoop and rein up before post office or hotel. The ogle-eyed citizenry naturally assembled with a rush.

"Howdy, folks," beamed the big, impressive stranger; "fine day. Here's my card," and he ladled out gaudy handbills, reading:

DR. WILLIAM A. ROCKEFELLER
The Celebrated Cancer Specialist
Here for One Day Only!
All Cases of Cancer CURED
Unless Too Far Gone
And Then They Can be Greatly
BENEFITED!

Now the celebrated specialist began his spiel! It was a good one. Humor and anecdote were mingled with statistics and subtle warnings against pimples, blackheads, rashes and sores.

In those days cancer was the curse of the countryside and the spellbinder usually was able to dispose of a dozen or two bottles of his own decoction at two dollars a bottle, cash in hand. This was for internal use. Dose, a tablespoonful three times a day. There was also a mirific lotion, same price.

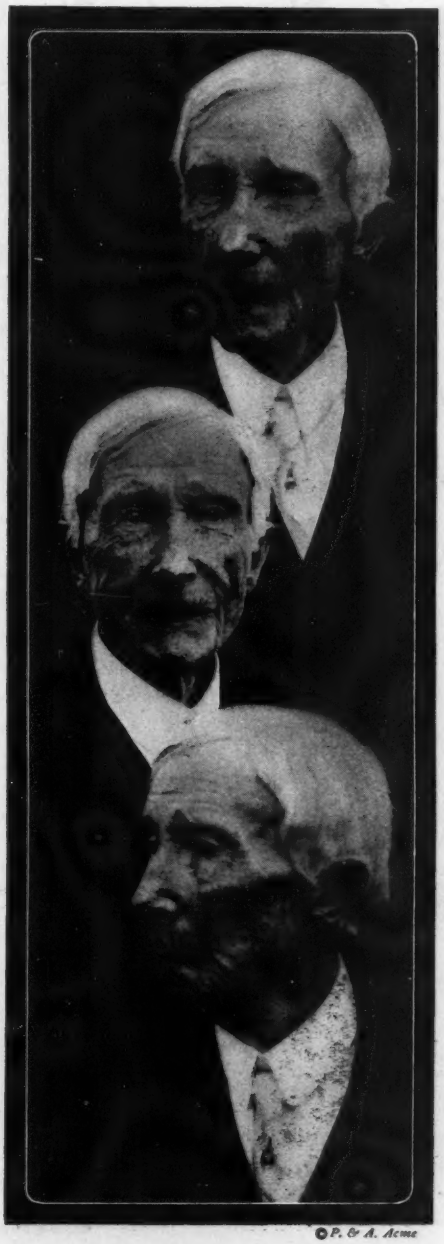
So far as could be ascertained at a later day the liquid medicine was compounded of nothing more dangerous than a mixture of such proved old diuretic chemical properties as acetate potash, balsam copaiba, sweet spirits of niter and oil cubebs—the whole liberally dowered with aqua, or well water.

Like most quack remedies the concoction was practically harmless. Taken thrice daily, mingled with

John D. Rockefeller?

shrewd, swaggering, from whom John D. gained his earliest knowledge of business principles. From such a contrasting combination came John D. Rockefeller's inheritance.

These facts, presented here *for the first time*, may explain the contrasting natures that combine in the man noted for his ruthless dealings in business and equally noted as the greatest philanthropist of modern times.



© P. & A. Acme

Winkler

memories of its inventor and sole disseminator, it may have evoked a spirit of optimism that augured well for any ill.

However, Doc Rockefeller (if you'd known him five minutes you'd just naturally call him either "Doc" or "Bill") had other ways of witching dollars into his pocket. He'd trade horses, shoot at marks, run, wrestle or jump against the best local cap and feathers. Generally, at the conclusion of such impromptu contests, the doc would be found glued to the greenbacks.

An unusual man was this prebellum racketeer: shrewd, swaggering, tricky, withal rollicking, generous and a hail fellow. He could reel off yarns that would cause bystanders in bar or lobby to roll upon the floor in glee. He had no weakness for alcohol but wallowed in every other vice to which country sports of the period were addicted. Everywhere he went the ladies loved him. There is some evidence that he requited their affection.

From this likable sinner John D. Rockefeller imbibed his earliest knowledge of business principles. For the horse-trading, sport-loving quack doctor was John D.'s father, William Avery Rockefeller.

In the driblets of autobiography which he has released from time to time, John D. almost humidly acknowledges the value of Doc Rockefeller's teachings.

"To my father I owe a great debt in that he himself trained me to practical ways," he says. "He was engaged in different enterprises. He used to tell me about these things, explaining their significance; and he taught me the principles and methods of business."

A hint of what these principles and methods were was once given by Doc Rockefeller to an Ohio crony: "I cheat my boys every chance I get. I want to make 'em sharp. I trade with the boys and skin 'em and I just beat 'em every time I can. I want to make 'em sharp." It was a complete summary of his code.

According to colloquial stories handed down through three generations of up-state New Yorkers and Ohioans who "knew the Rockefellers when," John D. was never a poor struggling country boy in the Horatio Alger sense. He never knew the biting pinch of abject poverty. His father developed too many ways of picking up the dollars.

Doc Rockefeller's home, his clothes, his horses were always finer than those of his neighbors. Doc's favorite stamping ground was Iowa, where he lent his surplus funds. The legal rate of interest in Iowa was twelve percent, two percent higher than in Ohio and five percent more lucrative than in New York.

John D. himself has stated that his father was sufficiently prosperous to set aside a thousand dollars as a gift to each of his three sons at twenty-one. His own thousand was turned over to him at nineteen to enable him to go into business for himself. However, the father reminded: "John, you'll have to pay me interest for the next two years. The rate is ten."

Doc Rockefeller once related with relish how he "skinned" his fledgling son during this period. When John was twenty his father told him that he would "give him his time" for forty dollars cash in hand. This meant that the son would be released from obligation to turn over to his father all his earnings until he attained his majority. These were the apprenticeship customs of the times. John remarked that the offer was certainly "worth considering," and later he paid over the forty dollars to his father.

At the time, 1858, the family lived in Cleveland in a comfortable brick house William A. Rockefeller had built at the corner of Case and Euclid avenues. The father at once began to collect board money from his son and when the latter expostulated turned upon him with the triumphant cry: "You bought your time, didn't you? What you're getting now is your own, ain't it? Well, you have to pay me board." John D. paid.

His mother, though, took his side. The mother was as remarkable in her way as the peremptory freebooter to whom she was married. The best summary one can give of Eliza Davison Rockefeller's character is to write baldly that she differed from her boisterous mate as does noon from midnight. They were totally contrary in temperament and moral outlook. Nevertheless, Eliza Rockefeller must have possessed (*Continued on page 118*)

SINNERS

¶ "*Nothing hasn't ever embittered you, Lucas,*" *you there's many a millionaire of sixty-five*

"WE HAVE to keep it kind of warm in here because of their not getting any exercise—they get chilly," the matron explained.

"Don't they get out?"

"Not this weather. And they sort of lose interest——"

The matron glanced at the visitor, and the latter, a big quiet-eyed woman in a handsome, dowdy coat, looked back at her dubiously.

"They haven't got much ambition left when they get here!" the matron said, with a laugh.

The other frowned faintly, as if in vague pain. She followed in silence through the big clean impersonal halls that smelled of coffee, disinfectants, air heaters and herded, overclothed humanity.

"I didn't get your name?"

"Huggett. Mrs. Joe Huggett."

"And you're some kin to Lucas Rippey?"

"Some——? Oh, no. Just a friend." Mrs. Huggett cleared her throat; her serious face had turned a little pale.

Some of the poor forlorn old men were reading shabby magazines in the winter heat of the assembly room; a radio was playing. Many of the occupants of the big apartment were merely staring idly into space—broken in mind, the visitor saw, as well as body.

Lucas Rippey was a thin blue-eyed old man, with white, thin hair. He rose alertly, looked surprisedly at his visitor. When the matron had led them to a little side parlor and left them alone, he told Mrs. Huggett smilingly that he could not remember the time he had had a caller before. His bright blue eyes twinkled at her delightedly.

"But I've only be'n here two years and ain't settled down yet!" he confessed. "I worked, up to then. I got 'flu in the year 'twas so prevalent; the' warned me pneumonia'd foller. And sure 'nough, it did!"

"Take a good look at me, Lucas," Mrs. Huggett said heavily. She had seated herself, thrown back her widow's veil. "Don't you remember me?"

He looked at her keenly, still smiling. "No'm. I'm sorry. But your face don't say nothing to me."

"I was Emma Kent," she said slowly.

The old man sat down himself now, suddenly, with an air of shock. The light had died out of his eyes.

"Is *that* who you are?" he said in a whisper.

There was a pause. Then the woman began, "I've been huntin' you for years."

"That so?" he asked, still in a dulled voice.

"Ever since I was thirteen years old," she continued, "ever since I was thirteen years old—and that's all of forty years ago—I've been sorry."

A softer look came into the blue eyes opposite her. Lucas Rippey began to shake his head regretfully, deprecatingly.

"I lied about you," the woman said flatly.

He cleared his throat, and spoke without resentment. "I've often wondered why you did that," he admitted mildly.

by Kathleen Norris

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

said Emma. "No. Don't know's it has. I tell that'd change places with me!" he assured her.

"I don't know what got into me," the visitor said, in a stony, quiet voice. "I don't know what does get into a girl, sometimes."

She paused, and he looked at her with respectful sympathy. "I was runnin' with Sue Clute," she began again.

"Well, there!" he said, his face suddenly brightening, as he seized upon the diversion. "I hadn't thought of them Clutes for forty years!"

"Sue had her picture in the paper, and that was gall and wormwood to me," Emma Huggett pursued, resolutely, unhappily. "She was terrible pretty. I was just et up with jealousy, I guess."

He was considering it, his head on one side, lips pursed and eyes narrowed. "I never thought of that. I used to think you dremp' all you said," he murmured thoughtfully.

"No, I didn't dream it," the woman answered promptly. "I made it all up. I was dyin' to be important, to get noticed by somebody, like Sue had. The day Kane Madison was murdered I begun romancin' to my mother and gran'mother, and the more they made of it, the smarter I thought I was. I don't know what in creation started me. But once I'd started, seems I couldn't stop."

"It's hard for us to explain our own acts, sometimes," Lucas said politely.

"Hard?" she echoed. "Well, I've been tryin' to explain mine for forty years!" A shadow fell upon her plain good face. "You were in prison?" she asked reluctantly.

"Sixteen years."

"Oh, my Lord," Emma said in a lifeless whisper. "State's prison?" she added.

"State's prison."

"Was it awful, Lucas?"

"Yes, at first it was," he admitted, his eyes fixed on space as he remembered. "I wa'n't much more than a kid, and some of them men wa'n't fit companions for man or beast. I was sickly, too; I'd be'n raised in the Bayliss County Orphans' Home, you know."

"I didn't know that!" she said, stricken. After a moment she added, "One minute, the last thing I was thinkin' of, was you. The next, I was tellin' Ma and gran'ma this long rigmarole about how I seen you up by the Madison place, runnin', and how you was buryin' something up near the birch grove in Holley's Woods."

"I never was anywheres near the Madison house that day," the old man offered, as she paused. His blue eyes were fixed upon her with a sort of innocent, dispassionate expectancy. It was almost as if she were entertaining him with a story.

"You told 'em that in court," she nodded. For the first time anguish came into her voice. "Oh, why, why, why," she began, knotting her big work-worn hands together, "why didn't they believe you, instead of takin' the word of a crazy girl of thirteen! Mind you," she went on suddenly, "after that first crazy Easter afternoon, when I'd told my mother this yarn, I lay awake all night, and I made up my mind that I'd come out with the truth the next day and tell them I'd been lyin'.

"But I couldn't get my courage up for it at breakfast, and at school, in recess, I kinder began to let it out to the other girls that I knew something about Kane Madison's murder. It was just too easy.

"Walkin' home from school, I remember, the wickedness of what I was doin' suddenly came over me, and I spoke right out loud, while I was goin' by Bassetts Pond. 'This has got to stop!' I says, as loud as that.

"But then when I got home Judge Robbins was there—the old judge himself, that us kids were all so scared of. And he held out his hand to me, gentle and friendly, and he says, 'Come here, Emma. You're only a little girl,' he says, 'and you don't understand the sinfulness of the world. Now,' he says, 'I want you should promise me that you'll not say any more about poor Kane Madison and the Rippey boy. Will you do that?' he says.

"Well, a great relief came over me, and I felt like I was saved. It never occurred to me that he was holdin' me as an important witness. I thought my share of the whole thing was over, and when the newspaper sent a feller out to get my picture the next day I was just as happy as I thought I'd be, gettin' my name into the paper. Judge Robbins had told me not to say nothing more about anything, and yet I was gettin' all the excitement of bein' pointed out and talked about."

"You never seen me near the Madison house the day Kane was killed," old Rippey said definitely, after a pause, "becuz I wa'n't there."

"No, I never saw you at all that day," she agreed dully, the hard shamed color in her face. "As a matter of fact I was up in our attic all afternoon, dressin' up and playin' lady."

"Huh!" he commented, thinking.

The woman looked at him anxiously. "I used to pray," she began suddenly. "I used to go down on my knees and pray that somebody would come out and prove that I was lyin'. But I couldn't do it myself!"

"I guess they'd have convicted me, anyway," he suggested briefly.

"I don't know how they could."

"I was kind of a loafer," he remembered. "I was the kind of feller hard-workin' men like to git into jail."

Mrs. Huggett sat looking at him heavily, dumbly. She sighed.

"I started life a charge on the state," the man said. "I didn't git out of the orphanage until I was fourteen. At twenty-two, I was back on the state again, for sixteen years. When I come out, I was quite delicate, and the' sent me to Colorado — well, I worked some, there. But the state was payin' my rent, just the same. And now —here I am, back on 'em for life this time, unless all signs fail!"

Her alert eyes had brightened with sudden resolute interest. "This time," she said, "I can get you out, if you want to get out."

"How do you mean?" he asked, puzzled.

"Well——" She looked about the clean, ugly, disinfectant-scented room; her shrug indicated the clean, ugly, disinfectant-scented institution behind it. "Do you *like* it here?" she asked simply.

His old face flushed painfully. "No, ma'am. Nobody could like it here," he answered firmly. "My pride—you may smile to hear me talk of pride——"

"I wasn't smilin'," Emma said, blinking and swallowing.

"The state's generosity I deeply appreciate," old Lucas Rippey said, with his favorite forlorn attempt at literary flourish. "But I've by no means made up my mind to remain. I ain't sixty-four yet."

Emma Huggett was silent for a thoughtful moment, considering. "I have a real nice ranch, down in the Santa Clara valley," she began suddenly. "My husband got it from his folks. I have fruit and chickens—barns—everything."

"I guess that's down Linden Creek way?" he hazarded.

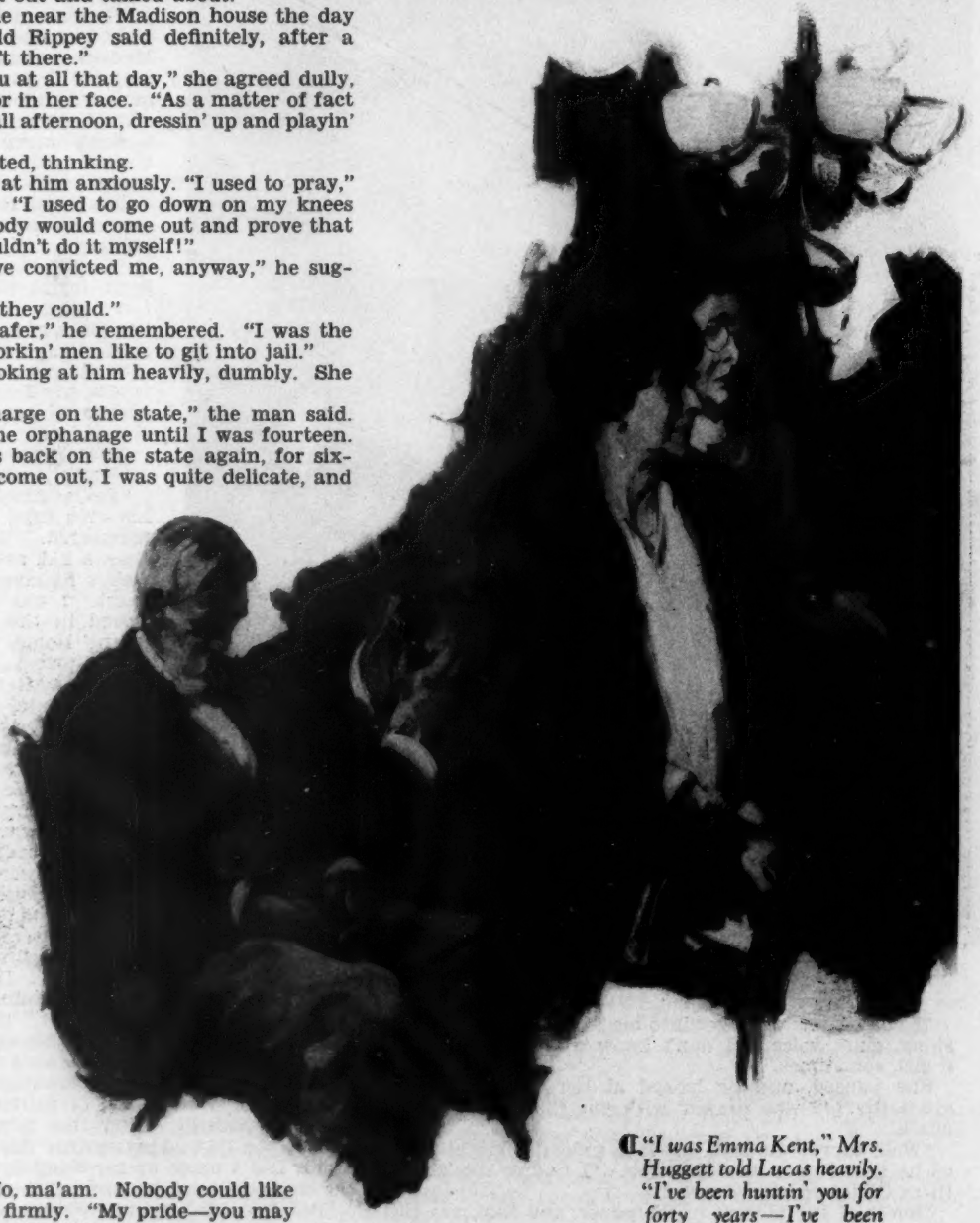
"That's in California," Mrs. Huggett said briefly.

"Well, for pity's sakes!" he ejaculated. "That's always be'n a great word with me," he confessed. "'California.' It has a real pretty sound. I've always thought I'd like to see California."

"I hope you will," the woman said ineloquently.

"Ain't it some considerable distance away?" Lucas Rippey asked respectfully.

"It's well over twelve hundred miles by rail," she said.



¶ *"I was Emma Kent," Mrs. Huggett told Lucas heavily. "I've been huntin' you for forty years—I've been sorry. I lied about you."*

"You be'n visitin' back here?" he pursued, puzzled.

"No; I come to find you."

This left him speechless. He smiled his polite, appreciative smile.

"For forty years I've been sayin' this to you," Emma Huggett presently began, in a determined voice. "I don't know as I ever imagined I would find you in a State Home, or that we'd both be so well along in years. But I knew that somewhere, sooner or later, I'd be sayin' it.

"You spent sixteen years in prison for a crime you didn't commit, and it was my fault," she summarized it. "I don't know, Lucas, that anything in the world can make it up to you," she added, and there was a wistful softening in her heavy face as she looked at him.

"I guess I didn't 'mount to much, anyways," he said gallantly.

"That's neither here nor there; that don't lessen what I done," she persisted.

"Well, I always say I've had more time than most men for readin'," Lucas said cheerfully. "I'm a great hand for a book. Adventures—I seem to share 'em with the authors!"

"I'm well fixed," the woman said, not listening.

"And you live in California?"

"I was tellin' you. I've got a ranch—chickens and fruit—outside a place called Santa Clara."

He looked from the high institution window at barren fields level under January's snows. "You don't have no snow there?"

"My alfalfa was three inches up this New Year's day."

"For pity's sakes!"

"I had a big room fixed off the kitchen for my father," Mrs. Huggett presently observed. "He had sciatica, and he couldn't climb stairs. I have a radio down there, and a phonograph and an airtight. He was real comfortable there. I've got an old car you could drive.

"I'd do for you," she said humbly, thickly, her voice trembling, and her big bare hands beginning to tremble, too. "I'd do for you just as I done for Father. There's lots you'd like to do about the place. There's a Portuguese girl helps me with dishes and cleanin', but I'm one to run my own kitchen and I'd like to have someone to cook for again."

"I don't know as I understand what you're drivin' at," Lucas said, clearing his throat.

"It isn't in any way makin' up to you," she persisted stubbornly.

"Why," he said kindly, pityingly, "what you done you done as a little girl. I wouldn't hold that against you! Nobody wouldn't. You seen a good chance to show off—children'll do that—that ain't nothing."

"I never thought, if I ever did find you, that you'd kill me, sayin' that," she observed, as he paused. "I'll get you your ticket, I'll make all arrangements, and I'll meet you at San Jose station," she added. The tears had come into her eyes, with the difficult words; tears stood in his bright old blue eyes as he answered her.

"Why, I don't hardly suppose you're askin' me to leave the State Home, Emma?" he faltered.

She made an awkward gesture, laughed thickly, frowned again.

"Well! You take me completely by surprise," said Lucas. "Well! This is surely unexpected."

"It's the one thing in this world that I want to do."

"Gettin' out, huh?" he mused. And there were already wings in his voice. "I'd be glad to get out," he whispered, suddenly shaken. "This is a hard place to be—for a proud man." His voice thickened; he was still. "I wouldn't be no burden to you!" he assured her, recovering.

"I wouldn't care if you were."

"Well, I wouldn't be. I could do a good deal of cartin', in that car—I can drive any make there is," he said eagerly. "And there's nothing I don't know about chickens. Hosses—I haven't had so much dealin' with them. But chickens—there's money in them. And I ain't a sick man, you know. I've always be'n a worker, only it was winter comin' on, and myself well along in years, and they bein' apprehensive that I'd take another chest cold."

"You won't get any colds in Santa Clara."

"California!" he said, rapt. "Well, I declare, I didn't know, when I got up this (*Continued on page 144*)

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

¶ *"It is easy to imagine death for love of you, Jenny," said Ramon. "You are all the strength I have, Ramon." He put out his hand, stroking hers. "Ramon, please! Those people are glancing at us." He drew back, flushing, and suddenly she flushed too. "Dearest—of course. I have not forgotten what you asked in your note. Here—forgive." She pressed his hand, leaving a folded one-hundred-dollar bill in it.*

5 & 10

A Novel of Spectacular Wealth

By Jannie Hurst

The Story So Far:

TRAGEDY entered the life of Jennifer Rarick on an occasion that should have been a cause for happiness, since it brought her beyond the sacred portals of Parmley, the Edgertons' estate near Tarrytown. The Raricks, in spite of their money, had not arrived socially, and on this occasion—a dance given by Leslie Edgerton—Jennifer's invitation had come by way of Berry Rhodes, whose name had been linked with Leslie's in gossip more candid than kind.

This gossip had come to Jennifer's ears, and as she and Berry drove to the dance, she taxed him with it. More, liking him herself, as she frankly admitted, and finding him evasive, she put a question to him.

"Berry, marry me," she said bluntly. "I'm crazy about you."

But Berry remained evasive, and in the end they swung into Parmley with the matter still undecided. Berry's evasion, however, was soon explained when Leslie Edgerton, catching sight of them together, screamed at them in the presence of her guests:

"Pretty ones! I'll tell the world! World, that's my husband. We were married yesterday. Never mind why!"

This occurrence, which should have cured Jennifer of her love for Berry, intensified it instead. Knowledge of the affair came to Rarick some time later in a letter from Tom Edgerton, Leslie's father, and brought him to his wife in a rage that made Jenny fear her own interest in Ramond Lopez, a personable young man whom she had been meeting secretly for months, had come to her husband's ears.

To her relief, his first words were of Jennifer; and together they confronted the girl with Edgerton's note.

"What is Berry Rhodes to you?" Rarick shouted.

And the girl answered pitifully: "I love him, Papa. Help me, Papa, I don't want to love him."

At the word "Papa," Rarick's anger dissolved. For a moment it seemed that these two were to understand each other at last. But he was too racked to make a sound. It was Jenny who cradled the girl in her arms, crooned over her, made plans to take her away to their lodge up in the woods, where she would be cured of her infatuation.

Rarick could only press his daughter's hand and stumble from the room, defeated, yet conscious at once of admiration for his wife—who could thus mother his children—and of anger because she had robbed him of this moment of contact with his daughter.

For Jenny those weeks in camp were perilously sweet, because Ramond was there. And Jennifer kept thinking how good her mother was—though sometimes the girl grew impatient with her.

"What do you know of anything I'm going through?" she cried scornfully one night when her mother was trying to soothe her with trite phrases.

What did Jenny know? Thank heaven, Jennifer did not know that she knew the torment and ecstasy of Jennifer because they were boiling within her too. And for that beautiful "nobody home" of a Ramond—as Jennifer called him—who was to Jenny the love and romance she had missed in her life with Rarick.

Even Avery, the son she adored and whom she had loaded with "things," had found his mother strangely lacking in sympathy when he had come home from Eastern some time before, eager to try out a new plan of his—to leave college, go to Europe on his own and write. Since Jenny at that moment had been late for an appointment with Ramond, who hated waiting, she had left the boy to face his father alone.

Consequently, Rarick, touched by Avery's stumbling approach to the subject of his desire, without ever learning what that desire was, had yielded suddenly to what he thought it was, and had written out a check for a new motor boat for his son.

Later, meeting three young people—committee from Internationalists, Inc., a little-theater group—Rarick, attracted by Gratton Davies, a professor of dramatic composition and a rising young playwright, had found himself wishing that his son might be sharing the interests of these youthful rebels. He had tried to write Avery about it, but dread of seeming ridiculous to his son had kept the letter in the limbo of unwritten ones.

Only with Gerkes could the multimillionaire talk. And Gerkes, it seemed, soon was going back to the frozen North, to marry Illun, an Eskimo, and devote his life to assembling knowledge . . .

On the way back from camp, Jennifer, far from being cured of her infatuation, scarcely could wait to reach a telephone to call Berry. On their arrival home she rushed up to her room. Instead of following her, Jenny went to the library, where she found Rarick with a telegram crushed in his hand.

In a sudden flash of intuition, Jenny said: "Avery is dead."

And Rarick, replying to her, began to nod—and kept on nodding . . .

TO THINK that out of the innocent dawn of a new day could be minted the phrase, "Avery is dead." That phrase had not existed yesterday.

Twenty-four hours before, Avery had been alive, and, mark you, need not have died. This was not death inevitable and God's will be done. This was not death demanding.

Avery had killed himself.

There had been a small note written in blue pencil and stuck into a mirror in his bedroom. "Dears, it was too much. A."

They had followed the scent of gas and wrenched the tube from between his teeth.

"They," a landlady and a negro house man in a white duck coat, had been the first to stumble across the strange fact of his death.

"They" had turned in police alarms about it.

And it should have been handled so privately; as privately as the slender spar of body that had been Avery had suffered. And instead, the newspapers of

the country had become a giant composite ass, braying.

SON OF FIVE-AND-TEN MULTIMILLIONAIRE KILLS SELF NEAR COLLEGE CAMPUS

Family unable to attribute motive for the suicide

NOTE FROM HIS FATHER, JOHN G. RARICK, FORBIDDING HIM THE PURCHASE OF A FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CAMP EQUIPMENT FOUND AMONG HIS EFFECTS

ANOTHER COLLEGE SUICIDE

ONLY SON OF JOHN G. RARICK, AMERICAN CHAIN-STORE MILLIONAIRE, DISCOVERED BY LANDLADY DEAD FROM ASPHYXIATION

Death attributed to demand for luxuries which were denied him by self-made father

SOCIETY SHOCKED BY SUICIDE DEATH OF ONLY SON OF JOHN G. RARICK. COMES AS SHOCK TO FAMILY. MRS. RARICK PROSTRATED. FAMILY IN SECLUSION.

Let them bray. Let them bray. It was better so. It covered up the private, timid truth. The truth lay scattered in composition books filled with boyish scrawls; in half-written letters; in handwritten volumes of verse that lay in a heap on the table before John Rarick.

It was as if the contents of the heart of Avery, the soul and the mind of Avery, unlocked from the vault of his nineteen years, had been spilled there in broken utterances of torment. There, spread over the table, in writings, were the truths that for nineteen years had lain hidden from his father by the mere wall of boy flesh.

That wall had been flesh of Rarick's and yet it had shut him out. The door through that wall, not forty-eight hours before, had been a living, breathing heart with a key to it—nobody to blame, least of all Avery, that not even his mother had found the key to it. Certainly Rarick had not.

He beat with his fists upon the table. He read and reread.

This boy, then, whose torment had been the strange inchoate torment of poet, adolescent, dreamer and diviner, potential lover and adventurer in Hellenic islands around which flowed the blue Mediterranean of imagination, had been the Avery of the flesh. The fledgling who had smoked strange little hooked pipes. The Avery who had piled up card debts. The Avery whose wants, at least as interpreted by his mother, had been the speed motor boats, the special-body roadsters, the dressing cases, gold-fitted, the five-thousand-dollar camping outfits, the monstrous checking accounts, polo ponies . . .

Some lispings of what Avery really had wanted rose in faint perfume off the pages of the book of sophomoric verse which he had written in a fine painstaking private kind of chirography that bore no resemblance to the modish scrawl he had shown the world.

Even his very handwriting had seemed to curl inward—away.

He had tried, in those notebooks, for the perfection of the sonnet. In fourteen lines, had begged the right to "walk the untessellated grandeur of simplicity." The boy who at seventeen had appeared in Sunday rotogravure sections for the perfection of his riding accouterments wrote in plaintive, if obviously Shelleyan mood of that brighter freedom and of peace. Sang of the pain that lies under the heart and is canker there. Rarick followed these lines with the stub of his finger and went back again and again. "The pain that lies under the heart and is canker there."

"Avery, was that your only heritage from me—that hurting canker there?"

"Dears, it was too much." What was too much? Jenny, can you answer that? What had been too much for him? What had?

His bewilderment had been too much. His frailty, his hunger, glimpsed through darting, wing-swift beauties. His desire for someone to share those moments when "pain broke like surf into starry ecstasy." Page after page of Avery crying for a hand in his through the aisles that were tormentingly black . . .

"Avery boy, why not my hand? I would have given——"

Life had been too much for him.

Pages and pages of saying it in slenderly lyric sonneteering. Not bathos to Rarick nor mewling of a spirit in the throes of trying to cast off its swaddlings. But Avery, whose heart had died wanting the Pyrenees.

And this was the boy whom his father had not dared to approach on the matter of an experimental theater . . .

There were pages of the journal that broke the heart when it was endurable to read them through. "My dear mother who is everything to me and absolutely nothing . . . When I look at my own mother and father, I realize that I have never seen anything so beautiful as their marriage is dreadful. There are worse lonelinesses than mine . . . My father, whom I admire so much more than I like, I would like to go up to him and say, 'Look here, Father——' Why, why, cannot even write it."

"Say it to me now, son. It may seem too late, but not for everything. Say it to me now."

"Mother, now, has nothing to fall back upon but the excitements that take the place of imagination. What I cannot understand is Jennifer, who is so much more than clever and yet to whom cleverness matters above everything. Nice Jennifer who cares so terribly—about the things that are not worth caring about. If only Father would—if only Father would——"

That, too, was unfinished. If only Father would—what? "Call it back to me, Avery—if only Father would, what?"

Upstairs, Jenny lay on her bed, chill after chill of crushed heart, crushed pride, crushed hope, racking her thin body. Rarick had tried his part in comforting, but everyone who appeared in the room seemed to stalk at her out of this catastrophe, so finally the doctor forbade even Rarick or Jennifer, who for the most part sat huddled in her bedroom.

Ten Thousand People
Saw a Man Murdered
But NOT ONE *of* THEM *Saw*
the Murderer!
in
"Ladies' Man"
a novel by
RUPERT HUGHES
which begins in
the next Cosmopolitan

¶ *"The pain that lies under the heart," Avery had written in his strange inchoate torment. "Avery," cried Rarick, "was that your only heritage from me?"*

Down in the library, which seemed to wrap itself grandly about this occasion, was the boy, lying straight and beautiful as ivory in his casket.

"Teach me through my failure. Avery, call back to me!" cried Rarick, from his clenched lips, through his clenched eyelids, down into his clenched heart.

No way to turn . . .

Yet, out of all the deluge of mail and telegrams and cablegrams that came pouring through the defeated silence of that house was one *(Continued on page 202)*

Romance in the

by Damon Runyon

¶ *What does Dave the Dude see but this Waldo Winchester and Miss Billy Perry kissing each other back and forth very friendly.*

ONLY a rank sucker will think of taking two peeks at Dave the Dude's doll, because while Dave may stand for the first peek, figuring it is a mistake, it is a sure thing he will get sored up at the second peek, and Dave the Dude is certainly not a man to have sored up on you.

But this Waldo Winchester is one hundred percent sucker, which is why he takes quite a number of peeks at Dave's doll. And what is more, she takes quite a number of peeks right back at him. And there you are. When a guy and a doll get to taking peeks back and forth at each other, why, there you are indeed.

This Waldo Winchester is a nice-looking young guy who writes pieces about Broadway for the Morning Item. He writes pieces about the goings-on in night clubs, such as fights, and one thing and another, and also about who is running around with who, including guys and dolls.

Sometimes this is very embarrassing to people who may be married and are running around with people who are not married, but of course Waldo Winchester cannot be expected to ask one and all for their marriage certificates before he writes his pieces for the paper.

The chances are if Waldo Winchester knows Miss Billy Perry is Dave the Dude's doll, he will never take more than his first peek at her, but nobody tips him off until after his second or third peek, and by this time Miss Billy Perry is taking her peeks back at him and Waldo Winchester is hooked.

In fact, he is plumb gone, and being a sucker, like I tell you, he does not care whose doll she is.

Personally, I do not blame him much, for Miss Billy Perry is worth a few peeks, especially when she is out on the floor of Miss Missouri Martin's Sixteen Hundred Club doing her tap dance. Still, I do not think the best tap-dancer that ever lives can make me take two peeks at her if I know she is Dave the Dude's doll, for Dave somehow thinks more than somewhat of his dolls.

He especially thinks plenty of Miss Billy Perry, and sends her fur coats, and diamond rings, and one thing and another, which she sends back to him at once, because it seems she does not take presents from guys. This is considered most surprising all along Broadway, but people figure the chances are she has some other angle.

Anyway, this does not keep Dave the Dude from liking her just the same, and so she is considered his doll by one and all, and is respected accordingly until this Waldo Winchester comes along.

It happens that he comes along while Dave the Dude is off in the Modoc on a little run down to the Bahamas to get some goods for his business, such as Scotch and champagne, and by the time Dave gets back Miss Billy Perry and Waldo Winchester are at the stage where they sit in corners between her numbers and hold hands.

Of course nobody tells Dave the Dude about this, because they do not wish to get him excited. Not even Miss Missouri Martin tells him, which is most unusual because Miss Missouri Martin, who is sometimes called "Mizzoo" for short, tells everything she knows as soon as she knows it, which is very often before it happens.

You see, the idea is when Dave the Dude is excited he may blow somebody's brains out, and the chances are it will be nobody's brains but Waldo Winchester's, although some claim that Waldo Winchester has no brains or he will not be hanging around Dave the Dude's doll.

I know Dave is very, very fond of Miss Billy Perry, because I hear him talk to her several times, and he is most polite to her and never gets out of line in her company by using cuss words, or anything like this. Furthermore, one night when One-eyed Solly Abrahams is a little stewed up he refers to Miss Billy Perry as a broad, meaning no harm whatever, for this is the way many of the boys speak of the dolls.

But right away Dave the Dude reaches across the table and bops One-eyed Solly right in the mouth, so

Roaring Forties

A Story of BROADWAY

Where *there's* One Born Every Minute and Two *Married* Oftener

everybody knows from then on that Dave thinks well of Miss Billy Perry. Of course Dave is always thinking fairly well of some doll as far as this goes, but it is seldom he gets to bopping guys in the mouth over them.

Well, one night what happens but Dave the Dude walks into the Sixteen Hundred Club, and there in the entrance, what does he see but this Waldo Winchester and Miss Billy Perry kissing each other back and forth very friendly. Right away Dave reaches for the old equalizer to shoot Waldo Winchester, but it seems Dave does not happen to have the old equalizer with him, not expecting to have to shoot anybody this particular evening.

So Dave the Dude walks over and as Waldo Winchester hears him coming and lets go his strangle hold on Miss Billy Perry, Dave nails him with a big right hand on the chin. I will say for Dave the Dude that he is a fair puncher with his right hand, though his left is not so good, and he knocks Waldo Winchester bow-legged. In fact, Waldo folds right up on the floor.

Well, Miss Billy Perry lets out a screech you can hear clear to the Battery and runs over to where Waldo Winchester lights, and falls on top of him squalling very loud. All anybody can make out of what she says is that Dave the Dude is a big bum, although Dave is not so big, at that, and that she loves Waldo Winchester.

Dave walks over and starts to give Waldo Winchester the leather, which is considered customary in such cases, but he seems to change his mind, and instead of booting Waldo around, Dave turns and walks out of the joint looking very black and mad, and the next anybody hears of him he is over in the Chicken Club doing plenty of drinking.

THIS is regarded as a very bad sign indeed, because while everybody goes to the Chicken Club now and then to give Tony Bertazzola, the owner, a friendly play, very few people care to do any drinking there, because Tony's liquor is not meant for anybody to drink except the customers.

Well, Miss Billy Perry gets Waldo Winchester on his pegs again, and wipes his chin off with her handkerchief, and by and by he is all okay except for a big lump on his chin. And all the time she is telling Waldo Winchester what a big bum Dave the Dude is, although afterwards Miss Missouri Martin gets hold of Miss Billy Perry and puts the blast on her plenty for chasing a two-handed spender such as Dave the Dude out of the joint.

"You are nothing but a little sap," Miss Missouri Martin tells Miss Billy Perry. "You cannot get the right time off this newspaper guy, while everybody knows Dave the Dude is a very fast man with a dollar."

"But I love Mr. Winchester," says Miss Billy Perry. "He is so romantic. He is not a bootlegger and a gunman like Dave the Dude. He puts lovely pieces in the paper about me, and he is a gentleman at all times."

NOW of course Miss Missouri Martin is not in a position to argue about gentlemen, because she meets very few in the Sixteen Hundred Club and anyway, she does not wish to make Waldo Winchester mad as he is apt to turn around and put pieces in his paper that will be a knock to the joint, so she lets the matter drop.

Miss Billy Perry and Waldo Winchester go on holding hands between her numbers, and maybe kissing each other now and then, as young people are liable to do, and Dave the Dude plays the chill for the Sixteen Hundred Club and everything seems to be all right. Naturally we are all very glad there is no more trouble over the proposition, because the best Dave can get is the worst of it in a jam with a newspaper guy.

Personally, I figure Dave will soon find himself another doll and forget all about Miss Billy Perry,

Illustrations by R. L. Lambdin

¶ *"I do not see any Simple Simon on your lean and linger," Miss Missouri Martin tells Miss Billy Perry.*

because now that I take another peek at her, I can see where she is just about the same as any other tap-dancer, except that she is red-headed. Tap-dancers are generally blackheads, but I do not know why.

Moosh, the doorman at the Sixteen Hundred Club, tells me Miss Missouri Martin keeps plugging for Dave the Dude with Miss Billy Perry in a quiet way, because he says he hears Miss Missouri Martin make the following crack one night to her: "Well, I do not see any Simple Simon on your lean and linger."

THIS is Miss Missouri Martin's way of saying she sees no diamond on Miss Billy Perry's finger, for Miss Missouri Martin is an old experienced doll, who figures if a guy loves a doll he will prove it with diamonds. Miss Missouri Martin has many diamonds herself, though how any guy can ever get himself heated up enough about Miss Missouri Martin to give her diamonds is more than I can see.

I am not a guy who goes around much, so I do not see Dave the Dude for a couple of weeks, but late one Sunday afternoon little Johnny McGowan, who is one of Dave's men, comes and says to me like this: "What do you think? Dave grabs the scribe a little while ago and is taking him out for an airing!"

Well, Johnny is so excited it is some time before I can get him cooled out enough to explain. It seems that Dave the Dude gets his biggest car out of the garage and sends his driver, Wop Joe, over to the Item office where Waldo Winchester works, with a message that Miss Billy Perry wishes to see Waldo right away at Miss Missouri Martin's apartment on Fifty-ninth Street.

Of course this message is nothing but the phonus bolonus, but Waldo drops in for it and gets in the car. Then Wop Joe drives him up to Miss Missouri Martin's apartment, and who gets in the car there but Dave the Dude. And away they go.

Now this is very bad news indeed, because when Dave the Dude takes a guy out for an airing the guy very often does not come back. What happens to him I never ask, because the best a guy can get by asking questions in this man's town is a bust in the nose.

But I am much worried over this proposition, because I like Dave the Dude, and I know that taking a newspaper guy like Waldo Winchester out for an airing is apt to cause talk, especially if he does not come back. The other guys that Dave the Dude takes out for airings do not mean much in particular, but here is a guy who may produce trouble, even if he is a sucker, on account of being connected up with a newspaper.

I know enough about newspapers to know that by and by the editor or somebody will be around wishing to know where Waldo Winchester's pieces about Broadway are, and if there are no pieces from Waldo Winchester, the editor will wish to know why. Finally it will get around to where other people will wish to know, and after a while many people will be running around saying: "Where is Waldo Winchester?"

And if enough people in this town get to running around saying where is So-and-so, it becomes a great mystery and the newspapers hop on the cops and the cops hop on everybody, and by and by there is so much heat in town that it is no place for a guy to be.

But what is to be done about this situation I do not know. Personally, it strikes me as very bad indeed, and while Johnny goes away to do a little telephoning, I am trying to think up some place to go where people will see me, and remember afterwards that I am there in case it is necessary for them to remember.

FINALLY Johnny comes back, very excited, and says: "Hey, the Dude is up at the Woodcock Inn on the Pelham Parkway, and he is sending out the word for one and all to come at once. Good-time Charley Bernstein just gets the wire and tells me. Something is doing. The rest of the mob are on their way, so let us be moving."

But here is an invitation which does not strike me as a good thing at all. The way I look at it, Dave the Dude is no company for a guy like me at this time. The chances are he either does something to Waldo Winchester already, or is getting ready to do something to him which I wish no part of.

Personally, I have nothing against newspaper guys, not even the ones who write pieces about Broadway. If Dave the Dude wishes to do something to Waldo Winchester, all right, but what is the sense of bringing outsiders into it? But the next thing I know, I am in Johnny McGowan's roadster, and he is zipping along very fast indeed, paying practically no attention to traffic lights or anything else.

As we go busting out the Concourse, I get to thinking the situation over, and I figure that Dave the Dude probably keeps thinking about Miss Billy Perry, and drinking liquor such as they sell in the Chicken Club, until finally he blows his topper. The way I look at it, only a guy who is off his nut will think of taking a newspaper guy out for an airing over a doll, when dolls are a dime a dozen in this man's town.

Still, I remember reading in the papers about a lot of different guys who are considered very sensible until they get tangled up with a doll, and maybe loving her, and the first thing anybody knows they hop out of windows, or shoot themselves, or somebody else, and I can see where even a guy like Dave the Dude may go daffy over a doll.

I can see that little Johnny McGowan is worried, too, but he does not say much, and we pull up in front of the Woodcock Inn in no time whatever, to find a lot of other cars there ahead of us, some of which I recognize as belonging to different parties.

When Dave the Dude takes a guy out for an airing the guy very often does not come back.

¶ *"You'd marry Waldo to this red-headed pancake?" the wide doll asks Dave, pointing to Miss Perry.*

The Woodcock Inn is what is called a road house, and is run by Big Nig Skolsky, a very nice man indeed, and a friend of everybody's. It stands back a piece off the Pelham Parkway and is a very pleasant place to go to, what with Nig having a good band and a floor show with a lot of fair-looking dolls, and everything else a man can wish for a good time. It gets a nice play from nice people, although Nig's liquor is nothing extra.

PERSONALLY, I never go there much, because I do not care for road houses, but it is a great spot for Dave the Dude when he is pitching parties, or even when he is only drinking single-handed. There is a lot of racket in the joint as we drive up, and who comes out to meet us but Dave the Dude himself with a big hello! His face is very red, and he seems heated up no little, but he does not look like a guy who is meaning any harm to anybody, especially a newspaper guy.

"Come in, guys!" Dave the Dude yells. "Come right in!"

So we go in, and the place is full of people sitting at tables, or out on the floor dancing, and I see Miss Missouri Martin with all her diamonds hanging from her in different places, and Good-time Charley Bernstein, and Feet Samuels, and Tony Bertazzola, and Skeets Boliver, and Nick the Greek, and Rochester Red, and a lot of other guys and dolls from around and about.

In fact, it looks as if everybody from all the joints on Broadway are present, including Miss Billy Perry, who is all dressed up in white and is lugging a big bundle of orchids and so forth, and who is giggling and smiling and shaking hands and going on generally. And finally I see Waldo Winchester, the scribe, sitting at a ringside table all by himself, but there is nothing wrong with him as far as I can see. I mean, he seems to be all in one piece so far.

"Dave," I say to Dave the Dude, very quiet, "what is coming off here? You know a guy cannot be too careful what he does around this town, and I will hate to see you tangled up in anything right now."

"Why," Dave says, "what are you talking about? Nothing is coming off here but a wedding, and it is going to be the best wedding anybody on Broadway ever sees. We are waiting for the preacher now."

"You mean somebody is going to be married?" I ask, being now somewhat confused.

"Certainly," Dave the Dude says. "What do you think? What is the idea of a wedding, anyway?"

"Who is going to be married?" I ask.

"Nobody but Billy and the scribe," Dave says. "This is the greatest thing I ever do in my life. I run into Billy the other night and she is crying her eyes out because she loves this scribe and wishes to marry him, but it seems the scribe has nothing he can use for money. So I tell Billy to leave it to me, because you know I love her myself so much I wish to see her happy at all times, even if she has to marry to be that way.

"So I frame this wedding party, and after they are married I am going to stake them to a few G's so they can get a good running start," Dave says. "But I do not tell the scribe and I do not let Billy tell him as I wish it to be a big surprise to him. I kidnap him this afternoon and bring him out here and he is scared half to death thinking I am going to scrag him.

"In fact," Dave says, "I never see a guy so scared. He is still so scared nothing seems to cheer him up. Go over and tell him to shake himself together, because nothing but happiness for him is coming off here."

WELL, I wish to say I am greatly relieved to think that Dave intends doing nothing worse to Waldo Winchester than getting him married up, so I go over to where Waldo is sitting. He certainly looks somewhat alarmed. He is all in a huddle with himself, and he has what you call a vacant stare in his eyes. I can see that he is indeed frightened, so I give him a jolly slap on the back and I say: "Congratulations, pal! Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!"

"You bet it is," Waldo Winchester says, his voice so solemn I am greatly surprised.

"You are a fine-looking bridegroom," I say. "You look as if you are at a funeral instead of a wedding. Why do you not laugh ha-ha, (*Continued on page 125*)

GIRL WANTED—

By Homer

SOMETIMES when I see other husbands going up and down in the marts of trade, I look at them and wonder if they are as happy and as absorbed as they seem—or if there is a secret canker gnawing at their hearts.

I wonder if they have ever gone up against that most perplexing problem of modern times—the Pretty Stenographer Problem—and, if they have, I wonder, when they go to bed at night, if they sleep as peacefully and as innocently as babes—or if they have to tiptoe to the medicine closet and get out the strongest they've got.

I wonder—for I, too, have had to tiptoe out to that same medicine closet.

If any of these husbands have solved the Pretty Stenographer Problem, I wish they would write me in care of this publication, briefly outline their discovery, name their price, and then specify as to how and when payments are to be made and how many indorsements they will expect on my note for the remainder, for this is the time I am willing to make a sacrifice.

I got into my own Pretty Stenographer Problem innocently and without thinking, as I honestly believe most husbands do. I found that I was in need of a stenographer and I put an advertisement in the papers.

The next morning my office looked like opening day at the annual white sale.

Girls, women, people.

I looked the samples over. I had stated that I wished to secure the services of a *young* woman, but some of them must have read the advertisement hurriedly!

One by one the elderly ladies came in and told what experience they'd had. One sweet-faced lady, I remember, had worked for Bryan when he was the Boy Orator of the Platte.

One by one I shuffled off the elderly and feeble.

"They can't stand the hard pace I'll demand of them," I told myself.

Now with this much done, I began to consider their faces. And a face *is* something to consider. After all, I was going to be locked up in the office and have to look at it six hours a day, and what a whale of a difference a few features make.

"If I am going to have a girl in the office with me, I'd just as well have a nice-looking one," I said, "that is,

and, IF POSSIBLE, she should *Combine* the BEST FEATURES *of the* TWO Shown Here

Croy

if there is no difference in their work. I'm going to insist on that," I affirmed.

One by one the girls filed through, and one by one I looked them over. And then—oh, splendid moment!—I found the one I wanted.

She was efficient, I could tell that; she'd had a great deal of experience, there was no doubt about that. And she had the kind of face that you could be locked up in the office with for hours and never note the passage of time.

"It'll make a good impression on the people I have to deal with to have a nice-looking girl in the office," I told myself. "It dresses up the office," I added.

And so I engaged her. I had to pay her slightly more than I would have had to pay any of the others. "But she'll be worth it," I said to myself. "Think of the good impression she'll make."

At the time, I didn't think of my wife—it just shows how little I knew about those curious creatures.

All went splendidly for several days. Not a ripple, not a jar. But the girl wasn't quite as good as I expected and she wasn't quite as fast as I had been led to believe.

Sometimes she had to do my letters over; now and then she would address an envelope to Dallas, Texas, when it should have gone to Aroostook, Maine, but otherwise she was very good. Now and then she was a bit late; she took more time to eat her luncheon than the other girls in the office, but I didn't complain.

"Think of how she dresses up the office," I said to myself.

She was a great solace to me in my work. If I had to stay late of an evening, I found that it was much pleasanter to work with her face on the other side of the desk than with any other face in the office.

"It's soothing on the nerves," I thought.

Now and then other men dropped into the office and looked at her and said, "Well, you've certainly got a nice office."

It was pleasant to hear them say such things. It showed that I was right.

As I say, things went along smoothly for some weeks and then something happened.

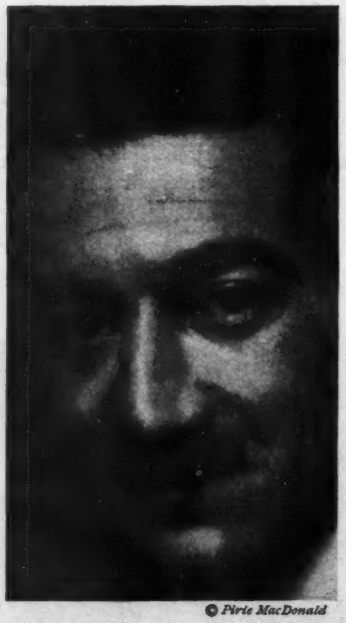
I was sitting quietly in my chair dictating a letter to my stenographer, stopping now and then to laugh at the humorous places, when I became conscious that someone had entered the room (*Continued on page 114*)

And I was 21

IT IS as well to take no notice of those who tell us that life is wholly made up of slaps in the face, for there are triumphs too, and these are so portioned out as to enable us to rise up now and then out of the slough of despond and take a proper pride in ourselves.

Now it goes without saying that triumphs are of two main sorts: there are the triumphs over ourselves, by ceaselessly collecting which we shall win salvation in the hereafter; and there are the triumphs over other people, which are of course much more amusing, but the less said about them in the hereafter the better. Nor should we dismiss this subject without adding that of all triumphs there is not one more highly recommended than the triumph over the flesh, for that puts the devil utterly to shame.

But such victories are not to be won lightly, and how shall a young man find the time and the patience for the winning when what he has to do is to make his way in the world, a world wherein a young man is judged not by his austerities, but by his activities? And this applies also to young women, although their activities should not be of too desperate a nature, or in the end it will be the worse for them.



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Now as we grow older and look back on past triumphs we find they have a way of dwindling, and we say: "Fancy, was *that* all it was!" But the one triumph I can recall with pleasure to this day is the one I shall call, with a reckless expenditure of capital letters, the Triumph of the First of May.

What magic words those are, the first of May, how redolent of youth and spring and the fever that is in spring! and of the nonsense, the beautiful and devouring nonsense that is in spring! I have only to say them and there is conjured up before my eyes the tall, the fair, the desperate figure of Priscilla Rivers, how she swung in at the door of the Mont Agel Restaurant where I sat waiting, a long-limbed unsmiling girl crowned with a crimson hat.

"Sorry I'm late," she said, and out of her bag she took a small tortoise-shell comb and fell to combing the golden curls that fell down over each ear from under her crimson hat, only one curl for each ear, but by the amount of trouble they gave her you would have thought there were dozens.

What a day that was, one of those blithe spring days when the heart is lifted up by a light wind that is blowing the winter away forever, and the round white clouds in the sky seem to be saying to one another, "Come on! Oh, come on!" But on that first of May I had eyes only for Priscilla's desperate beauty.

At last I had her to myself, at last! You who read these lines cannot understand how much that meant to me. And so, delighting in her company, I gave myself up to what the newspapers call "the holiday spirit," and what a very good spirit that is!

This luncheon had been arranged but the night before, and arranged, if you will believe me, with difficulty. For when I asked her, "Will you lunch with me tomorrow?" she looked at me in that queer sardonic blue-staring way she had and answered: "But suppose I'm not hungry at lunch-time tomorrow."

Abashed, I took to drink, but presently we happened to dance together, and there must have been madness in the air, for as we danced I pushed away the curl from her right ear and whispered: "I love you, I love you, I love you." Then I was afraid.

But whether she heard me or not I do not know to this day; all I know is that before the party broke up in disorder she said she would have luncheon with me the next day if I would be so kind as to give her plovers' eggs to eat. Which I promised to do.

So now on the table between us there were plovers' eggs in a nest which showed up the domestic conditions of plovers in a creditable light, and I pressed them on her regardless of expense, for was it not an amazing thing, an incredible thing, a memorable thing, that Priscilla Rivers should be lunching with me? Obviously it was, and so I was more than eager to ruin myself for her, but imagine my disappointment at the end of luncheon when she insisted on paying her share of the bill!

At that time Priscilla was not quite twenty-two, a few months older than I, but already there was something I have called "desperate" about her fair loveliness, though now I shall justify so sensational an epithet I do not know. Shall I say that there was something about her beauty that seemed to be denying its own worth, that Priscilla was born with a self-shattering sense of the futility of everything in her?

Yes, there was something self-fatal about Priscilla, and this was made manifest in a profound air of detachment, as of someone who has lived with death for a long time. But what was it all about, what could *she* know of death?

I COULD not understand her. Did she feel that something in her had never come to life, something that bubbled in other people and incited them to success, and therefore that she was always set apart, that nothing she touched would ever come to anything, that everything would fail with her, her friendships, her poetry, her loves? No, I could not make her out, and cannot to this day, though she is so dear a friend.

But this was certain, that every man she met bore away with him something of her contempt for the second-rate, in which were included all conventional standards of judgment and behavior, and something of her humility before the spirit of truth. Oh, she was deadly to the tranquillity of poets and writers and painters; their imaginations were bound to her in an indescribable commotion of love and despair, and it is impossible to say how many poems and novels and pictures were inspired by Priscilla.

You see, we never could feel sure of her; there was always a sense of departure about her. She seemed to hear the call of dangerous crusades, which we could not hear, and so we felt that she was not for us.

Alas, if that were the truth! But prophecy likes nothing so much as to adorn the future with fine fatal words, whereas the reality of the future usually is no more than a rather sordid affair, which in this case could have been avoided, people say, if Priscilla had behaved in a more ladylike way. But let us not go on with the subject in this strain, for that word "ladylike" is formidable,

when I played FRIEND IN NEED *to the* Unapproachable Priscilla

by Michael Arlen

Illustrations by
Jean Gabriel Domergue

¶ *Priscilla cold? Priscilla icy? Ah, how much happier one would have been in that certainty!*

abashing and numbing the story-teller's imagination.

Priscilla, dear Priscilla! The young men who loved you at that time owe you a debt which they never can repay, for whose was the friendship that helped them to bear their disappointments; whose was the loyalty that comforted them in no matter what straits of poverty or disgrace? And where will the young poets and writers of today find another such beautiful friend as you, whose critical judgment was a law to your friends, whose contempt purged them of mean ambitions, and whose curiosity was a shining guide for the adventuring of their souls into the meaning of life and art?

© Pirie MacDonald

It is sad to tell that presently she lost patience with us. For what happened was that she looked into our bodies and saw therein the timid, numbing souls of ladies and gentlemen. Abomination of abominations, that was what Priscilla discerned beneath our enthusiastic youth, and so she left us and went her own way.

FOR, to her, of all God's creatures there were not any more contemptible than ladies and gentlemen. O proud and scornful Priscilla! "Cheats!" she called them. "Cheats!"

And this attitude of hers cannot be explained except by saying that the fairies who watched over her birth were so busy endowing her with beauty and brains that they quite forgot to give her the one coin that is always current among human beings and whose value never varies with the exchange, the coin we call "compromise" and Priscilla called "cheating." And so she was born to unhappiness, which is the fate of all those who simply will not behave in a ladylike way . . .

Now I can hear someone asking, "And how did such an obscure young man come to know such a remarkable young woman?"

It is a fair question. At that time I was living like a prince on a few pounds a week earned by writing bits and pieces for the newspapers, but when I say "like a prince," I mean, of course, like a Russian prince.

Oh, the haunted attractiveness of Russian princes! Wrapped in melancholy regrets for Czarist privileges, but inspired by hunger to a gentle and winning recognition of facts as they are, they have realized that if you want a good dinner you must be a good boy and get yourself asked out by your betters. So I had a try at that, too.

Now of my betters the most important by far was Mrs. Sofer-Smayle, for Mrs. Sofer-Smayle had added to the advantages of being born a Californian Sofer by marrying a Leicestershire Smayle, thus being a millionairess in her own right and county by marriage, a sound mixture, and one popular with Americans of every class. And Priscilla Rivers was her daughter; Rivers because at the age of eighteen she was married to a man called Rivers, a captain in the Grenadier Guards.

Of course, Priscilla's mother was not really called Mrs. Sofer-Smayle, but since we so often meet with Sofer-this and Sofer-that in America, and since the English name of Smayle has a certain distinction (for who would be called by a confoundedly ugly name like Smayle unless he was born with enough advantages to make it worth his while?) I have fancied that it is an apt name for so great a lady. But I write under correction.

The only person I have ever met who was not in the least afraid of Mrs. Sofer-Smayle, who did not quail before that lady's inspired indiscretions, was, of course, Priscilla. Now Priscilla disapproved strongly of her mother, saying that she was a snob, and a silly snob at that, and she judged people as unworthy of serious attention if they were too often in her mother's company. So I did not make a good showing with Priscilla.

As for Mrs. Sofer-Smayle, whom I always found to be the kindest lady in the world, she was saddened by her daughter's hostility. But the time came when she resigned herself to Priscilla's attitude, remarking merely that Priscilla was a good girl but Onbalanced.

And when it was presently forced on her attention that her only child was getting herself a name as a bad lot, she indignantly denied the possibility of such a thing, saying that such rumors were due to the queer friends Priscilla had and not to any fault in her temperament, which was cold, said her mother, really cold. How often I have heard her insisting on Priscilla's faultlessly cold temperament!

Alas, poor lady! It was as though she was trying by sheer force of words to beat back overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Thus women, inspired by motherly love, become sport for unkind tongues.

"That girl is icy cold," said Mrs. S.-S. "She lives mentally, as I do, only I *discriminate* a little more about people. But as to what they call 'love,' Priscilla takes after me in thinking that kind of thing exceedingly queer and *low*.

"Love, the fine high communion of kindred spirits, Priscilla understands and appreciates, and I gather that there is a good deal of such communion going on nowadays among intellectual young people—I only wish they wouldn't *always* do it at night, for people think it so queer—but as to love of any other kind whatsoever, Priscilla finds it unnecessary and *common*. Now isn't that a good thing?

"But there are drawbacks to everything, aren't there? Girls carry everything too far, even intellect and austerity.

"So discouraging for their husbands! Why, will you believe me that a girl nowadays takes her intellect with her on her honeymoon as a chaperon, so it is no wonder that the birth rate is going down by leaps and bounds!

"All the same, I am in favor of intellect. I am glad my Priscilla has a cold analytical mind, or shall we say a mind like a cathedral? Drafty, of course, and queer people get into it, but on the whole steadying."

BUT I fancy that Priscilla long since had closed her ears to everything her mother said or that was said by her mother's friends. A truly amazing gift she had for not listening, for living her life beyond the reach of ordinary voices.

The magic of Priscilla, the mystery! How could one reach her, how fix her enchanted attention? Ah, to take her up in one's arms and wring from her pale golden beauty, drop by drop, the perfume of her unknowable youth!

But those were idle imaginings, whereas what was the reality? Tempting the devil in a man with her formal, nunlike pallor, she remained a stranger, unapproachable, unknown, inviolable.

All the same, one had heard stories—and, worse still, one was not without imagination. Priscilla cold? Priscilla icy? Ah, how much happier one would have been in that certainty! Her sardonic eyes blurred by irresistible emotions, her proud mouth returning sighs for kisses, her image haunted the deep places of the imagination, like a shadow in a still, brooding pool. But a veil over my imagination!

Never would she stay in her mother's house above a minute, but swiftly pass in and out, my eyes following her and fruitlessly willing her to call me after her. How I longed for her friendship, to be admitted into some little part of her fastidious life!

One never knew what she was about, so wrapped in mystery she always was. Never did Priscilla give away

gratuitous information. Whither was she going so swiftly? Whence had she this moment come?

What was that last thought that still lingered, pale as a glass flower, in the azure depths of her eyes when you addressed her—but, before you had said two words, had faded into blazing blue exasperation? "What next!" she seemed to say. "What next!"

Oh, you blamed not her, but yourself! Conscious of trying to capture her attention, you said the silliest things. And Priscilla simply could not suffer fools gladly.

How often I would call at her mother's house in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. But she was seldom there, and if she was I would see no more of her than her profile, her silhouette, the swift passage of her slender, heedless loveliness.

Or maybe I would hear her voice, quick, breathless, husky with cigarets, speaking with someone on the telephone and arranging to lunch here or dine there, thus making a mockery of any meals that might be set before me in the near future. But a veil over my appetite!

All the same, life is not made up wholly of slaps in the face, as I have said before and shall say again, for do we not all need encouragement? And so, following that party in Fitzroy Square where there was madness in the air, here were Priscilla Rivers and I lunching together.

Not that I was to be rescued as yet from that jerky and exhausting descent into the deep places of humility known as "being taken down a peg or two." She did not like me—that was understood.

On top of that, she had read some stories of mine in the New Age and the English Review, and she did not like them at all. She asked me why I did not write something "quiet." No, she did not like my writings, or my mind, or my clothes. In a word, she discerned in me the night-club type.

That hurt. It stung. Pressing plovers' eggs on her, I begged her to explain herself.

"You are," she said, "flash."

"Like an Argentine?"

"An imitation Argentine," she said.

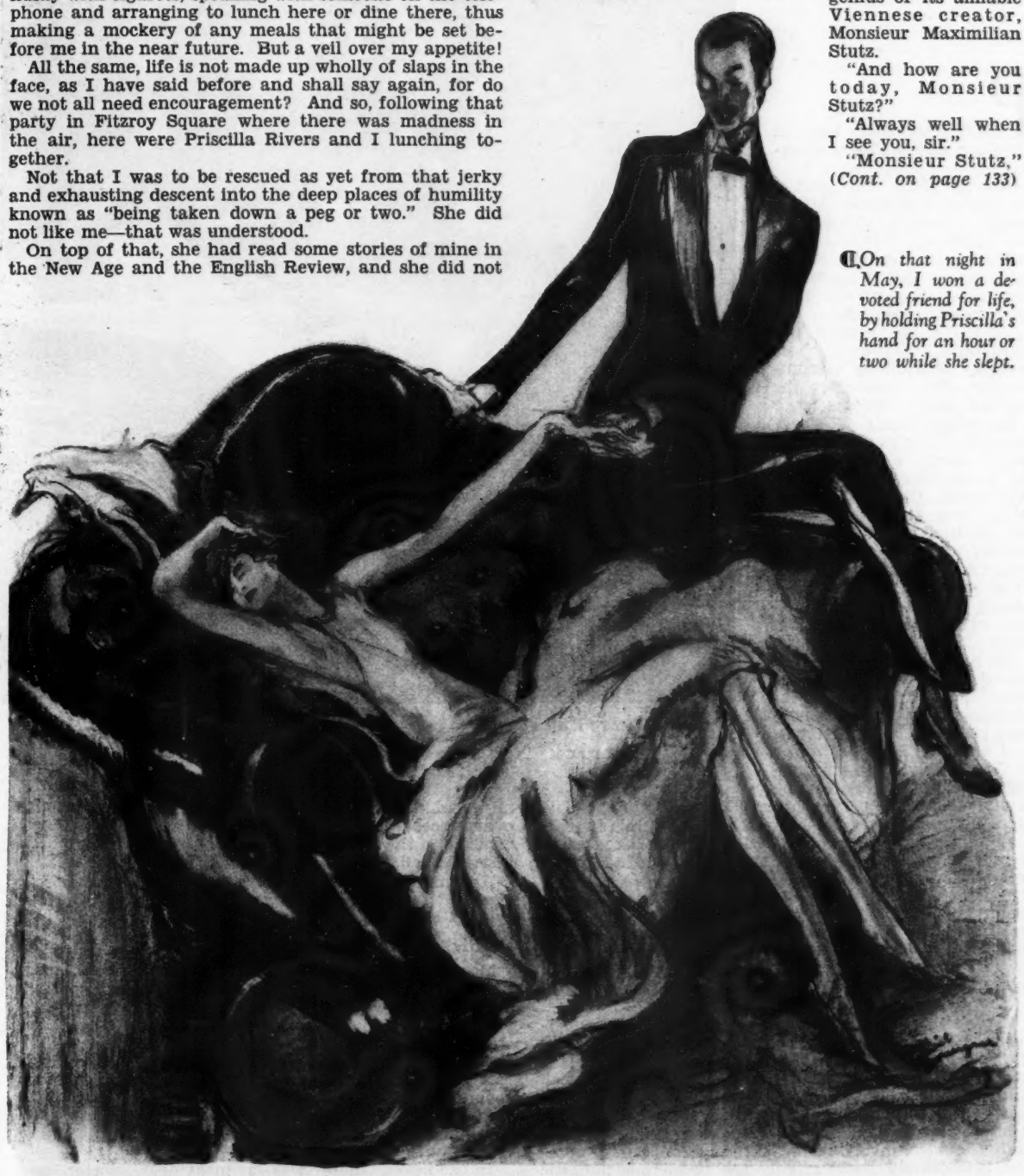
Catching Monsieur Stutz' eye, I took refuge in conversation with that charming *restaurateur*, for his kindness to young men was equalled only by his grave and correct address to young ladies: a rare trait in a popular *restaurateur*, and one which has wrought of the Mont Agel a restaurant remarkable not only for its food but also for its sympathetic atmosphere, the first arising from the experience and the second peculiar to the genius of its amiable Viennese creator, Monsieur Maximilian Stutz.

"And how are you today, Monsieur Stutz?"

"Always well when I see you, sir."

"Monsieur Stutz,"

(*Cont. on page 133*)



On that night in May, I won a devoted friend for life, by holding Priscilla's hand for an hour or two while she slept.

The ALMOST

By S. S. Van Dine

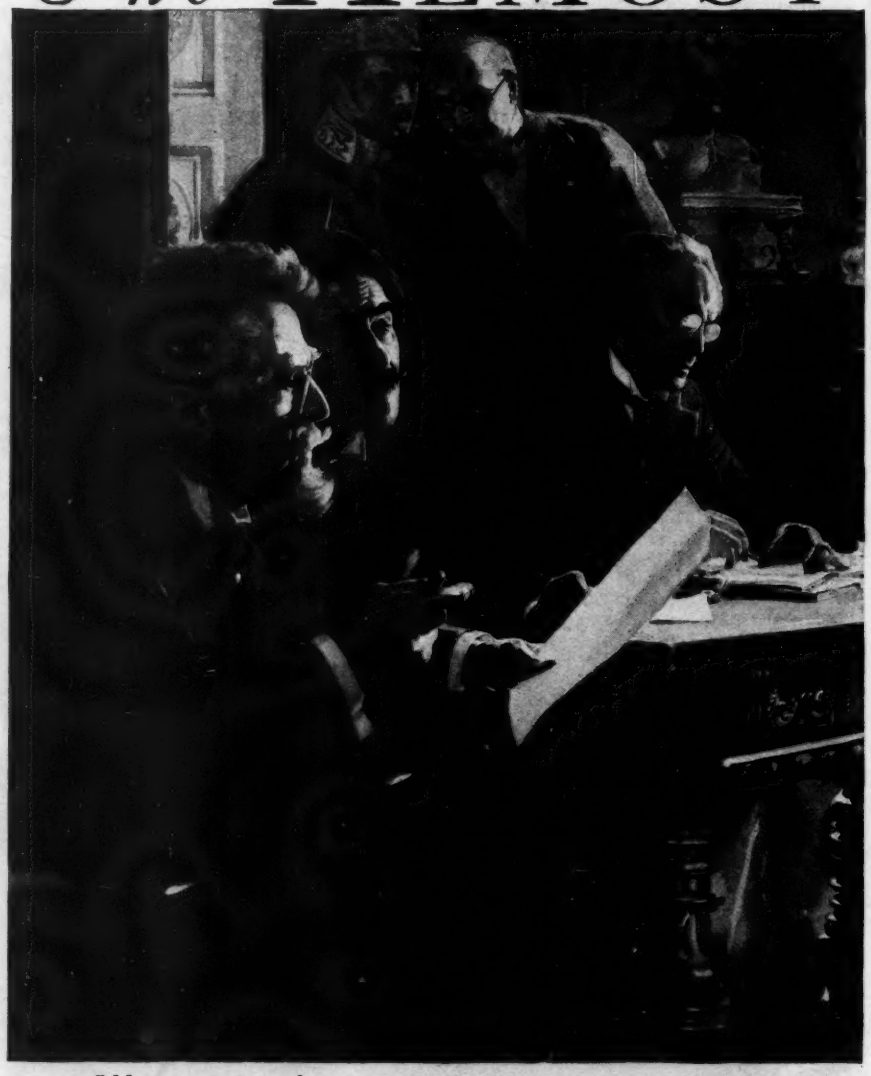


Illustration by
G. Patrick Nelson

¶ *Mrs. Beckert's testimony referring the findings of the second autopsy.*

PHILO VANCE lay back in his chair and smiled sardonically.

"You're much too trustin' for this wicked world, Markham," he said. "There are any number of perfect crimes. Only, because they *are* perfect the world doesn't hear of them. It's the failures that come to our attention.

"And it's not always the murderer's fault that he is caught. Fortuitous circumstances often counteract the best laid plans. Very sad . . ."

Vance and John F.-X. Markham—New York's district attorney—and I were seated in the lounge-room of the old Stuyvesant Club. We had fallen into the habit, after the solution of the Bishop murder case, of coming together on Sunday nights; and Vance, who at the time was deeply interested in criminology, often discussed famous cases with us.

He had already related on previous Sunday nights the Germaine Berton case, the Pruscha case, the Jaroszynsky case and the Ebergényi case —all of which I have set down in these columns — and tonight, apropos of Markham's comments on "the perfect crime," he told us of the Wilhelm Beckert murder which took place in Chile in 1909 —an almost incredible record of a carefully plotted crime the detection of which hinged on a mere misunderstood connotation of a simple Spanish word.

"I like to see genius succeed, don't y' know," Vance remarked lazily, lighting one of his adored Régie cigarets; "whether it be in art or commerce or crime. And somehow, I'll always feel that the murderer in the Beckert case was, as the doughty Sergeant Heath would say, given the needle by an unkind fate."

. . . . .

Early in 1909 (Vance began, settling himself luxuriously in his chair), the town of Santiago de Chile was the scene of a crime which, for various reasons, holds unusual interest, both psychological and criminological.

Imprimis, the crime was committed on the premises of the Imperial German Legation. Not only did it give rise to many absurd and fascinatin' complications, legal and otherwise, involving the exchange of letters, notes and memoranda, such as only the ponderous punditic minds of diplomats could have conceived, but the circumstances in themselves were such that, under ordin'ry conditions, the criminal would probably never have been apprehended.

Its chief interest, however, lies in the astonishing foresight and uncanny powers of minute scheming developed by the perpetrator—qualities which stamp him as one of the world's most distinguished murderers, despite the paltry motivation of the act.

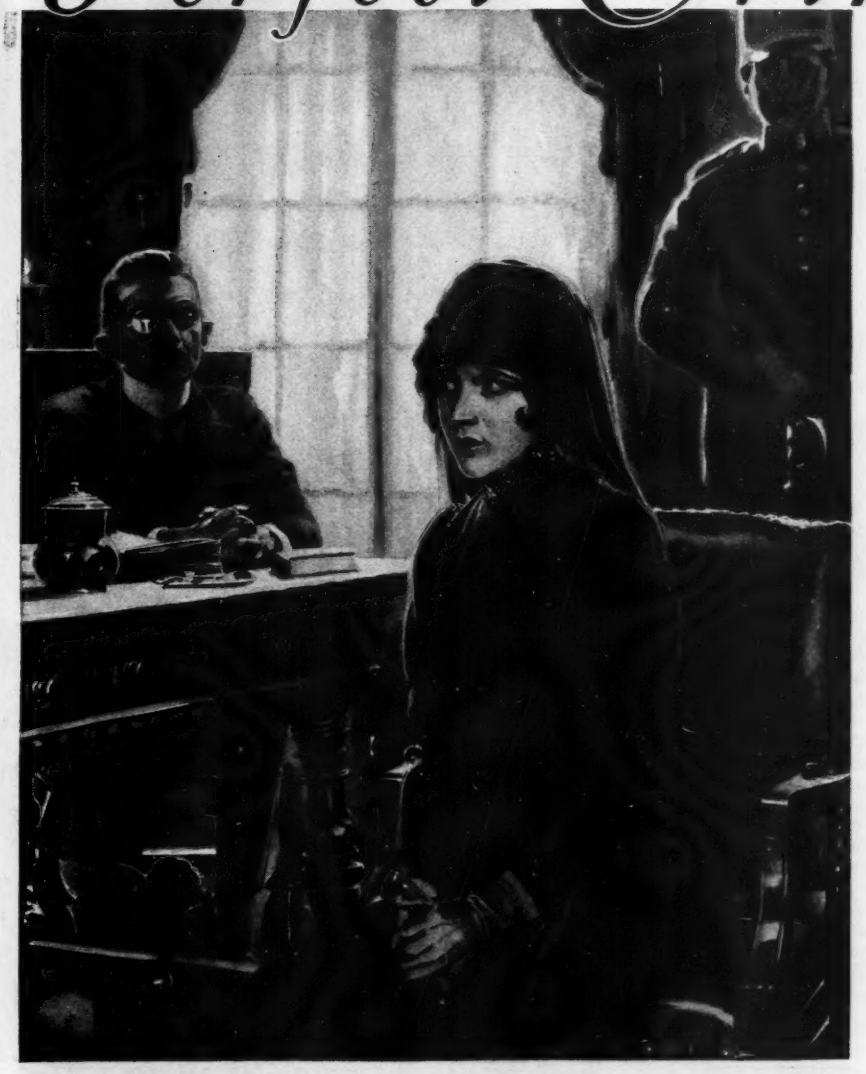
Moreover, only an almost infinitesimal oversight prevented the success of his plot. It was almost a perfect crime. *Eheu!* . . .

The German Legation in Santiago was situated on the ground floor of a two-story building in the Via Nataniel near the Avenida de las Delicias. The premises consisted of two rooms—a front office and a rear room used for the storage of the diplomatic archives. The staff was composed of the minister, Baron von Boodmann, the secretary, Baron von Welseck, and a clerk named Wilhelm Beckert.

In addition, there was a messenger, porter and

Perfect Crime

A Strange Murder *analyzed by* PHILO VANCE



to her husband's clothes and teeth agreed in every particular with But there was one cynical gentleman who was unimpressed.

general factotum, Exequiel Tapia, who was an ex-sergeant of the Chilean army.

The duties of this little staff were not arduous: they consisted mainly, I imagine, of friendly luncheons and dinners with various government officials.

In 1907 this *dolce-far-niente* life was temporarily disturbed by an incident which, though rather unimportant in itself, was to have the most astonishin' consequences.

In the little village of Caleu the native peasants had attacked a party of German settlers, who indignantly appealed to the Legation for redress. The matter was investigated with that charmin' leisure so characteristic of diplomatic affairs; but nothing much came of it.

The next year, however, members of the German Legation began to receive sinister letters signed "Various Chileans"—*varios chilenos*. In these letters the minister was accused of having unjustly prosecuted innocent peasants who had acted in ignorance rather than malice. The letters warned Baron von Boodmann against continuing the suit, and threatened the lives of the members of his staff. Black Hand letters, in fact.

A little later—September of the same year, to be exact—a similar letter was sent to the minister himself, who straightway turned it over to the Chilean police authorities. These noble upholders of the law, anxious to avoid any unpleasantness with the representatives of a foreign government, made a valiant though futile effort to find the author of the sanguinary epistles.

Neither the minister nor Baron von Welseck paid much attention to these threats. But Beckert, who was rather a timid, good-natured soul, was torn asunder. His anxiety mounted by leaps and bounds: repeatedly he expressed his conviction that he was a doomed man. His state of nerves, to judge from the records, was rather pitiful. He was thoroughly convinced that the *varios chilenos* were thirsting for his blood and would some day swoop down on him and end his earthly career.

Beckert was then in his thirty-ninth year. He was a Bavarian by birth, the son of a well-to-do merchant. In 1889 he had emigrated to the new world and entered a Jesuit monastery in Santiago. Two years later, however, he decided that what we euphemistically call marital bliss was more to his liking than a career of pious meditation, and leaving the order, he turned Protestant. In 1899 he married the daughter of a Chilean merchant—a lady named Natalie López—and entered the diplomatic service of his native country as clerk of the Legation.

A few months after the receipt of the threatening letters Beckert dashed excitedly into the office of Baron von Boodmann and reported that three suspicious-looking Chileans had, on the preceding night, chased him for several hours through Santiago's deserted streets. The minister thereupon insisted that this timorous and terrified clerk carry a revolver—much to that gentleman's distress; for Beckert had an instinctive horror of all death-dealing devices.

At this time Beckert developed an almost morbid anxiety for his wife, and at the end of October, 1908, he intrusted to a friend a letter addressed to the German Minister, with instructions that it be delivered after his death, which he (*Continued on page 140*)

The Story *of a* Popular Young Man

by Sinclair Lewis

Elizabeth,

IN A threadbare but not unpleasant room on Twelfth Street, in the City of Miraculous Towers (~~which is the~~ proper way of referring to New York in a romantic love story), dwelt a young man with a Future. Much was expected of him by his superiors in the Algonquin Chain Store and Lunch Room Furnishing and Fixtures Company, Inc., and a lot more was expected of him by himself.

His name was Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth; he was a polite young man, a popular young man, and he had about as nasty and smirking a mind as—— No! That would be giving away the plot!

Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth came from the village of Applegate, Massachusetts, among the green Berkshire hills; Applegate, where white porches glimmer behind the lilacs in the vernal twilight, and where there is no bootlegging, because if you let a barrel of cider freeze in the winter, the center of it is a residue of 180-proof alcohol. He graduated from a New England coeducational college so small, so unknown, so antiquated, that it hadn't even courses in Advanced Cheer-leading or Contract Bridge or Press Agentry B7. But it made up for its insignificance by the intensity of its college-spirit.

It was called McGlish College, and even in New York, a place so busy trying to adjust doubled salaries to quadrupled expenses that nobody knows ordinarily whether you have graduated from Yale, a correspondence school or the section gang, every alumnus of Good Old McGlish was acquainted with every other alumnus or alumna or both in town.

It was their "society"—it was the society in which scintillated the curly smileandcharming graces of Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth.

They gathered in one another's flats every Saturday evening to discuss the tremendous news from McGlish about Professor Eubank's toothache and the rumored retirement of the Trumbull Hall janitor, and to sing tearfully at parting:

> Where'er we be, on land or sea,
> I'll think of you, you'll think of me,
> And hold fore'er this memory rich,
> The thought of ooooooooold McGlish!

It is a vain heresy held by savages from London, Chicago, Sauk Center and other provincial spots that all New Yorkers spend their evenings at night clubs, with five-dollar cover charges. Actually, most of them are as gaudy and Babylonian as Ralph Wigglesworth, with a weekly McGlish Alumni Sing as his wildest diversion and two shots of synthetic gin and somewhat less than synthetic ginger ale for dissipation.

Yes, Ralph was a nice young man. He had pleasant hazel eyes and, though he was slender, he had a muscular handshake. He wore snappy Norfolk suits and diagonally striped ties. (It was not his fault if these ties indicated to visiting Britishers that Ralph belonged to the Welsh Guards, to the Sophists Club of Oxford, and to the Old Iggletonians Cricket Club.)

He played a lot of musical instruments. What the names of these instruments were has not been recorded, but they all looked like ukuleles crossed with gate-legged tables or with tractors. When, with a frank, fetching, boyish laugh, Ralph began to sing "The Sultan's Wi-ives Have Gotten the Hi-ives," at McGlish parties, then all the alumni felt that perhaps life really was what the Commencement Orator had told them, and that perhaps they wouldn't lose their jobs, after all.

And though Ralph was no great authority on Einstein or Sanskrit, he was a first-rate salesman. No one in the Algonquin Company (Inc.) had handled more impressively the Freezever Showcase for Meat Departments.

There was an excellent probability that by the time he was fifty, he would be third assistant sales manager, and develop a rich, full, deep, meaty voice with which to confide to clubs of young men how he had Attained His Success. (He'd attained it by Steadiness, Striving and Stick-to-it-iveness. Or by Humility, Hustle and Hope.)

Yes, absolutely. Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth was a popular young man, a successful young man. And,

Drawings by
R. F. Schabelitz

Kitty and Jane

when he wasn't on observation, his mind was a black and fire-shot hell like No Man's Land in a midnight barrage.

It is universally stated that all nice, popular, successful and (especially) American young men think of women only with such reverent admiration as would be suitable to a clergyman aged sixty-seven. Maybe so. But it is a gloomy fact that to Ralph Wigglesworth women were a torment; a glory that he could not express and a horror that he could not forget.

IN THE white and gentle village of Applegate, his white and gentle mother had taught him, in the pious college of McGlish his benign professors had taught him, that the Lord God erred in creating human bodies, and that any young man who thought of women except as cooks and stenographers and teachers was on the urgent way to the devil.

Ralph had taken their teaching with a nice, earnest, curly-headed seriousness, but here in New York, as he sat in his collegiate and hideous room, he ached with the desire to be very, very wicked; as he sat in the waiting rooms of purchasing agents, he was not thinking of Freezever Showcases and discounts but of the charming wrists of girl reception clerks; and alone or crowd-hustled, he was obsessed by three girls—Elizabeth, Kitty and Jane.

"Elizabeth, Kitty and *Jane;* Elizabeth, Kitty and *Jane;* clickety-click, clickety-click, to the sound of the subway train; it's driving me half insane, Elizabeth, Kitty and Jane——" That is the only poem known to have been composed by Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth, and he hated it, and on each of the dozen subway rides which he had to take daily, it beat itself out horribly in his mind, so that afterward it was difficult for even such a determined success-hound to speak of Servyurself Counters and Bar-B-Q Grills with the proper ecstasy.

Ralph was supposed to be engaged to Miss Elizabeth Wood of Applegate, Ralph's own native Applegate.

Dear Elizabeth! She was so simple, so naïve, so blessedly old-fashioned, in this world of noisy flappers. When you remembered Elizabeth, you thought of her as wearing a locket and a blue silk frock, very long, with uncropped golden hair; you thought of her as playing gently at croquet, on a lawn between the iron deer and the border of abalone shells; you thought of her as being quiet and kind and rather dumb. Old-fashioned. Scented with lilac, Louisa M. Alcott, and the brave air of the hills.

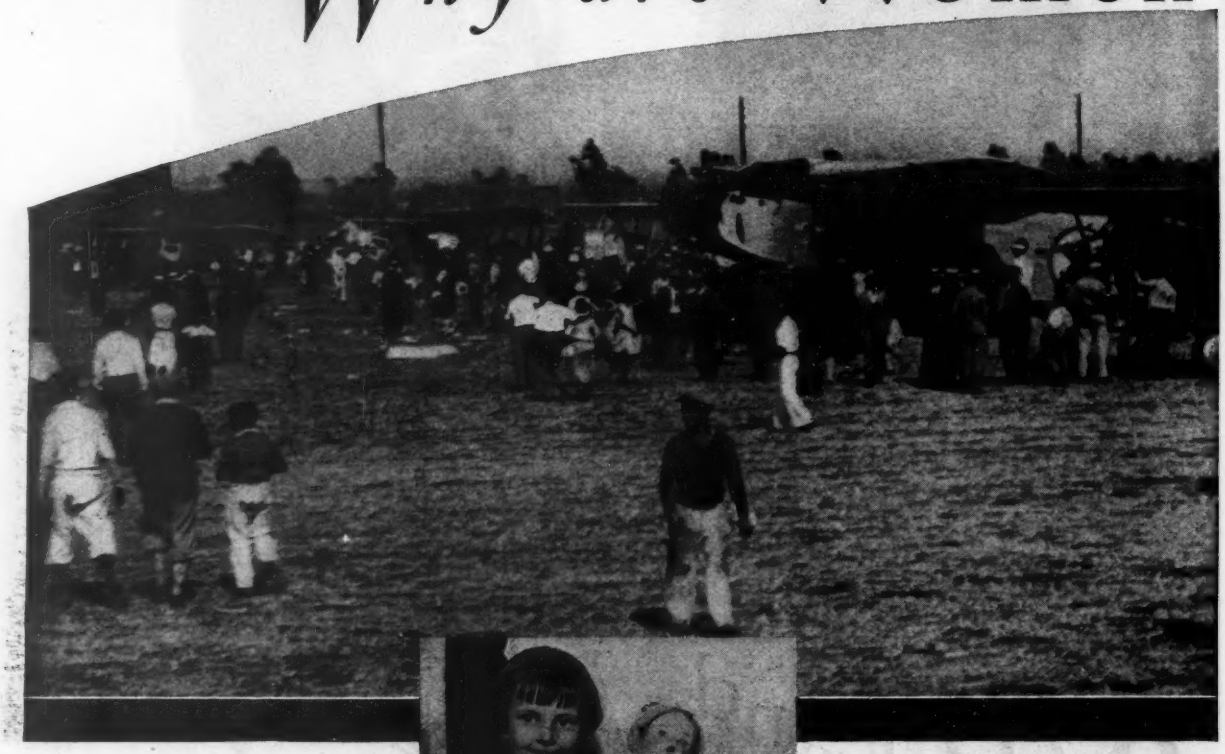
And when you remembered her father, Mr. Charles Trout Wood, president of the National Bank of Applegate, you remembered him as being named Adoniram or Josephus or Wilbur; as a gangling man with a chin whisker, and eyes that were extraordinarily hard as he neatly foreclosed a mortgage. Now actually, Mr. Wood had no chin whisker and no Adoniramishness. He was a mild, hairless little man, as soft as a razor on an oil-stone, though the hardness of eye as he amiably foreclosed a mortgage did exist quite as you remembered.

AND Elizabeth had bobbed hair, she had never seen a locket, and in a sweater and short skirts she played fast tennis. Yet that was her inner quality: lockets and blue silk and Tennysonian tresses; yes papa and no papa.

When Ralph had graduated—— By the way, now that I think of it, Ralph may go even farther than being third assistant sales manager of the Algonquin Chain Store and Lunch Room Company; he may become a millionaire Chain Store or Lunch Room magnate, because odd humorous things like that do happen in the City of Miraculous Towers; and then he will give McGlish College a building and they will give him a Doctor of Laws degree.

But as I say, when Ralph *(Continued on page 108)*

Why are Women



U. & U.

¶ *From doll days, training militates against girls' becoming aviators.*

By Amelia

"BUT my wife won't let me fly."

I was speaking with the vice-president of a large manufacturing concern in the Middle West. A group was gathered at a local flying field to watch the take-off of the company airplane. As is being done more and more, this concern had purchased a comfortable four-passenger cabin model, and hired a competent pilot to fly it. The equipment was used as a sales feature, and also for quick inspection tours to the factory which lay forty minutes away by air and five hours by train or automobile.

"Of course," he added quickly, smiling, "I *could* go, but doing so means a family row."

"Has your wife ever been up?" I asked—and the whole situation became apparent with my inquiry.

No, she hadn't. She wouldn't even look at a plane. She wasn't amused or interested in the enthusiasm for aviation her children shared with all their classmates.

In this particular case there was an added problem, for part of Mr. Blank's business was being official entertainer for visiting executives. He could entertain them, show them the workings of the home plant and conduct them as far as the airport. There he had to delegate the duty—and the fun—to one of the junior officers, and perhaps relinquish the group when a little more time would have resulted in an advantageous business deal.

In the last few months I have had the report from several aviation traffic managers that women are the cause of much sales resistance. I haven't believed it until lately. From my experience at flying fields I felt the average woman was as interested as the average man; perhaps even more interested.

I had so often seen father come over with two or three daughters and his wife, and pay for a "joy hop" for each, but refuse to leave the ground himself. I felt that this feminine interest carried through to different phases of air transportation.

From the earliest times, women have followed their men into every sort of adventure. In fact, I think they probably have created some when things were dull, by pushing reluctant males into various enterprises.

If they are not following in this new form of transportation, which is no longer only an adventure, I should like to know the reason. And, taking the traffic managers' word for it, I have tried to make a little investigation of the so-called resistance.

I began with specimens of a tender age.

In one of the large eastern cities an airplane model contest was staged for children in connection with an aviation show. It was open to members of manual-training and shop classes of public schools only. Automatically, many girls were barred.

One young woman, in order to enter the contest, regularly entered a manual-training class and furnished several models which rated a prize. One lone representative of many girls who *might* have constructed models appeared before the entrance committee with an example of her own workmanship. She was a very little girl and didn't belong to a manual-training class.

Even though her product really flew, the judges had to tell her she wasn't eligible. She looked wistfully at

Afraid *to Fly?*

Earhart

the array of prizes, the books, the cups, the mysterious packages, and was heard to say earnestly that she "could build as good a plane as any old boy."

My point is that aviation is being sold to boys much more effectively than it is to girls. How can the industry expect cooperation from individuals who don't have the opportunity of learning about it? So often response is only education.

Some girls *do* enter the shops in the public schools. More often such instruction is barred, and they are shunted into cooking and sewing classes without a choice. The following letter is an example of the sort of things girls must contend with.

U. & U.

¶ *On the other hand, a boy has mechanics thrust upon him.*

Dear Miss Earhart:

We should like to know what chance there is in aviation for two girls who are desirous of making it their vocation. We are fifteen years old, juniors in high school, and intend to continue our education through college. We are taking mathematical courses, but our efforts to enroll in machine-shop or aviation classes have met with failure, these classes being open to boys alone.

Our families are vigorously opposed to our going into aviation, and have even refused us permission to make a flight. However, we have been up three times, which we regret we were obliged to do without our parents' consent and approval.

Frankly, we have no knowledge of mechanics of any kind, nor have we had a chance to gain any. Nevertheless, we are interested in mechanics, and though we have been unable to ascertain just how much talent we have, if any, along that line, we believe that we could learn. Although we are not particularly outstanding in our mathematical classes, we have received good grades, all A's so far.

Sincerely yours,
K. M. and H. E.

Quite apart from the difference in scholastic training is the different home training girls receive. Mrs. Bertrand Russell in her book, "The Right to Be Happy," describes the effect of the difference thus:

"Feminine education is said to have made great advances, but in fact it has hardly yet begun its work. Girls are taught at school and university a curriculum resembling that taught to boys, but nobody seems to realize that in this way we do no more than plaster a so-called masculine career on a character which has already been formed to femininity from early youth."

Air transportation cannot depend on the patronage of men alone. I have a feeling that selling tickets to women may be a matter of beginning at five or six years of age.

Against this apparent reluctance, about sixty percent of my mail is from women asking how to enter aviation. Some, I know, are not sincere, and some are desperately in earnest. Often the question, "Is there a future for women in aviation?" is asked.

So far so few women have entered it that it is impossible to say. There is absolutely no basis of comparison between men's and women's abilities yet. One can't compare the accomplishments of thirty-four women with four thousand men pilots with any degree of fairness.

Until women have the background of experience that men have, they cannot expect *(Continued on page 138)*

Driftwood

The Story So Far:

"HE WILL grow up," said Domingo del Antro, looking at the small boy with yellow hair, "to be a credit to us all. This person has never seen a child quicker to learn. Buzo"—here he addressed the small boy—"what do you wish to be?"

"I wish to fight bulls," the small boy answered, "and give all the money I earn to Mother Perfección."

"Well, then, let us see how you will fight. First you, Buzo, shall be the bull, and afterwards Cuchillo . . ."

But this was months after that morning in 1916 when the small boy was washed ashore below the cobalt mountains of Spain, a bit of driftwood from a sea tragedy of the war. Probably the small boy never had seen a gypsy in America, but there on the yellow sands, poised like a bird, was a strange small girl, who stared and then laughed at the small boy and trotted away with her bundle of driftwood.

The small boy put on his clothes and followed the small girl. Presently her sisters and brothers came dancing down the hill to meet him, and they all kissed the small boy and raced with him up the path, laughing and screeching. Estrella and Astron were the eldest of these children, and after them came Bastante and Concepción and Cuchillo, and then the small girl herself, Mosca del Antro, which meant the Fly of the Cave—for they were Spanish gypsies, these children, and their family lived in a cave near by.

The small boy always will remember his first sight of that cave. On one side of the fire sat the children's father, Domingo del Antro, playing a game with a pack of cards. On the other side of the fire sat a baboon, who blinked sideways at the small boy. Coming out of the cave was Perfección, who looked young till she came close to him, and kneeling near by was just such a camel as he had seen at Bronx Park.

Domingo looked up to where the small boy stood. "The cards have told this person," he said, "that it will be lucky to keep him and rear him as one of our own."

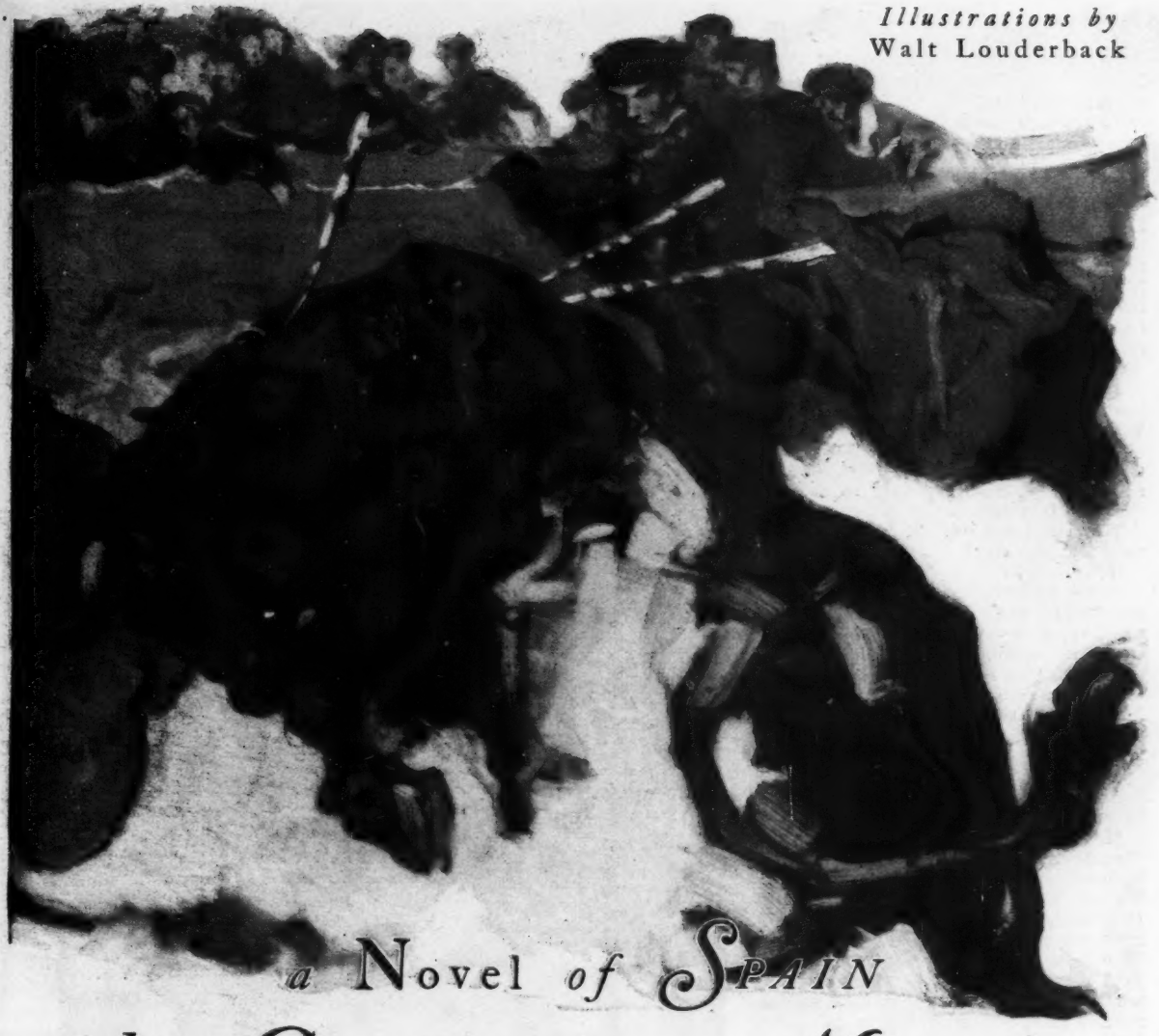
"He will never pass for one of ours," said Perfección; "look at his white skin and yellow hair."

"Well, if not ours, let him pass for one of *yours*," said the shy, lean, quick, handsome man, and he pressed her hand against his cheek.

Domingo always looked ahead. Looking ahead, he had taught Señor Cochino, the baboon, to eat like a gentleman, and much money had accrued at the *ferias*, which is to say fairs. Looking ahead, he was teaching his sons to fight bulls, and all the children to dance beautifully, to play the guitar, and to sing straight singing and the Flamenco singing of Andalusia. And when the Family of the Cave set out on their travels that year, Domingo believed that he had in the lovely Estrella one of the most finished dancers in all Spain.

His cousins, the Bambitos, agreed with him when they

Illustrations by
Walt Louderback



a Novel of SPAIN

by Gouverneur Morris

saw Estrella dance to Astron's strange unerring rhythms. The men sighed and shivered and the women envied her secretly and prophesied that they would live to see her body covered with pearls and diamonds. But she shook her head.

"I shall have lovers, of course, but I shall choose among my own people; and among my own people great treasure is only to be found in the heart."

Beyond Málaga the road climbed a mountain and after many days came to a vast level valley and the great city of Granada. Here the Del Antros put up with another family of cousins, the Gostibelzas, who lived in a cave across the river from the Alhambra. The children were sent out to beg from tourists, but on his third day the small boy, Buzo, forgot for a moment that good manners and the art of begging are inseparable; for he interrupted an artist who was sketching a garden in the Generalife. There was a fascinating certainty about everything the artist did, but to Buzo's eyes the painted wall was lighter than the real wall, and he said so.

The artist rose and made him a solemn bow. "Señor Raphael," he said, "you have eyes like a hawk. What are you going to be when you grow up—a painter or a bullfighter?"

"Both," said Buzo, in a sudden resolve that was to color his life, and he found himself telling this bearded man how he had come there.

"AND so," said the artist, "your name is Buzo del Antro and you are an American? How did you get to Spain in the first place?"

"I swam," said Buzo.

"Don't make silly jokes. I am your friend because you have eyes like a hawk. Tell me the truth."

"We were going home to America in a ship," said Buzo. "My father and mother and I. All of a sudden the front part of the ship with the captain and another officer on it went up in the air with a loud noise and smoke. And then something came down on my head, and there were fireworks like on the Fourth of July, and then I was in the water and the ship was all gone, and I got a life preserver that was floating in the water and swam to the shore."

"And others did the same?"

"I didn't see anybody."

"And your father and mother?"

"I thought that they had forgotten me and gone away; but Domingo says that they must have been drowned with the ship."

"Who is Domingo?"

"He is now my father."

"A gypsy?"

"We are all gypsies. Cuchillo and I are blood brothers."

"Are they unkind to you?"

"We always obey Domingo and Perfección," said Buzo, "and consequently we are never beaten."

To the Spaniard there was nothing comic about Buzo's formal way of speaking and his long words. At the same age he had talked in the same way. It was simply the genius of the Spanish language.

A Spanish baby does not say, "Lemme alone." It says, "Let me be tranquil." If Buzo had talked English he would have talked nursery English; but so far as Spanish went he was already almost grown up.

"What was your father's name?"

"Bryant L. Blair," said Buzo, "and mine was the same only 'Junior' and without the 'L'."

"I could tell the American Ambassador about you," said the artist, "and I suppose that it is my duty to do so."

Buzo's face fell.

The artist smiled. "You are happy with the gypsies?"

Buzo nodded.

"Well, I was never celebrated for any passionate sense of duty, and if you are happy, it would be meddlesome to interfere . . . My name is Roberto Santiago. And my address is Madrid. But a letter addressed to Señor Don Roberto Santiago, Spain, or even Europe, would reach me. Can you read and write?"

"Si, señor."

"Very well, then. If you find you are unhappy, write to me and tell me. Where do you live, you Del Antros?"

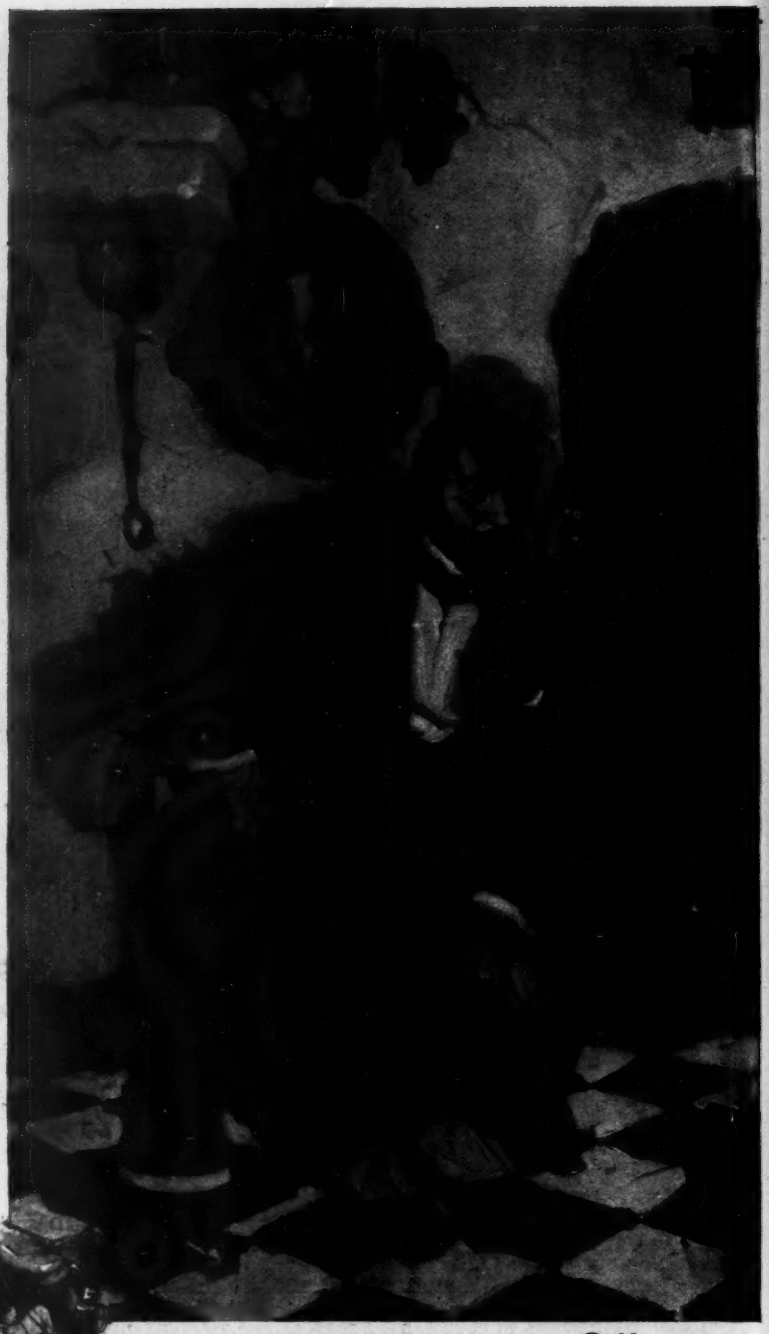
"In a cave near the sea," said Buzo, "together with Brasa the camel, and Señor Cochino the baboon. But now we are visiting in the cave of Señor Gostibelza on the Sacred Mount, and soon we are going to Seville for Holy Week, and thereafter north as the heat increases. We have a wagon when we travel and two fine mules whose names are León and Castile. That is because in the great war against the Moorish people, León and Castile were very stubborn and would not give in."

Santiago put back his head and laughed a loud clear laugh. It was infectious, and Buzo laughed too.

"One of these days," said Santiago, "I shall perhaps visit the cave of this Señor Gostibelza. In the meanwhile, take these."

He gave the boy two large, shiny silver *duros*. "Take these for your gypsy father," he said, "and take these for yourself." He selected from his collection of brushes a red brush of medium size, and from among his paints a tube of sepia and one of cobalt.

"I have showed you how to paint," he continued, "and now you will be able to see if you have learned anything. I am giving you two good colors to begin with. Never mind the real color of the thing you are trying to paint. Just make the dark parts as dark as they really are and the light parts as light, and the same with all the in-between parts, and play the cool color against the warm. Here, take this pencil, too."



¶ *"Never in my "The Señor has*

The afternoon found the families of Gostibelza and Del Antro in a state of concentrated interest and excitement which even the arrival of Buzo with two whole silver *duros* did little to alleviate; for word had come from Peralta, the innkeeper, that Estrella and Astron were to make their début that very night.

There was cold weather in Madrid, and trains arriving in Granada had been filled with people who wished to escape from it. A number of them wished to see gypsy dancing, and one of the guides of the hotel

whole life have I fallen so suddenly and completely in love," cried Santiago.
learned courteous speeches from the King of Spain himself," said Estrella.

had taken the matter up with Peralta, who was arranging an entertainment. The troupe which he had engaged for the occasion included Domingo's two young hopefuls, and when the evening was well advanced and the visitors were gay with wine, it would be suggested to them that for an extra fee the beautiful young gypsy girl would do a special dance for them upstairs.

The calmest person was Estrella. You would never have guessed that a great crisis had arisen in her life, and that in a few hours she would have good reason to know whether she was to live luxuriously or eke out a wretched existence by fortune telling and begging.

At about ten o'clock, accompanied by their parents and by Señor Gostibelza and his wife, Estrella and Astron set out for Peralta's place.

Astron carried his guitar and was dressed like an Andalusian cowboy. Estrella's blue-black hair was piled high on her head to carry a comb and mantilla. She wore over her dress a black silk shawl thickly embroidered with Chinese figures in yellow and red and green. She had black silk stockings and high-heeled dancing shoes, but she carried the latter and was temporarily shod in dilapidated Moorish slippers.

Domingo felt called upon to improve the occasion.

"It is well to remember," he said to Estrella, "that the gypsy people place the virtue of their women higher than all other things. The gypsy girl who gives her virtue to a Busno is lost, and merits nothing less than death. It is even worse than if she were to sell it to him. To lie to the Busno or any other alien, to cheat him, to steal from him are admirable. To excite his desires to the point of madness is admirable. But to satisfy them is worse than to eat a dog which has died of the mange."

"I knew all that before I was eight," said Estrella, "and I am tired of the subject."

"Your knowledge," said Domingo, *(Cont. on page 168)*

By
Jean Stark

Clouded

Illustrations by
T. D. Skidmore

THE closet was ten feet long, almost four feet wide and it was filled with gorgeous clothing and furs. The shoe rack running six inches above the floor on three sides held twenty-one pairs of expensive slippers.

Lulu held the door open for five minutes and feasted her eyes on the assortment. It was an every-morning ritual, this business of standing still and staring, and envying the assortment, before going on about her work of picking up her mistress' scattered underwear, stockings and handkerchiefs, and setting the rest of the apartment in order.

That dull transparent-velvet cape was something new since yesterday. She fingered it with a reverence that was nearly religious. Under the insistent pull of her fingers, under the light she brought to bear upon it by the further opening of the door, the dullness of the purple fabric gave way to a surprising sheen, a royal quality.

Yeah, Lulu thought, pleased, that fur on the collar and cuffs was certainly ermine. She certainly had to hand it to the woman. There wasn't a bit of what you might call cheap fur in the whole big outfit.

There was probably—Lulu figured mentally and leisurely—there was probably nineteen thousand dollars' worth of clothes in this one closet. Maybe twenty thousand. Maybe more than that, really, because Miss Susan had said laughingly that the last coat on the rod—the one that was brown with deeper brown places in it—had cost eight thousand dollars.

Lord, she, Lulu, could retire for ten years or more on what that hunk of fur cost. Miss Susan trusted her, though. Miss Susan knew that her Lulu was devoted to her and wouldn't think of stealing a safety pin from her, to say nothing of probable sables.

Lulu's breast swelled a trifle on continued meditation of her virtue. Other maids of her acquaintance certainly could not be trusted in the same apartment with a rhinestone pin that seemed to have more of a shine than most rhinestone pins.

But it certainly was a shame about that purple transparent velvet with the ermine. If she could only appear with that swell thing on her tonight at Maria Belle's party, it would knock out not only Maria Belle's eyes but the eyes of everybody else, too.

And Gomez? Gomez liked to see his woman of the moment decked out. But not too much. He liked swell things but they had to be quiet. "Darky taste" coming from him was like the worst swear-word in the world coming from somebody else.

Well, anyway, any girl could have transparent velvet at eight ninety-five a yard. But transparent velvet with all this real ermine was something else again.

Miss Susan probably knocked out everybody with it when she wore it last night, wherever it was that she went. She must have worn it. She never got anything new that she didn't wear it to some swell night club sometime during its first twenty-four hours.

Well, it was time she got to work. Regretfully, Lulu shut the door upon satin and lace negligees of every lovely pastel shade, dresses of superb lines and fabrics, coats of seal and sable, and the twenty-one pairs of slippers, every last pair of the latter sporting either cut steel and jet buckles or glittering rhinestone heels.

Miss Susan's gentleman was certainly good to her. And Miss Susan's taste in clothes was grand, too, except for—Lulu was trying to be unbiased—all the giddy buckles and heels, and things like wearing six diamond bracelets and six diamond rings at the same time.

He didn't care for her wearing such a flock of jewelry

Ivory

A Story *from* Harlem—that *Strange Whirlpool of* Negro Life *which is one of the* Phenomena *of* New York

¶ *At the threshold, Maria Belle's eyes widened at the sight of a white lady in her disordered house.*

all at once, either, and he said so sometimes, but not often.

Miss Susan had a way of flashing those big black eyes of hers at him from across the room, and walking slowly toward him so that he couldn't help thinking how well she wore the clothes that he bought her, and the next thing was that she'd be sitting on his lap, hugging and kissing him.

Lulu noticed that there never would be any more arguments that day—at least not about what she wore.

Lulu had to admit that Miss Susan was just as generous as her gentleman. She gave her a lot of things every two or three weeks. Once or twice when he inquired why Miss Susan wasn't wearing some dress that he liked particularly, she would look at him, deep amusement in her dark eyes.

"That thing? I've practically worn it out. Had it on about six times, you know. Lulu has it. She may be able to wear it six more before it goes to pieces."

Lulu noticed that he always sent Miss Susan out that day or the next for some new things.

Now Lulu was wondering if she eventually would get the purple transparent for herself. It was likely. And it wasn't. Every once in a while there would be some buckle, some belt, some hat, something of a rich satisfying color that, despite its worn condition, Miss Susan could not bear to part with. She had two bureau drawers full of these worn and outmoded things. Messy, most of them looked, if you suddenly pulled out the drawers and saw them at one glance—the conglomeration of lace, ribbon, pins and scraps of beads, and the bewildering, drunken intimacy of their colors.

That purple transpa—— Lulu could not keep her mind from it. She left off brushing the gobs of deeply tinted face powder from the vanity and went to the closet again.

Miss Susan was out to luncheon. Even if she came in suddenly and caught her trying on the cape, she wouldn't say anything. Just laugh. She had laughed once before when she had caught Lulu parading around the bedroom in one of her satin negligees.

Maybe Lulu's wearing the negligee hadn't amused her half so much as the sequin fan with which she was luxuriously brushing the air before her face. Lulu always felt a little ridiculous when she thought of that outfit. Maybe it wasn't the thing to do in high life—wear droopy negligees and sport a big fan at the same time.

Miss Susan had dropped onto her chaise longue and laughed and laughed, in that wide lazy way that she had. Well, she'd been nice about it. Another white lady returning home to such a scene would have fired her without references. But Miss Susan was nice that way. As though she understood that her maid couldn't help it.

Lulu was struggling with the cape. There were side fastenings and front fastenings and which was which? Now this streamer of crêpe de Chine. It was supposed to tie *some*where . . .

"You take it off."

No exclamation point. Nothing like that. Just four words.

Numb, Lulu turned.

Miss Susan certainly must be mad to talk like that. Her mouth was quiet but she was certainly mad. She must have sneaked into the apartment or she would have been heard before this.

. Wordlessly, Lulu fumbled with the front fastening, then the double streamer that assured the cape's hanging correctly at the left. Miss Susan certainly was mad.

Lulu looked at her out of the corner of an eye. If she hadn't known better, she would have been convinced that those dagger points of yellow in her mistress' black eyes promised negro rage, just plain negro rage. Trembling, Lulu hung the cause of the rage upon its padded satin hanger.

When Lulu looked at her mistress again, there was nothing to show that Miss Susan had even spoken to her.

She was lying on her chaise longue, reading a tabloid. Her eyes were wide open as she read and Lulu glanced covertly at them. No, that had been just plain imagination on her part—Miss Susan's eyes had never had those spots of yellow.

In about ten minutes, when Lulu had recovered somewhat from her fright, and the bedroom was looking its loveliest again, she felt she had to say something, anything, make some kind of explanation. It would never do to get Miss Susan's goat for good. There wouldn't be any more cast-off fineries.

"Miss Susan! I—I was goin' to a pahty t'night. I—I just ain't been able t' keep my mind off that pahty."

"Really."

Just like that. One word. "Really." She had not been expected to go into a spasm of joy over the information, but she could have made some small sign of forgiveness. As it was, she might just as well have sneezed once and let it go at that.

Lulu began to smolder. That wouldn't do, either. She looked helplessly about the bedroom. The green furniture with its painted baskets of lush flowers, its bedcover of crisp purple organdie and its quilt of purple satin folded carefully at the foot—none of these things inspired a happy phrase.

The black velvet rug with its recurring corner motif of green and purple and daffodil-yellow was a nice rug but there was no use looking for ideas there, either. Funny how drunk Miss Susan could get on color.

The yellow silk curtains at the windows would be too much, with their big ruffles, if it weren't that just under their bottom ruffles stood plain crystal-clear jars filled with honest-to-goodness flowers. Miss Susan's taste was rich but exquisite, too. Her gentleman said so.

Well, none of these things running in her mind was helping her to get on the right side of Miss Susan again. Lulu became humble, placating:

"A frien' o' mine's come up from N' Awleans. She's struck it rich. I ain't seen her for a long time. She's givin' the pahty."

Miss Susan's interest had been bought. "N' Orleans? Really?"

Lulu prided herself on knowing that Miss Susan was a native of New Orleans, and remembering it at the right time. Apparently it hadn't done her much good, though, for Miss Susan had returned to her paper.

She certainly was a beautiful woman, Lulu thought enviously, looking at the long, slim, beautifully molded body, the extraordinary fineness of the white skin, and the hair coiled low at the nape of the neck, lustrous black hair, a cloud of tragic glory, barely hiding ends that told a tale of henna dyes.

Her fingers were long, thin; her nails were long, shaped too pointedly; more than a hint of feline strength hovered about their clear perfection. To Lulu, however, everything about Miss Susan was pure white-lady's fascination.

Miss Susan spoke from behind a folded sheet of the paper: "What are you going to wear, Lulu?"

"I dunno, Miss Susan." Then, craftily, "I kind of thought I'd wear that orchid beaded dress you gave me las' month. I'm crazy 'bout that dress. It's the nicest dress I've ever had."

Miss Susan put down the paper. Once again her eyes were friendly, interested. "Oh, it's a 'dress-up' party! That will be nice. I hope you have a good time."

"Thank you." Lulu was breathing easily at last.

She took two pairs of sheer "moonsheen" hose to the kitchen tub and washed them out carefully with a pure soap. She placed newspapers on the kitchen radiator and on top of those two thick Turkish towels. Now the padding was good enough; the carefully rinsed and stretched stockings could dry without injury.

For a woman of tall, slim build, Miss Susan certainly had good-sized feet, Lulu thought. But there was no rancor in the thought. When she entered the bedroom again she found Miss Susan staring at her, almost in her old, nearly affectionate manner.

"Going to have cocktails, Lulu?"

Apparently she had been thinking of the party and had relented. Lulu burst into a pleasant cackle of laughter.

"I dunno! I certainly hopes t' have one drink, *anyway*! We ain't plannin' t' *go* nowheres *later*. Just stay there an' *dance*, maybe. Yeah, I guess we'll have *some* drinks!"

Miss Susan was generous. She gave Lulu a lot of things. But every once in a while there would be something she couldn't part with.

Lulu made a few more observations but all the time she talked, emphasizing syllables and words in the peculiar rhythmic way she had, she thought continually of Gomez. If Maria Belle didn't come through with enough drinks, he would ask her what she was saving them for; then he would order somebody to run over to his club and get *plenty*.

It wasn't likely, however, that Maria Belle would be ungenerous at her own party. She had struck it rich—whatever it was—in New Orleans, and since she'd met Gomez through her old friend, Lulu, and liked him, moreover, she would splurge, probably, just to show him what a good-time-giver she was.

Miss Susan was saying, casually, "I'll send you some bottles for the party. Rye, if you want it. What's the address?"

Lulu gave Maria Belle's address effusively. Rye would be just grand, if Miss Susan felt she could spare it. The address was in Harlem. Miss Susan didn't seem to mind having to send it 'way up there.

Lulu wondered if she should offer to take it herself. No. Miss Susan might think she was in a terrible hurry to take her liquor. Yet her eyes were gleaming; maybe she was a little bit sorry for having made the offer.

Lulu decided that an offer was an offer and that whatever followed was none of her business. She went on about her work.

She couldn't keep her mind from Maria Belle and Gomez. Maria Belle had fallen for Gomez from the first minute. Just like a ton of bricks. Lulu thought again of her own even, "Looky here, girl, I don't care *how* long you been *know*in' me! You keep your hands off Gomez! I been goin' with Gomez a *long* time, now, an' I ain't plannin' t' go much longer for *no*thin'."

And Maria Belle had said, deprecatingly, "Oh, it isn't as if I was your style. I can't compete with your looks. I'm not trying to. I like Gomez. He—he kind of likes me. That's all."

But that wasn't all, and it wasn't until that moment that Lulu noticed how carefully Maria Belle spoke, how good her grammar was all the time. It hadn't been different from hers when they were kids together, long before Maria Belle went down to New Orleans to live. It was almost—and Lulu had looked her up and down suspiciously—it was almost as good as a white lady's grammar.

Then a new thought struck her like a blow, in spite of the fact that she had known Maria Belle so long—Maria Belle was white; Maria Belle had fooled a lot of white folks down New Orleans way where you wouldn't think she could get away with it; Maria Belle (how she was beginning to hate that name!) told her and Gomez and the rest of their friends how she had fooled everybody down there, how she had even fooled her own race that tradition had said *couldn't* be fooled.

Gentlemen had been Maria Belle's meat. Not one out of twenty had suspected her. She had been careful. Grammar was her strong point. Grammar. Until now. She was with friends now, Maria Belle had told them, laughing, and grammar could go to the dickens.

Lulu and Gomez had laughed at that, too, although he had looked a little mad, but only for a moment because Maria Belle's eyes, seeking Gomez' glance, had told him flatteringly that of course, she wouldn't think of trying to fool anybody as smart as he was. Gomez was a man. Lulu had seen the look, and mentally, her friendship for Maria Belle had ended on the moment.

On one of her slow trips from the kitchen laundry work to the bedroom Lulu saw that Miss Susan had gone out quietly. Maybe, though, she was spying on her through a crack in the door or something. After the softly savage, "You take it off," of two hours previous, Lulu was prepared for anything her mistress might do or say.

Very quietly, she walked through the whole apartment. She even tried the bathroom door and found her suspicion unwarranted. She returned to the bedroom. Then, on a new and momentarily obscure suspicion, she went to the closet door and opened it.

The purple transparent wage of sin was not hanging on its padded hanger. It was nowhere in the closet. Lulu looked no further. For all of her, it could be lying at the bottom of any bureau drawer forever.

With silent ferocity Lulu closed the door.

Lulu wondered if she would get the purple velvet. If she could only appear in that, she'd knock out the eyes of everyone at the party.

Maria Belle had run out of liquor. It was stupid. Just plain stupid to have a party and invite a lot of friends and then run out of drinks before two hours were over. Gomez regarded her with amused contempt; then he told her to put on something so that she wouldn't catch cold, and run down the street to his club.

Even as Lulu had imagined the scene, he added, "And don't come back unless you bring plenty! Georgie will carry it over for you. Hey, wait a minute! You put your hat on, too. Where's your suitcase? Want the whole world to know what you're carrying?"

Gomez was proud of his educated tongue, his nice inflection, and the fact that people did what he wanted them to do. He turned his back on Maria Belle's hurried departure and tried half-heartedly to keep her party going.

It wasn't easy, taking this crowd and kidding them into a swell time. He was kind of sick of things, restless. Tonight he was capable of poetry but what was he doing? Fiddling with the confounded radio that Maria Belle thought was so wonderful. Of course, he had given her the radio. She probably didn't mean it.

He'd sell this alleged soul of his this night to meet a woman who would mean what she said, some woman to whom he could write poetry and not be ashamed later of having written it, or of the way she had looked at it—some woman, perhaps, who didn't even *know* he could put a black man's (*Continued on page 116*)

By WILL DURANT

I Want to be Happy

G. E. Hurrell

DEAR PESSIMISTS:

I am writing to you not to convert you (for I half agree with you), nor to preach to you (for I understand that you do not care for sermons), but to talk informally with you about "first and last things."

I like you, as I like Schopenhauer, because you look reality in the face and call it the questionable thing that it is; you do not hide the truth from yourselves with metaphysics or "idealism"; you are not taken in by those simpletons or liars who would have us believe that everything is well with the world. If I had to choose between you and the optimists I would vote for you, and take a chance on persuading you later that life, with all its ills, is worth living if you can keep away from the doctors.

You have grown up in a generation that has experienced, or remembers, war; and this has changed everything for you. You have seen violence let loose in a hundred forms, and new devices of international murder invented with great care; you have seen the crude realities of imperialistic greed and commercial competition behind the suave surface of diplomatic notes, and you cannot believe in Utopias any more.

You not only remember a mad war, but with good reason anticipate another; and you picture this war to come as seven times more deadly than the last. All the chancelleries of Europe whisper aloud that the English-speaking peoples will soon fight to the death for the mastery of the seas and the right to exploit the mines and markets and wheat fields of the world. We shall starve our farmers out of existence, kill a million men and bomb a hundred helpless cities, in order to be imperially dependent upon imported food.

Yes, dear pessimists, we must, it seems, go through the madness once again, perhaps many times again; we, who were but scratched by Mars' last rattling of the saber, must bear the brunt of his fury next. If it is for this that you are pessimists, I cannot answer you.

AND there is another war, as terrible as these barbaric interruptions of our modern life. There is the war of industry, where nation fights nation and class fights class, bleeding it with labor and starving it with strategy. On the Queensboro Bridge, the other day, I saw men working electric drills; I was told that every one of them would suffer from nervous disorders and die an early death: this too is war.

And here is a crowd of men who for nearly a year have been on strike; they line the approaches to the factories and curse the men who would replace them; the police appear, bullets are traded for sticks and stones, women are trampled down in panic flight, the bodies of the slain are carried home to crying children and shrieking wives: this too is war.

I see workers and executives alike harassed and haggard, in the midst of "prosperity," with the speed and complexity and treacherous insecurity of our economic life; these are the faces of men blockaded and besieged. I see employers exploiting employees, employees sabotaging employers, tradesmen cheating women, wholesalers forcing retailers to take shoddy goods, "land-sharks" deceiving "newlyweds" hungry for a home, peddlers bribing politicians and policemen for permission to litter the streets, merchants using marines to open markets to their goods: *c'est la guerre*, gentlemen; this too is war.

Yesterday I passed through a mining state: one city after another of coal-dust streets and blackened skies; dark factories waving flags of flame in the air; ramshackle buildings at the pits of mines; mountains of slag and refuse adorning desecrated hills; huts huddled together along slimy streets; children in tatters, gaping at the train; women looking up for a moment with dead and empty eyes; men invisible, lost all the day in the bowels of the earth. This too is Hell, General Sherman; and there are worse wars, Walt Whitman, than those which are composed of glory and disease.

TODAY I went down into a mine; put on rough clothing, an old raincoat, boots and a miner's cap fronted with a carbide lamp; saw the great pulleys hoist the cage, stepped into the iron trap and dropped sixteen hundred feet, in din and darkness, into the planet's crust. Long tunnels, dimly lighted, paved with mud and splashing planks; underground rivers roaring and whirling at our feet; trolley wire two inches above our hats, not to be touched on pain of "sitting down"; steel cars rumbling by with iron ore and crowding us against wet walls; great beams at every yard, propping up a thousand tons of earth and metal over our heads; here, half seen in the perpetual dusk of the catacomb, a miner protecting the passage from a fault; and there at last, at the tunnel's end, a group of men digging out the ore.

Old men, middle-aged men, young men, and yet all of them old, cheerless and silent; not a word from any of them as they worked; only the click of the pick, the crunch of the hammer, the long scratching of the shovel, the weird throb of the drill. Big hands of a color with the earth, grim faces bespattered with black mud, cheeks pale with the dripping, sunless air, eyes as dull and silent as their tongues; minds resentful of pity, remembering the fate of entrapped friends, and counting long hours and petty gains; men de-animate and unsouled, outcast from the sun for uncommitted crimes, condemned to hell before their death. I'd rather be a medieval serf under a murderous czar, and take my chance with death in the sun, than live half the hours of half my days in these guts of the earth!

If such are the things that make you pessimists, no man can answer you.

You, dear pessimists, have felt these things, or will; and without the comforts (*Continued on page 214*)

By MUSSOLINI

I Tax Bachelors

Wide World

ITALY, under Fascism, stands firmly against all birth control.

The family without children is one of the saddest episodes of human life.

Every normal woman craves a child. She should have as many as she can bear. Her willing desire, impelled by maternal love, a quality unique in all the wide expanse of the universe, must find fulfillment in plenteous offspring redounding in countless blessings to herself and her nation.

The sad woman is the unmarried maiden who longs and craves for children, and sees little hope. Ready and awaiting the beckoning from reprehensible soulless bachelors, she pines in anxious expectation for some happy day when some awakened celibate finally realizes his duty, and takes with her the responsibility of family.

In Italy, we have made every effort to increase the institutions devoted to maternity and the care of the infant.

The problem of infant mortality was a serious one, especially in southern Italy, but the Fascist government entered into the solution of the maternity and infancy problems with a firm will to reduce the mortality by providing the proper medical and health conditions. The money assessed as a bachelor tax, amounting to 50,000,000 lire annually, devoted to this aim, is being well spent and giving the most gratifying results.

The woman in childbirth in Italy is one of the first cares of the state, a duty so compelling as to demand the close and earnest attention of the highest officers of the nation.

And aside from the general state measures which are being put into force to deal with the situation in its entirety, I have installed a separate bureau which is to deal with exceptional cases which do not come in the ordinary course of maternity and infancy. The prefects of the provinces throughout Italy have received orders to inform me personally of unusually large families, of their economic situation and the conditions under which they live.

If these families live under difficult strains, we try to administer the necessary financial help to tide them over a crisis. The state officials throughout the entire kingdom are on the alert to bring succor to the needy and relief to the suffering whenever they discover meritorious cases.

The principal reason generally given for limiting the birth of children is an economic one.

But does the question of birth control rest on an economic base?

Now I yield to no man in zeal for the championing and defense of the rights of labor. The laboring classes cannot be deprived of any of the advantages they have won. It is their right to obtain, and it is the community's duty to insist upon, healthful living quarters, provided with all conveniences, that the family of the workingman may live and that he may rear his offspring in comfort. He should have time for recreation and should be provided with amusement in so far as the state is able to do so. Opportunities for the education of his children should be within his reach. Medical attention should be available for him, so that the children may be maintained in health and be brought up to be robust specimens of manhood.

It is under such conditions as these that the modern workingman can rear his family. If the workingman successfully reared a family fifty or a hundred years ago while living in what we would regard today as intolerable conditions, how much more should present standards invite him to settle down and bear the responsibilities of a large family as a bounden duty to himself and to the nation.

It is now more than a century since Malthus promulgated his famous theory that population increases much faster than the means of subsistence, and yet we are face to face with quite the opposite phenomenon. The wealth of the nations today is increasing enormously per capita from decade to decade. The fact is that the means of subsistence have been increasing much faster than the population, so that in practically every country there is infinitely more wealth to be distributed than there was ten, twenty or fifty years ago. We know that people are getting more and living better than they ever did in the history of the world.

THE economic question thus becomes, not a question for birth control, but really an impetus for the rearing of large families. The peasant, the baker, the butcher and the cobbler can assume the duties of fatherhood with far greater confidence in the future than their predecessors of fifty years ago.

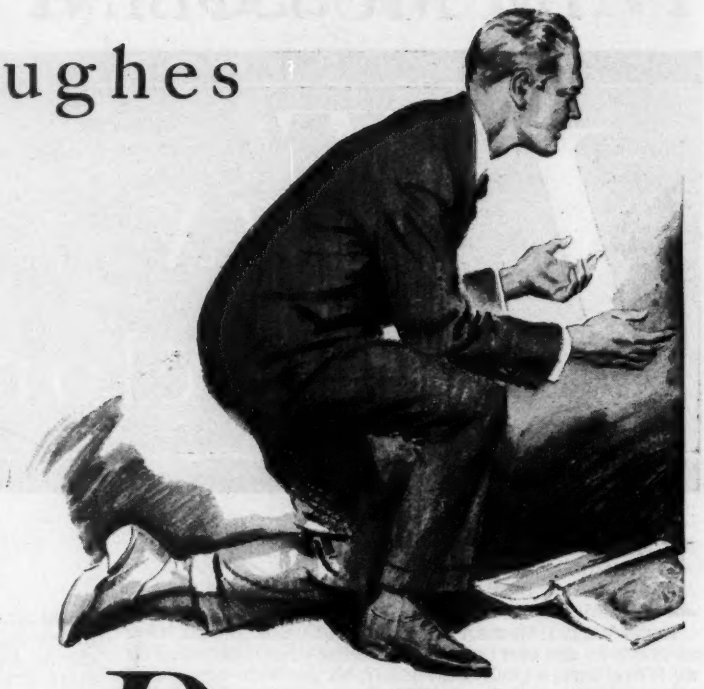
The wise and provident government of today will regard it a sacred duty to assure the care of the home, to give heed to the expectant mother, insure attention in the hours of birth and secure to the convalescent mother and the new citizen the necessities for restoration, and for a robust start in life.

The call of motherhood beats in the breast of every fair and womanly woman. The man or the woman who purposely and consciously adopts means to stifle the continuation of the race violates a God-given and priceless patrimony to perform one of the divinest of functions, offends the beauty and romance with which Nature has clothed procreation of ourselves, and commits the unpardonable sin against the fatherland.

The nation's conscience must be moved against the purposely childless couple, and if there is to be taboo, let the stigma be placed on them, and not on the innocent unborn, who possess a national and divine right to be welcomed as the embryo of the new generation.

By
Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by
De Alton Valentine



Baby's

YOUNG as he was, Cass Coe could remember when only men went out between the acts. Nowanights they were outnumbered by the women, nearly all of them smoking and exchanging lights and epigrams, preferably epitaphs, concerning the play and the players on trial inside.

Even on stormy evenings the women must have their whiffs. The men might turn up their collars, ram their hands in their pockets and stamp about, but the women—look at Meg Thurlow there! in the thinnest of evening dresses, no coat, no hat, no collar!

The blown snow vanished on her bare breast, and twisted spiral puttees about her spider-webbed ankles; but it might have been midsummer confetti for all she cared. She thought only of mending the rouge on her red-enough lips. A cigaret was cocked between the fingers that held the little mirror, and even as she red-penciled her lips she was trying out some of her poisonous jokes before she published them in her next morning's review of the play.

For Meg Thurlow was a critic—heaven save the mark! By Cass Coe's standards she was nearer illiterate than literary; she had no acquaintance with the theater or the drama except what she had picked up in New York as a newspaper girl; her only gift was a glib typewriter. She was not even flippant, merely flip; a slang-tosser, a wise-cracker. She knew nothing and she knew it.

She left her grammar and her spelling to the copy readers, and never let anybody know that she would have given her little right arm for a classic vocabulary. Lacking it, she rolled her own, and made it as rowdy as possible, like a caricaturist who draws as badly as he can in order to disguise the fact that he could not draw well if he wanted to.

At first nights Meg Thurlow mingled with her gang, but Cass Coe always kept aloof, well outside the shelter of the iron-and-glass marquee and well away from the other critics, both those who printed and those who merely mouthed their comments.

Cass Coe was everything that Meg Thurlow was not, except young. He was a man; he was collegiate, traveled, a wielder of big words and foreign instances. They had only one mood in common, a hatred of sentimentalism—what he called "tosh," what she called "hoke."

When he stood off by himself and sucked an earnest cigaret, everybody who knew him by sight assumed that he was meditating tomorrow's wholesale murder, trying to get himself even better hated than he was.

Now and then of late Meg Thurlow had caught a glance of his skimming her as if she were a peculiarly bad actress, sending a chill up and down her spine and frightening her out of her necessary gayety. But she frightened him more, for a delusion was creeping over him like an insanity that she was not altogether unattractive. The very imbecility of the thought fascinated him, dragged his soul along with all the charm of the forbidden, the grip of nonsense.

If Coe's victims could have read the criticisms he was now writing inside his head against himself, they would have felt that he let them off lightly. He was telling himself that he was the rankest fool that ever lived and Meg Thurlow the most stupid, odious, noisy nonentity, the last person on earth for him to fall in love with.

When his eyes reverted to her, they were searching for some fault that would jar him out of his nightmare. Profoundly as he was shaken by the fear of loving her, he was more terrified at the thought of what she would say and do if she found out his secret. And how could a man keep such a secret from such ferret eyes?

He could imagine her doubling up and shrieking when she found out that he loved her. And she would find out some day, for he was increasingly sure that he was going to tell her. Yet, shrill as her cachinnation would be, it would be as nothing to the laughter of the theatrical world. Think of it! Two dramatic critics marrying each other!

The mere thought of love and wedlock grew so abominable to him that he could hardly endure their presentation on the stage except in satire or tragedy or farce. The tender little romances, the homely and familiar emotions, the wholesome, normal love stories and rainbow endings that were occasionally exploited on the boards, infuriated him.

By an odd coincidence Meg Thurlow also went after such plays, but her manner was that of tawdry ridicule and burlesque baby-talk.

Night after night—in busy seasons, four or five nights a week—they were present at the same openings and spent the entr'actes within a few feet of each other, yet as far apart as if an ocean sundered them.

AT ONE belated première the last curtain had barely risen before the zero hour when both had to dash for their office desks. As they darted out of the theater into the sudden flurry of a blizzard, both hailed the same solitary taxicab, and almost collided at its door.

Though he knew it meant wet feet, bronchitis and a rebuke from the night city editor, Coe pretended not to be interested in the taxicab at all, and bent his head to the blast to hunt another or push on to the subway.

"Mr. Coe. Oh, Mr. Coe!"

Shoes

A Sentimental Adventure with Two Sentimental Cynics

He turned, lifted his hat and held it up while points of ice riddled his hair. The snowflakes were streaming into her red mouth as she stammered:

"This cab—you saw it first. It's got your name on it."

"Thanks ever so much. I couldn't think of depriving Meg Thurlow of her chariot on such a night as this."

"That's mighty swell of you, Lord Chest—Mr. Coe, but you got a dead line to make the same as me."

"It's quite immaterial, really—quite! quite!"

He lifted his hat still higher in air, and was walking away again when she faltered: "Couldn't we both use the same boat? I got no reputation to lose, and your good name is perfectly safe with me."

"How clever you always are! I should be honored."

As he helped her in and gave the driver the address of her paper, she said: "How come you know where I work? I didn't think you knew such slummy things."

"I'm not half so innocent as I look," he said.

"Nobody could be," she ventured, then regretted her impudence. But he laughed, sat down and closed the door with the necessary slam.

LOCKED in together, they spent three blocks trying to translate something into each other's idiom, but neither knew just what to try to translate. Finally he spoke shop with a ponderous lightness: "The play tonight—you liked it, of course."

"Oh, yeah! I liked it like Reverend Straton likes Earl Carroll, and versy visy."

"Wonderfully droll in its noble moments and nobly solemn in its comedy! Really, some of it was——"

"A whiff from the morgue, my dear, a whiff from the morgue."

"Perfectly! And the domestic touches! The proposal under the cotton apple blossoms, the shy lover twiddling his hat and the sterilized heroine hoisting her eyes to heaven——"

"Simpully gra-und! Didn't you just worship it when hard-working Hubby came home from toily-woily and surprised Wifie knitting the doll's undershirt and all the—the what Bob Benchley calls 'the little You-don't-means'?"

"Sweet! Sweet!"

"To think of Perry Wade and Irene Merrick spilling such molasses even for money. Do you know Perry well?"

"Not even at all. I don't know a single actor, or actress."

"You don't realize what you're missing. What's the use of sticking pins in actors if you can't watch 'em squirm? I'm going to stamp on Perry so hard he'll have hurty feet the rest of the season."

But even as they ridiculed the make-believe of the two timorous lovers in the play, they were as comfortably embarrassed by each other as a young farm boy and farm girl out on their first sleigh ride. Coe was wondering why Meg Thurlow seemed so beautiful in the dark, though she was not even pretty in the light, and why her laughter was such music here that had been such stridor on the sidewalk. He was astoundingly tempted to reach out for her hand and squeeze it; then, if she did not faint, to draw her farther shoulder into his elbow and compress her divine torso against his yearning bosom.

He had always been cynical about what went on in dark taxicabs when sophisticated city couples were gathered together. Could it be that they all felt as he did now? He might have been in a church, his reverence for Miss Thurlow was so profound.

And she, the shameless riotous hussy whose criticisms the men on the copy desk would blue-pencil with red faces—she who knew everything and said still more—she was panting with timidity before this cherub at her side and wishing that she were as innocent as she wished he thought her.

THEY rode in a tumultuous silence until they reached her office, where he leaped out to help her from the cab and they fought their way through the wind to her door and were flung together in gorgeous helplessness.

He was almost at his own office before he realized that his patent-leather shoes were full of icy slush and his silk-socked feet ominously dank. As he wrote his criticism he sneezed twice, which always meant that he had caught a bad cold. But he was so professionally the critic that he made mincemeat of the author and the cast and the management with absolute savagery, though his heart was simmering like a fat teakettle sitting on a hearth and singing, "Meg Thurlowthurlow-thurlow-ow-oh-oh!"

At the same time she sat down to her typewriter and misspelled hilarious insults that would drive one poor playwright and a dozen poor actors off Broadway for the whole two weeks of the play's run; yet her heart was also a teakettle jigging on a hob.

Neither of them appeared at the next opening. Which gave extreme delight to four authors, three managers and a cast of forty-two. When the word went round that both Cass Coe and Meg Thurlow had influenza, hundreds of hard-working theatrical people prayed for the success of the microbes and good hunting for the undertakers.

Coe was the first to reappear at a first night. He looked for Meg and she was not there. This threw him

¶ *"If you don't marry me, I'll curl up and die," said Cass. "That line isn't in the 'script," cried Meg.*

into a mood of such elegy that he wrote sweetly of a playwright whom he really meant to burn alive. He could hardly believe his eyes when he read his criticism in type. And the playwright could hardly believe his.

Even more embarrassed were the managers who had previously consoled themselves by saying: "We've got a hit. Coe roasted the pants off us!" What could they say now that he lauded them? They said: "We've got a hit. Even Cass Coe likes us."

In his alarm over Meg Thurlow's absence from the opening, Cass was betrayed into sending her flowers and a note of sympathy: "Make haste and get well! The most terrible monstrosities are being allowed to live. The theater is going to wrack and ruin."

Meg kissed the note and said to herself, "I must remember to spell 'wrack' with a 'w'." She tried to be witty in her acknowledgment but she wanted to cry over his flowers. She tried to write in his style but there was no dictionary in the hospital and she dared not risk the polysyllables she thought would impress him.

At last she was well and reported for duty, to the acute regret of more than one manager. When Coe saw her among the coroner's curbstone jury, he started toward her with a rush, fell timid and paused till she had lighted her cigaret. She saw him through the match-flare and gulped a throatful of smoke. He thought it more exquisite not to approach her at all.

BUT when the play was over, by an accident which he contrived with some difficulty, they were side by side in the jostle and he dared to mumble: "May I share your humble taxi to the office again?"

She had a girl friend with her, but lost her with a curt, "Good night, Kate! See you soon. I got to dash!"

This taxicab was a little shabbier and joltier than the other, but Cass and Meg found it wheeled with wings. Once more they fell to ridiculing a sentimental play. And this was quaintly embarrassing, for both were in a mood of sugary sentimentality. Through Coe's infatuated head was actually running a refrain:

"They were married and lived happily ever afterward, surrounded by a large and increasing family."

He had almost to bite his lips to keep from stammering: "Gosh, honey, but I'm crazy about you. I don't see how I can live without you a minute longer. If you refuse to be my—my wife, I'll curl up and die."

She was imagining him proposing in blank verse and was giving him the meek, meek answer: "Your love, dear Mr. Coe—oh, dear, oh, very dear Mr. Coe—is the greatest compliment I have ever had or could expect to have, and while I feel myself unworthy of your honored name, I will do my utmost to be a good and dutiful little wife."

Merely thinking of the word "wife" was like swallowing a tack, for he was afraid of her flippant wit and she was afraid of his lofty sarcasm.

IT MUST be a terrible thing to be either sincerely literary and genuinely artistic, or furiously cynical and professionally humorous. The worst of it was that, while they despised commonplace proposals and commonplace acceptances, something in them abhorred artistic, literary or humorous courtship as still more vile.

They began to avoid each other because of the confusions when they met, for neither of them dreamed that the other cared. Once more on the sidewalk outings from the theater, he kept aloof, sucking a melancholy cigaret, and she in a gang of cronies whiffed out smoke and vicious buffooneries.

One afternoon they met in the lobby of the Palace. They did not often dignify the variety houses with their important presences, but a famous woman star, Ann Clayborne, was taking the plunge into vaudeville after the failure of an imported drama that had been expected to run the season.

Cass Coe and Meg each had two seats and no companion. So they drifted together to her place. They were intensely uneasy and, hating actors and actresses, acted violently. They saw, or affected to see, high artistic quality in the performance of a trained sow whom Meg called "Duse" and in a particularly foolish clown whom Coe called "Aristophanes"—a prominent French comedian, Meg supposed.

It was safe for them to praise animals and clowns, but there was no profit for them in Ann Clayborne, since anybody could lay another bouquet at her feet. But to flay her alive as a Philistine would cause a sensation. The opportunity was too obvious to resist. Besides, she had selected for her vehicle a hackneyed, sure-fire sketch so ancient that it was actually full of soliloquies and pompous unnecessary asides of the old school.

The plot was no more novel: a husband and wife of great wealth, and therefore great misery, had drifted apart spiritually and were about to separate. She had a lover with whom she was almost tempted to err, while the husband was keeping a lady who was politely

¶ *Cass blenched with shame as his mother held out the little shoes.*

referred to as "an establishment."

At the rise of the curtain, the wife was shown packing up for her departure after a bitter quarrel, which she explained in a lengthy solo. When she finally made an exit R 2 E, the husband entered L 1 E and told himself his side of the story. Then he went out L U E to pack. The wife returned R 2 E with a collection of trinkets which she began to sort out, carrying on a fervid conversation with nobody.

Cass Coe and Meg Thurlow had gone to so many plays that they could usually foresee what was preparing. He whispered: "Choose your nearest exit and walk to it. Don't run. I sniff what's coming."

"So do I. She's going to bring out a pair of their dead baby's shoes."

"Don't scream! Don't faint! Maybe she won't quite dare."

"It doesn't seem as if Ann Clayborne could do that to us. Really, you know, they ought to raid the theater if she does. She can't. She can't!"

"There they come!"

The actress turned up a little beribboned bundle, untied a baby-blue knot, and disclosed a pair of almost infinitesimal shoelets. Whereupon nearly everyone in the audience began to shed tears, and Ann Clayborne most of all.

The only four dry eyes in the theater turned and met in a gaze of wrath.

"The cheap faker!" growled Coe. "I'll have her life for this."

Meg whispered: "Ann Clayborne's spilling over, too."

"Crocodile tears!"

"No, they're genuine. She's blowing her nose. A sure sign."

Both of them made surreptitious pencil notes on their programs as the brutal husband lumbered in L U E, glared and snarled: "What are you mooning over there? Some gift from your paramour, I fancy."

Speechless with grief, the wife held out a hand in whose palm sat the two tiny bootees. Sir Ronald leered at them, paused, choked, muttered: "Our baby's shoes! Our baby's shoes! Oh, had he but lived! His little feet perchance had guided us to happiness."

Then tears turned his eyes into glowing soap bubbles and the audience went quite to pieces, men and women moaning aloud.

Coe thought of a ferocious sarcasm but did not whisper it to Meg. He owed it to his paper. Besides, his throat was suddenly so dry that he wondered if he were catching cold again.

She whispered without quite looking at him: "There's an awful draft here. I think I'm catching cold——" She blew her nose as exquisitely as possible.

Meg and Cass began to avoid each other, for neither dreamed that the other cared.

Coe blinked his eyelids hard. It was unbearable that he should choke up at such a moment. People might think he was crying over the maudlin playlet. He wrote on his program: "Ann Clayborne's assault on emotions — positively obscene."

Meg Thurlow wrote on hers: "Salt-water shower bath. Clayborne stoops to conquer—flashes pair of dead baby's shoes. Where censors? No police in this man's town?"

The air of the theater was jarred with the mourning of Sir Ronald, who outsobbed his wife in a broken antiphony of "Do you remember——" and "Can you forget——" until the ghost of the child seemed to return to fill the tiny shoes again, and to draw the orphaned parents back into each other's arms for the curtain, "the wettest curtain of the year," Meg noted. "Preposterous, orgiastic lachrymosity," wrote Coe.

The actor and the actress wept in their own characters as well as in their rôles. While the curtain went up and down they were still crying. The audience was a complete wreck.

The language of the play had been stilted as old language always seems to be; as our homeliest colloquies will seem in a score of years. The situation was as artificial as our most natural plots will seem when (and if) they are revived in fifty years. But to the audience the plot was real because it was visibly enacted, its elements all too well known.

A MAN and wife had loved, had seen a child born to them, had heard it laugh and cry, stumble and fall, had watched it grow until it had shoes to wear, and then had seen it die, had buried it and now had left of it nothing but the bits of leather they had once buttoned over the feet they had once kissed. The audience did not fret about literature or dramaturgy or artistic repression; it remembered the bitterness of death and its inartistic butchery of little babies. No playwright's bungling could belittle the cruelty of experience.

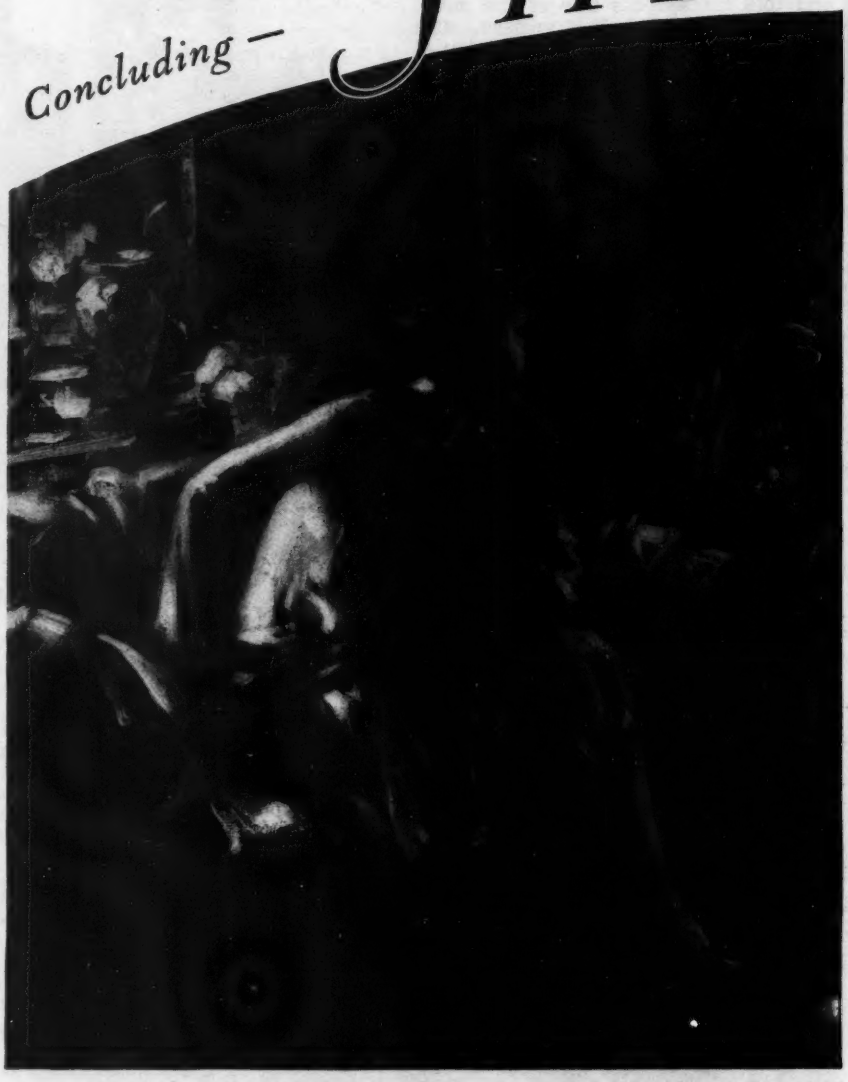
Cass and Meg knew much that the mob did not know, but they had never had babies and watched them die. They were by trade protectors of big emotions from unskillful hands, but they could not protect audiences from funerals. They were professional surgeons looking for places that needed the knife, and they resented the simplicity of the plot because they themselves were almost overthrown by the massive sorrow that swept the theater. They resented the fact that in spite of everything they might write, Ann Clayborne's season was already an assured triumph, and her new public would never read the withering comments of the "legitimate" critics.

When they left the Palace, Coe said: "You don't have to get your copy in for hours. Neither do I. What would you say to a little stroll in the park?"

"I'd say swell!" she said. *(Continued on page 126)*

By Theodore Dreiser

Concluding — JHIS



¶ *"All I can ask of you," said Mr. Platow, "is not to be cruel to*

JUST the same, a conference by this same waterside, with the sun making long shadows of the trees, the exquisite lapse of a June evening all about. Here hummed a bee; there winged a bird. But how sad it all was now for me, the very soul of it filched or dead. Yet with Sidonie talking, talking, her own pity, not her love for Collins, according to her, having brought it all about. He had pleaded, clung to her, cried. And to be free, to absolve herself from cruelty . . .

But how long ago was this?

Some eight days before she had departed for New York.

"One or two days, you mean!"

"No, eight. Oh, believe, believe! Please!"

(Yet no real belief on my part. Only squealing pain.)

But such being the case, what about the future? He was in love with her. Had she given him up?

Ah, she had told him, told him that it must end.

But had it ended? Had she really made it clear?

Yes, yes, but he was so persistent. He was so sad. He had been writing her.

Ah, letters!

Yes, letters. But she had not answered any. No, not one.

The devil! Once more I was up to make off. But now a second violent declaration. Never, never, never, if I would but believe, would she correspond with Collins again. Never!

She would write once and for all today and tell him all. And that would be the end. He would not bother either of us any more after that.

But at this point I decided to settle it for myself, if in truth it could be settled to suit me. I would demand of her to show me the letters and then, knowing at last the true state of things, maybe, compose a reply or statement from her (my words but in her handwriting) which should prove final if he would accept anything as final.

And so, in no uncertain words, I presented this alternative to her, and to my surprise, and without a second's hesitation, she agreed. Yes, yes, yes. She would show them to me and she would write what I said, only please, please, no more rage. No more talk of separation in this cruel, brutal way.

And so finally a return to New York, the beautiful holiday we had planned destroyed. And once back in her room, an examination of the letters, which contained what I had feared. But with Sidonie finally penning exactly what I dictated—that in my presence, but of her own intent and consent, she was now telling him that from this time on there could be nothing between them, not even letters, since she cared only for me.

And then this being signed and sealed and delivered to a boy for mailing, she sat and gazed at me, then came to me, her eyes wet.

And the next morning, late, another trip to the lovely canal.

It was too exquisite to give over, was it not? She had been loving it so. And so, no more quarrels. Only flowers to be gathered, lovely views to be acclaimed, wondrous flowery dells to be discovered and in which to lie and dream. (I think to this day of the quaint or wretched little hotels in which we found a room; the country cottages or boarding houses in which we procured a meal.) Blissfully from now on we were to walk together, live together. All was to be perfect. Perfect.

And so days and days and days of this. One could etch a thousand vivid pictures, each one shot with a variant of truly wild beauty—pulsating, flashing, glowing,

MADNESS

Illustration by
Marshall Frantz

Sidonie. She has always been petted and she is willful, but her heart is right."

sparkling—the color equivalents of which should be purple and blue and brown and green, with evanescent flashes of red or white.

Scarcely any shadows then. None in the intimate hours we spent together. On the contrary, I was as constantly attracted as diverted by a bounding fancy which was never done with creating in some form or other.

IN FACT, during the first six months I spent with Sidonie, I came to the conclusion that unless something either within or outside herself constrained her to some given art or profession, her exuberant fancy would certainly lead her, bee-like, from art flower to art flower, with the result that no given thing would be pursued seriously and hence no genuine triumph scored in any.

For no sooner was she convinced that a suitable stage medium for her was likely to be delayed than her fancy turned, not to further explorations and cultivations of the managerial and production situations, but rather to rival arts—dancing, singing and painting. True, it was her stated belief that additional work in dancing and singing would prove of value to her in the stage world. And doubtless she was right.

But what troubled me most was a sudden zest for painting, which however significant in itself could have no immediate or genuine association with her stage aspirations. And yet significant after a fashion it certainly was. Vivid and colorful portrayals of anything that seized her fancy. A Constable-like foreground on the canal; a Vermeer-like interior of a country house or New York apartment; a New York sky line or water-front scene.

Once I called: "Paint yourself, Sidonie, in a mirror. It should be wonderful!" And she did that.

She would vividly lay in these things in a few short hours, daubing her fingers, face and the smock she wore as she worked, and then, saying always that there was still more to do, stop. Now we or she must do this or that. And drawn to her as I was, these things, for the time being anyhow, took on an exciting hue.

Why, if she could paint like this! A career for her as a painter rose plainly before my eyes, only to be nullified by her suddenly turning to singing. For having found a teacher who had trained at least two singers of note, she came back one afternoon with an exciting report of the glowing possibilities in that realm and a receipt for a month's rent of a piano.

Maestro Grandi so had said that her voice was deep and colorful, a rich contralto; and more, after four or five years of work at the most—two or three for preliminary concert singing—he would guarantee her a connection in grand opera!

I shook my head. Charming! Exciting! Wonderful! "But what about your career as an actress?" I added.

"Well, what can I do about that, darling? You see how difficult it is, don't you, dearest, just now especially? I meet people, of course; I have made quite a few friends. But I have to wait until something comes up that they really need me for. Besides, I care for you, lover, and so long as I do, nothing means so very much to me."

"So *very much* to you?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Please don't catch me up, darling. I meant nothing. Truly."

I recall her eyes, her *(Continued on page 179)*

Green—

An Idyl of that

By Forrest Wilson

¶,"*Pastré is dead; long live Monsieur Jacques!*" *Gaby flourished her hand, and was gone, followed by envious eyes.*

WHEN Pastré the Great, that incomparable arranger of ladies' tresses, returned from his first visit to America—where women, made avid by the artist's transatlantic fame, rioted for his ministrations at fifty dollars the ministration—he found that his daughter France had grown up.

He had left her, six months earlier, a leggy harum-scarum that nobody would look at twice. Now her celebrated papa noticed, for perhaps the first time in his life, that she was a flowerlike blonde with dark, mysterious eyes, a charming mouth and a deliciously upturned nose. Furthermore, she had shot up tall, and was softly rounded and possessed of a new shy dignity.

"Well, baby!" admired the great Pastré, holding her off by the shoulders at his short, pudgy arms' length.

It was a pretty picture, as any smart woman can imagine. The slender, smiling girl and Pastré the Great—that familiar figure, grossly stout, waistcoat draped like a tent adown a sagging paunch, broad, shaven face pasty from habitual exposure to strong artificial light, eyes faded to a whitish gray, hair of nondescript hue thinned until the scalp gleamed through it everywhere. Only his magical hands on his daughter's shoulders—hands white and muscular, like a surgeon's—betrayed the artist.

"But one is become a young woman now, eh?"

"More grand than thee, my papa," said France, triumphing in the joyous miracle of growth, but then dropping her eyes bashfully.

"But I comprehend!" agreed her papa proudly. "Well, one has returned not too soon. Even tomorrow thou art going to enter the House with me to become a girl of commerce."

"Tomorrow? But Papa, my school—the Lyceum—there rests again another year before my baccalaureate."

"What is a baccalaureate to the daughter of Pastré? It suffices to be that alone."

"Will I have a pretty robe?" asked France.

"Naturally," the great Pastré assured her. "Thou wilt start in the vestibule learning to sell the adornments—the hand bags, the pearls, also the perfumes and products of beauty. One has duty to be well habilitated there."

"I will love that," breathed France. "To see the grand world."

"Thou art of the grand world, my infant, thyself," her papa reminded her. "Never forget that thou art the only child of Pastré. It is for that that it is necessary to dispatch oneself to learn the business. It is evident that I will not have thee forever. Thou art a good party, thou understandest? One of these days, one supposes, someone of the grand world will search thee in marriage. A crown prince would not be too high."

"Oh, Papa! A crown prince!"

"Why not?" expanded the master hairdresser. "Is there today a crown prince, or even the father of a crown prince, who has his monument, sculptured by Epstein himself, already constructed in the cemetery of Père Lachaise? Pastré has his."

"Say not the things like that, my papa," protested France. "Me, I do not love to hear of thy tombal stone."

"The great have them," commented the artist, "though not often is one pressed to serve himself with one. Of more, my cherished, is there a crown prince, or the father of one, whose photograph has been edited in the grand

dear Paris

as in *Envy*

journals in the rôle of Nero crowned with laurel? That has happened to Pastré."

"But Papa, a crown prince could not call himself Pastré."

"Be not stupid," her papa chided her. "I have wished merely to demonstrate that thou hast not need to lift the eyes to see the grand world, thou the daughter of Pastré. But even though thou wilt make a good marriage, it is not necessary for cause of that to throw away the best house of hairdressing in the world all simply by lacking to learn its commerce."

"Evidently!" concurred France, with practical business sense.

Next morning the great Pastré inducted his daughter into his celebrated establishment—that almost monastic fane of female beautification in the Rue Boissy-d'Anglas. As the first step in her education he installed her behind what in any less august institution would have been called the notions counter, among the glowing glass cabinets of the little stone entrance foyer.

There he confided her to the care of the regular salesgirl, a black-eyed young person named Georgette, who gushed with expressions of pleasure at the enchanting assignment. Pastré the Great received these with just that degree of gracious unbending which a benevolent monarch shows in the presence of one of his subjects, and then passed on into the perfumed awesomeness of the axis, or nave, of his gray mosaic temple.

That day—his first full one in the establishment after a long absence—Pastré found himself too occupied accepting the welcome of his lately bereaved clientele and consoling the more mercurial portions of it, to give much attention to his daughter. But even with a Pastré there comes a daily hour when the last client has been dismissed and when the liveried concierge stands at the street door to prevent further commercial intrusion.

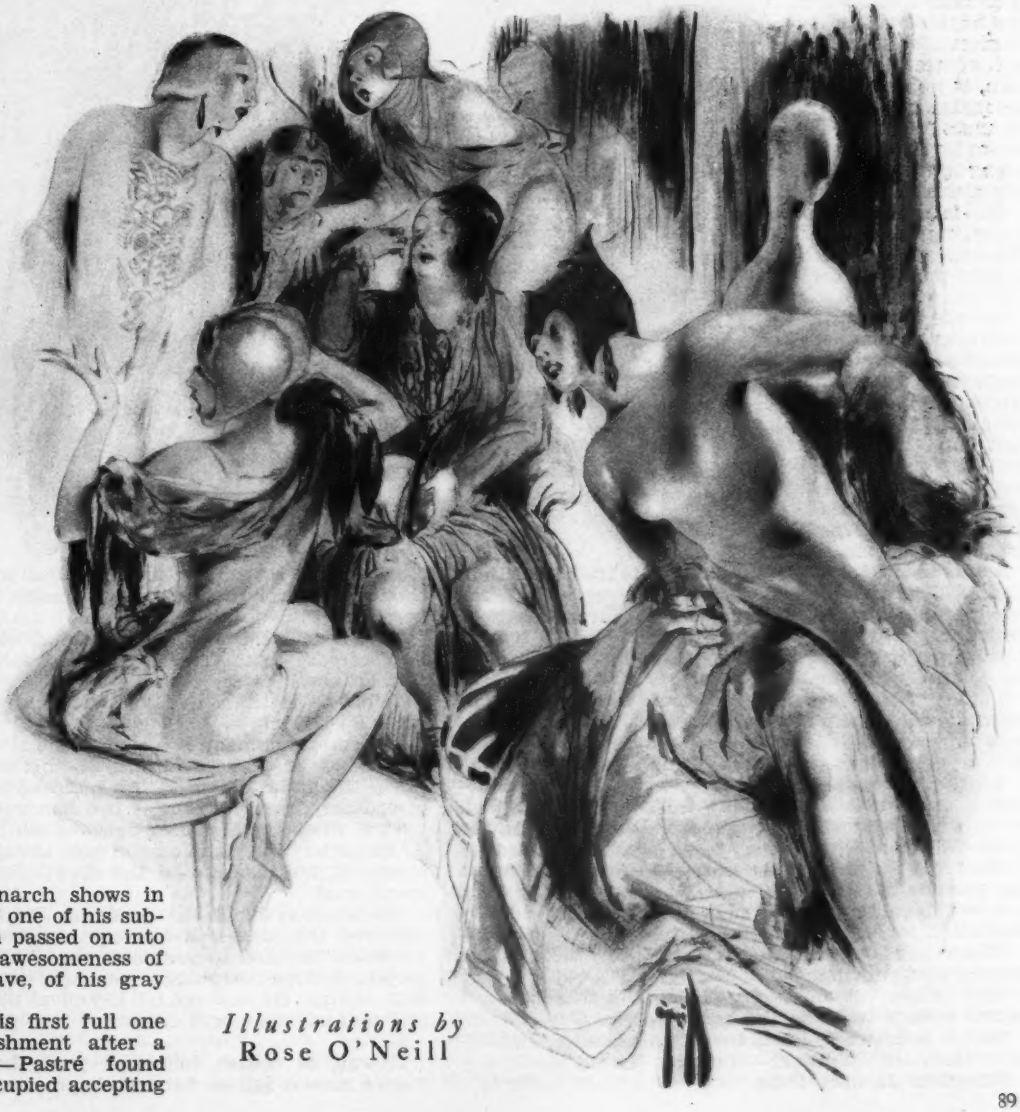
At that hour the master came to get France and found her waiting for him hatted and gloved and in conversation with the girl Georgette and a young man.

He was an extremely young man, slender and with a mere penciling of black mustache upon his lip. His eyes were dark and frank. His black hair was smoothed back flecklessly from a high white forehead; and he had a resolute chin with a dimple in its center. In a word, he was handsome.

"The fiancé of Georgette?" the great Pastré wanted to know, when the chauffeur had closed the door of the car behind father and daughter.

"I believe that yes," replied France. "At least, he took Georgette to lunch with him; and it did not appear to make pleasure to Georgette that he spoke to me just now."

Pastré looked sharply at her. "Veritably thou art more arrived at maturity than one had thought," he said. "Has one apprised to thee at the Molière Lyceum to make such observations? However, I am going to suppress all that. It will be necessary to recall to



Illustrations by Rose O'Neill

Georgette the regulation forbidding employees to receive their friends at the House."

"But Papa, he is an employee, also!"

"That young man back there?"

"But yes, Papa!" exclaimed France in wonderment. "That is Monsieur Jacques."

"Ah, that is Monsieur Jacques, *hein?*" repeated her papa sarcastically. "Perhaps thou wilt do me the honor one day of presenting me. But at the moment tell me in what quality he is employed."

"As a hairdresser —and Georgette says he is very good."

"Oh, without doubt —evidently—if Georgette says so," the great man continued his heavy artillery. "I must inform myself of that young man, it appears. If he makes the flirt, he must be warned not to butterfly with young girls in the establishment."

"It is not that, Papa," protested France. "Truly, he is very serious."

As the youngest hospitaler of the institution, during his professional hours Monsieur Jacques occupied the lowliest of the cells which extended down one side of the superheated basilica that enshrined the art of Pastré.

It was lowly, however, only in the sense of position, being at the extreme rear end of the shop and therefore at the farthest possible remove from that of Pastré himself; but otherwise, except for a trifling disadvantage in point of size, it suffered no whit by comparison with the others.

It was just as modernly mirrored, the calfskin upholstery of its chairs was just as scarlet, its marble walls were as gray and speckled. The gas fires in its silver hair dryer roared as soothingly; and above, poised like a buoyant octopus over its prey, hung a permanent-waving machine—the famous Pastré system, which waves the new growth at the roots without frizzing the ends—with tentacles just as resplendently nickeled.

The great Pastré, having escorted a favored client to the door of the entrance foyer one day, turning back saw his daughter France emerging from this cubicle. He waited for her to come up to him.

"Thou hadst a commission there, my infant?" he queried disapprovingly.

"Yes, Papa. A question. Thou comprehendest, I search always to learn the commerce."

"But it is better to learn from someone more habituated than—er—Monsieur—Monsieur Thing."

"Monsieur Jacques, Papa."

"How thou art in the current! But why demandest thou information of someone who makes only his début here?"

"Monsieur Jacques is always genteel with me. I find it more easy to talk with him than with the others," said France.

"What is it that thou hast demanded?" asked the great Pastré.

"An embarrassment of a client, who attends out there even now," answered France. "She hesitates between a jar of the gland cream at five hundred francs and one of ordinary beauty cream at two hundred."

"And what has Monsieur Jacques said?"

"Absolutely the gland cream, even though it makes an enemy of the husband of the client, since it does not smell good."

"He is not so dumb, that Monsieur Jacques, evidently," observed the master hairdresser. "Nevertheless, it is necessary for thee to remember that he is only an employee. If thou consult him too often, it will inflate him with vanity. Go now and tell thy client that Pastré himself counsels the gland cream."

It was, of course, incredible that the daughter of Pastré should fail to heed such practical advice from

¶ *"What art thou doing there?" demanded the great Pastré. "We attend thy response, Papa, Jacques and me," said France. "There is no response," thundered her heartless papa.*

her illustrious parent; and therefore Pastré himself was to be excused if, under the pressure of affairs, he failed to observe a certain disaffection which seemed to have sprung up between France and Georgette, the sales-girl.

"Must one rest always in the novelties?" the girl demanded abruptly of her papa one morning, when the two were riding down for the day's adventures in the beauty temple.

"Always?" echoed Pastré. "But thou hast been there only since six weeks. Hast thou apprised the commerce already?"

"Perhaps not," said France, "but I am ennuied with Georgette."

"How? Georgette has said often that you all two are grand friends."

"She has *said*, yes," answered France with biting emphasis; "but when we are alone together, she is cross with me and growls always. Me, I would prefer the salon of manicure now. One can apprise the commerce from there."

"Eh, well," Pastré soothed her, "support it patiently yet a little until I am reentered from visiting my branches at Madrid and Vienna. Then one will see."

"Thou partest soon, Papa?"

"Even tonight. I come to decide that this morning."

"Thou wilt rest long-time down there?"

"Who knows?" shrugged the master. "Three weeks—a month. When Pastré is arrived in a strange capital, it is an event, thou comprehendest—historical. His time is very demanded by the smart world."

"But Papa, the clientele of Paris—thou art only recently reentered from the America——"

"Ah, yes, the clientele of Paris," repeated the great Pastré, licking his lips in anticipation. "I was going to warn thee of that, my cabbage. This will be a day of grand education for thee. Thou wilt see that in the House of Pastré it is necessary to be steel."

"But why, my papa?"

"The scandal—when I say the news to the clients that I part for some time. Thou art going to see. It is frightening, disgusting. Some swoon themselves on the floor, some embrace the knees of Pastré. Some may even make the menaces to desolate Paris by refusing to have their hairs tailored at all until my return. A such thing has arrived already. How one dreads it, but what to do? Pastré, though Parisian, appertains to the whole world; and if Paris in its egoism makes the scandal over the possession of Pastré, it is the price he must pay for his art."

Except that France was never skeptical of her distinguished papa's words, she might have supposed that he had overestimated the degree of the grief which the announcement of his departure would stir up among the customers; for until late afternoon no bruit of scandal in the cloister had reached the ears of the girl hatefully cabined out there in the vestibule with the hostile Georgette.

But that was because the great Pastré deemed no minor gnashing of teeth worthy of his daughter's education in this emotional particular. For her he was keeping an ace up his sleeve—an inevitable scene that he was saving to be the artistic climax to this day.

About six o'clock the establishment's most favored client came in—that famous beauty Gaby Lascaud, star of the Vaudeville, the woman whose merest whim could create fashion for Paris and for the world; the woman who paid the great Pastré a daily retainer of five hundred francs so as to be able to command his services at any time, regardless of his appointments; the woman whose nimbus of ash-blond hair, touched with a whisper of mauve, was as famous as (*Continued on page 150*)

Deadlier *than the* Male

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustration by
Herbert M. Stoops

ANNUALLY, for many years, there had arrived in the life of Mr. Silas P. Lightner a Tragic Moment, during which his wife risked disgracing herself and him. And there was nothing he could do about it, other than swear, threaten, command, rave and otherwise dramatize himself, without inculcating in the lady the slightest pity for him.

Indeed, she paid no attention whatsoever to him, from which the reader will readily understand that Silas P. Lightner was an American husband married to an American wife, upon whom he lavished his affection and much too much money; in return for which she tolerated him as a valuable but frequently annoying piece of personal property, constantly opposed his meager desires, invaded his personal privacy, favored him with considerable well-bred nagging and filled his several houses with people he detested—people who ate his groceries, drank his pre-war liquor and seldom engaged him in conversation more than once, at which time they besought from him positively accurate information on how to make a large and immediate fortune on a comparatively small investment. Since he could not and would not do this they ignored him thereafter and wondered what brilliant Mrs. Lightner had ever seen in the dull devil.

On the whole, however, Mr. Lightner could have got along tolerably well if, each year, Mrs. Lightner had not insisted upon making him accompany her to Europe, on the false plea that he must and should have a vacation, albeit, if she had permitted it, he would have gone fishing alone on some quiet stream in a sparsely settled community, where, for a month, he would have forgotten he was one of the country's most prominent captains of industry and his wife a social notable.

In Europe Mrs. Lightner always purchased an unconscionable number of expensive things which she didn't need and which, when shipped home, were promptly placed in a storage warehouse. As for Mr. Lightner, in the interest of domestic harmony, he was forced to accompany her on these expeditions by day and to Parisian cabarets presided over by colored American folk by night.

This was her idea of a vacation. Incidentally, Mr. Lightner had fallen arches.

It is probable that Silas P. Lightner's patience would have been equal even to this savagery but for Mrs. Lightner's habit of buying some expensive article of small compass abroad and smuggling it into the United States on her person. Since he was a perennial piece of newspaper copy, this caused Mr. Lightner the most acute suffering.

Also, he was hopelessly honest and couldn't see the slightest difference between holding up a bank and defrauding the government in the matter of customs duties.

However, since he could not control the woman he had to bear patiently with her pet peccadillo, although fear of the odious publicity should she be caught always brought on him a profuse perspiration, and more than once, on drafty docks, he had caught severe colds in his chest as a result. He tried vainly to comfort himself with the reflection that his wife, in this particular, was no different from a million other wives, for a customs inspector once had assured him that all women were smugglers; that the richer they were the more they loathed paying duty. Mr. Lightner believed this.

Eventually he decided he had to do something about this annual recurrence of impending doom. He told himself he must not bear weakly with her until eventually she should get caught, since, in that event, she would blame him for her misfortune, chide him for his weakness in permitting her to have her own way.

NO, HE must teach her a lesson—a terrible lesson she would never forget; so, just before embarking for his annual penance, he sought out the Collector of Customs at New York and told that official all about the cross he had to bear. Also, he paid many thousand dollars in duty previously avoided and withheld, which action naturally would have gained him the respect and sympathy of the Collector of Customs, even had he not been Silas P. Lightner.

"I want you to help me cure her, Mr. Collector," Mr. Lightner pleaded. "She'll buy some cussed bauble in Europe this time and try to smuggle it in. I'll wireless you when we are returning and you have a special customs inspector look after our baggage.

"I'll tip him off to the nature of the junk she's trying to smuggle—I tell you she never made an honest declaration of dutiable goods in her life—and you have that inspector waltz her to the search room and have her person searched thoroughly. Then have her hauled up before you.

"Tell her that you are going to have her indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for smuggling; that in the

What Happens When the Female of the Species Decides to Deceive

¶ *With glee Silas listened to the inspector question Mrs. Lightner even more savagely than seemed necessary.*

meantime you will confiscate the smuggled articles. After a lot of tears and pleading, permit your heart to soften, Mr. Collector, and fine her twenty-five thousand dollars.

"She must owe the government that much at least, even if the statute of limitation bars the collection of it or prosecution for smuggling. The fine will have to come out of her allowance, for I shall be firm about this.

"So, what with the fine and the fright, I think she'll get over this habit."

"No hope," the collector replied gloomily. "You don't know women like I do, Mr. Lightner. However, I'll do as you request and guarantee you against publicity."

MR. LIGHTNER thanked him and departed for Europe with the lightest heart in many a year. And in Paris Mrs. Lightner purchased from a Russian refugee an emerald and diamond bar pin about three inches long, for which Mr. Lightner paid twenty thousand dollars in American money.

As his wife was making out her declaration of dutiable goods the morning they were to land in New York, Mr. Lightner said sweetly: "You are declaring that bar pin, of course, my dear."

"Don't be a fool all your life, Silas," the lady retorted.

"I shall not. I've been a fool long enough. You smuggle that bar pin in and for the ensuing year the most you'll ever have in your purse will be a five-dollar bill—lunch money. I'll kill your credit at every place you trade—and you'll never see Europe again except in motion pictures. There will be no further argument. I expect to be obeyed. If I am not——"

Mrs. Lightner looked at his dignified back as he stalked away. Although ruthless in so far as he was concerned, thoroughly spoiled and selfish as she was, yet was she smart enough to know that at last Silas P. Lightner, the worm, had turned.

HOWEVER, the habits of many years' standing are not readily broken . . . Mr. Lightner glanced at her declaration after the purser had collected it and saw that she had defied him.

Thanks to the Collector of Customs his plan worked admirably. With glee he listened to the customs inspector question Mrs. Lightner even more savagely than seemed necessary; his heart thrilled as he saw his worse half escorted to the search room, where two matrons stripped her and searched her thoroughly.

He was vaguely troubled, however, when she emerged calm and triumphant from the ordeal and a moment later he knew why.

"She hasn't got it on her, so I can't put her under arrest," the inspector confided. "The scheme's backfired."

"Search her baggage and mine," Mr. Lightner pleaded. "Turn everything out. Search the trunks for false bottoms. Destroy them if you must, but land that wife of mine out in the grass."

Man proposes, but woman disposes. The bar pin was not found, so eventually the Lightners were permitted to depart. And no sooner were they alone in their hotel apartment than Mrs. Lightner got down on her knees before Mr. Lightner. He thought she was preparing to beg his pardon for her crimes, about to promise reform.

Alas! She had no such intention. Rolling back the right cuff of his trousers she calmly removed the bar pin which had been securely and unostentatiously fastened there.

"Smuggler," she cooed. "Really, Silas, I'm amazed! Why, you tricky devil!"

Of course, Silas P. Lightner, being an American husband married to an American wife, could only swear, threaten, command, rave and otherwise dramatize himself.

Concluding—

Red LIKKER

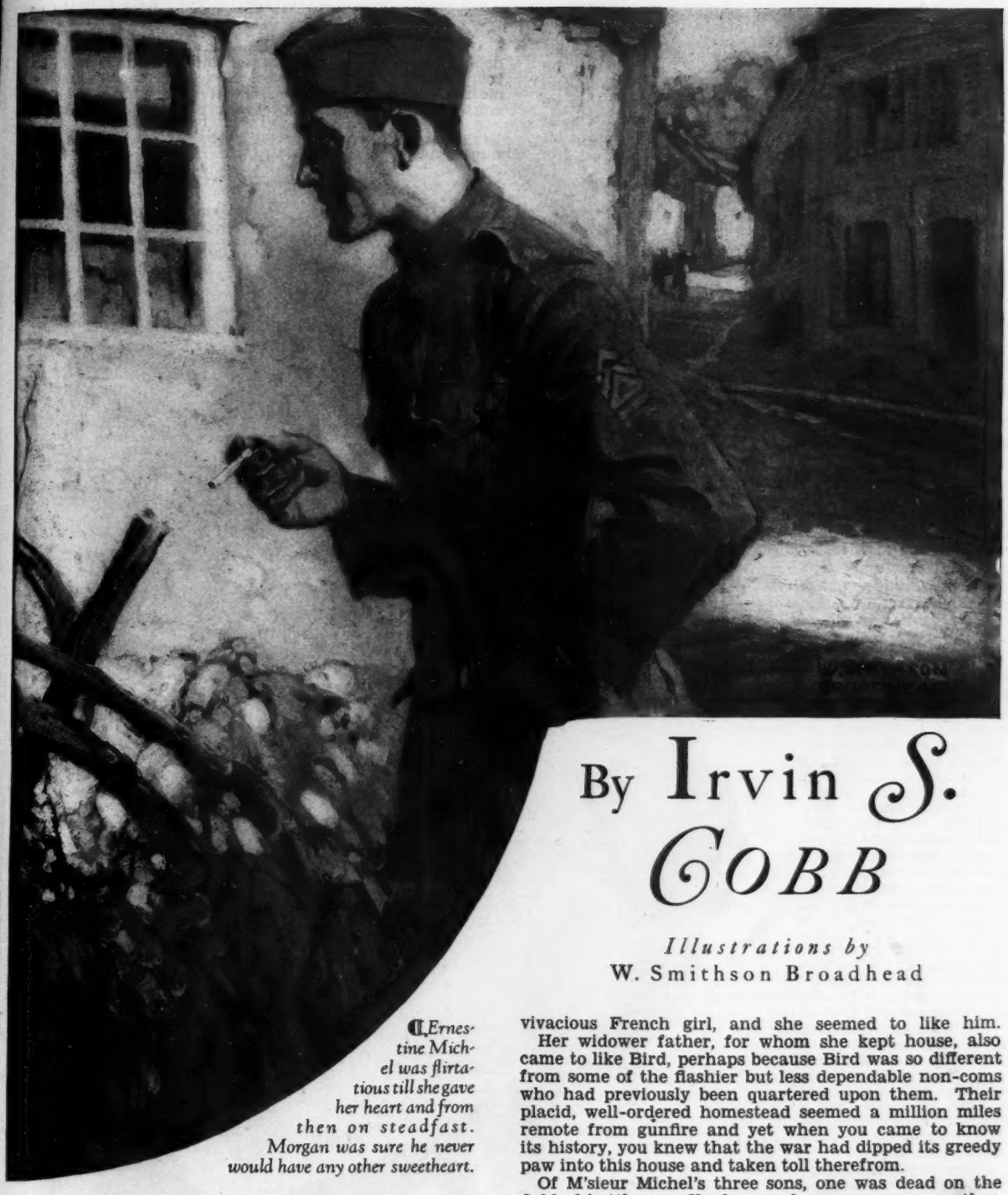
MORGAN went along to the war but shoulder straps of whatsoever variety managed to keep away from his shoulders. He was a corporal in a machine-gun outfit, going across on the transport in the late fall of that year; but about the time he painstakingly had mastered the rudiments of machine-gun fighting, they detached him from that branch and made him a sergeant and detailed him to clerical work at a way station on our Service of Supplies, and it was as a sergeant still and still doing clerical duty in a competent, methodical, unshowy, uncomplaining style, that he went, after the armistice, up into Germany, on up into the occupied territory beyond the Rhine.

He never did get into the fighting, for which privately he was regretful; never did reach any of the front lines until after they had quit being front lines. So he never brought home with him those shoulder straps.

But he did bring home a wife. Therefore he got his chance for happiness and a romance out of the experience, even if he missed the big thrills and the main excitement.

Romance for him originated in a small town between Brest and Nantes, a town where the A. E. F. had one of its biggest warehouses and where, for a season, worn-looking men in khaki checked stuff in and checked stuff out and tabulated requisitions and filled out forms and did that minute but monumental paper-work which the Lords of Red Tape had ordained to be essential to the carrying-on of a war.

Here, then, was where Supply Sergeant John Morgan Bird performed his monotonous share in this unending



By Irvin S. COBB

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

Ernestine Michel was flirtatious till she gave her heart and from then on steadfast. Morgan was sure he never would have any other sweetheart.

and unendable undertaking, and here in such odd hours as he had for himself, he fell in love, and having thus fallen, carried on his serene and uninterrupted love affair with one Mademoiselle Ernestine Michel, daughter of a notary of that village, and in her own right, a deft-handed, quick-witted, compact little body, pretty but not strikingly pretty, frugal but not parsimonious, virtuous but not a prude, flirtatious until she gave her heart, and from then on steadfast and faithful to this big, quietly efficient, quietly masterful American of hers.

ARRIVING at his post, Morgan was billeted at the old but stout daub-and-wattle-and-part-stone cottage of the Michels and, naturally, right away he met Ernestine. At first sight, the young man, being lonely and perhaps a bit homesick and discouraged, was drawn to the vivacious French girl, and she seemed to like him.

Her widower father, for whom she kept house, also came to like Bird, perhaps because Bird was so different from some of the flashier but less dependable non-coms who had previously been quartered upon them. Their placid, well-ordered homestead seemed a million miles remote from gunfire and yet when you came to know its history, you knew that the war had dipped its greedy paw into this house and taken toll therefrom.

Of M'sieur Michel's three sons, one was dead on the field of battle near Verdun; and one was permanently a cripple by reason of his wounds, and the third was in a German prison camp at Cologne. After Morgan had learned these things and had observed with what simple fortitude the remaining Michels, father and daughter and lame invalided son, endured their sorrows and with what simple resolution they carried on the altered affairs of their lives, he developed a growing admiration for certain qualities of the race which had produced a family such as this.

Pretty soon he discovered that for Ernestine he was beginning to have something more and something deeper than admiration; was pleased to note that she returned his feelings. Morgan never before had had a real sweetheart: he was sure he never would have any other.

Having first made sure of himself, as he, being what he was, would surely do, and having made sure of

Ernestine's sentiments—but that didn't take long, either—he dutifully wrote to Colonel Bird. In his letter he set forth with frankness just what manner of folks the Michels were, and told his grandfather he desired above all things to marry the French girl and bring her with him when he returned, for which contemplated steps on his part he asked his grandfather's consent and his blessing.

The marriage, he hoped, might take place as soon as might be after he had a reply to his letter—this was in the late summer of 1918. But because mails were slow, even that far back behind the trenches, peace was distant but a few weeks when Morgan got an answer from Colonel Bird.

He wasn't in the village between Brest and Nantes when finally it did reach him. He had been sent on to Chaumont for work in one of the vast Headquarters depots there. It was raining hard on the day it reached him, and he sat down in the muddy doorway of a muddy wooden barracks and read what his grandfather had to say.

Of the letter's contents, the following paragraphs and a postscript were of particular significance for Morgan. They read like this:

> Your Uncle Gabe is dead. He was found dead in his bed last Tuesday morning, July seventeenth. He was staying here with me. I've had him here these last few months since he became so feeble, as I believe I wrote you previously.
>
> On last Tuesday morning he was late in getting down to breakfast, which wasn't like him. So one of the servants was sent to arouse him and found him lifeless. He had passed away peacefully in his sleep—a good way to go.
>
> He left a cash property of upwards of nine thousand dollars, considerably more than anyone, myself included, suspected him of having. He also left a will; another surprise. By the terms of his will, the money goes to you.
>
> I was deeply touched by this proof of his devotion to you and I know you will be. I was named an executor of his estate. The money is being held for you. It is in the bank drawing interest.
>
> I shall miss him greatly. He was a gallant soldier, a loyal friend, a good Kentuckian. He left no close relatives. The interment took place on Thursday in our family burial plot here at Bird's Nest.
>
> Now, my dearly beloved son, I turn to a more cheerful subject, to wit: your engagement with Miss Ernestine Michel. I am sure you have not acted hastily; I am equally sure, knowing you, that you have acted wisely and in all regards honorably. The match has my entire approval. I rejoice with you both in your new-found happiness. I send my affectionate greetings to the charming lady of your choice.
>
> My chief regret is that I cannot personally be present at the union of your hearts and hands and lives; my chief hope is that I may be spared to welcome you and her upon your arrival on America's shores. However, I am sure that pleasure will be mine. Except that I am getting a trifle more rickety on my pins, my health continues excellent.

The postscript to this letter seemed to be an afterthought, as postscripts usually are. It read as follows:

> While you are in foreign climes serving your country, your country appears to be determined to put you out of business. But pray do not be concerned. In any event, your present task is to keep on serving your country to the best of your ability, and you may rest assured that having, as I do have, confidence in the ultimate sanity of the American people, I guarantee you that our honored business will never be destroyed.

So young Morgan, who had the good will of his immediate superiors, got a leave and went back to Ernestine's village and there, one evening, the priest of her parish performed the ceremony for them. Three days later, the

soldier bridegroom, leaving his bride behind, was back at Chaumont and later on in the year was sent to Germany.

It was well on in the following year before he succeeded in getting his discharge papers; and in the meantime, on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, a great deal of water passed over wheels and ran under bridges

It annoyed the colonel to encounter evidences of any curtailment in the budget. He would turn crotchety and then Ernestine must exercise her best wiles to win him back to good humor again.

and, by inference, got itself written into the Constitution of the United States.

About the time, or shortly before the time young Morgan Bird over there in France was getting married, a meeting took place in the directors' room of the Old Packer Company, Inc. It was a conference on ways, means and emergencies. Representatives of a majority of the remaining independent distilleries in that part of the state were present, making up an assemblage of harassed-looking gentlemen. You might call them the Old Guard, the Last Standers, the Bitter Enders.

Watkins Packer, president of their association, presided; was suave and dignified, was outwardly unruffled but nevertheless much flurried in his mind.

Calling his confreres to order, he made a talk. Probably all within sound of his voice already knew the intent behind this gathering, notwithstanding which he would outline it briefly: The fight against the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment having unfortunately been lost, the men of this industry were confronted, as some great statesman had said, with a condition and not with a theory.

Patriotically determined not to embarrass their government during hostilities, these men, of whom he was proud to be one, had for long months past exhibited rare qualities of patience under unstabilizing proscriptions and drastic curtailments. It was conceded that compounded and even more demoralizing limitations governing the manufacture and distribution of ardent spirits would shortly become effective.

Very well, so be it; what could not be cured must be endured. It equally was certain that the saloon, with its shortcomings, must go from this splendid America of ours and go forever. (Mild applause, in which quite a number did not join.)

But with intolerance rampant, with their fanatical enemies demanding actual abolishment of property and trade, it would be suicidal to their private rights, their personal fortunes, their inherent liberties as tax-paying citizens of the republic, did these men continue to stand idly by while marplots and bigots, busybodies and hypocrites destroyed them root and branch. (Louder applause.)

THE principal question for consideration was whether the affiliated operatives here convened should temporarily at least pool forces with the leaders of the trade generally in the plan now afoot for exerting upon Congress all possible legitimate influences to the end that in its interpretation of this Eighteenth Amendment, the laws pursuantly enacted should be, not confiscatory, but regulative and remedial.

Possibly he was overexaggerating the seriousness of the peril. It was inconceivable that the government would actually go so far as to undertake to legislate a great and reputable business entirely out of existence.

Nevertheless, now and not later was the time for consolidated action, for offering a concerted front to the aggressions of their opponents. As all here were aware, the proposition had been advanced that a fund be raised by levying upon the several local manufacturers an assessment based *pro rata* upon their respective outputs. Also the suggestion had been advanced that the Honorable Buckingham Braydon, who was present in an advisory capacity, a gentleman of wide experience in legislative matters, should be commissioned as emissary and spokesman with authority to speak, to act, to consult.

Mr. Packer was convinced that such was the sense of this meeting. Before a vote was taken, though, the chair would like to hear informally from leading members of this distinguished body. In *(Continued on page 186)*

Stop me— *if you've heard* This One

¶ *"Harry, tell about your Chicago trip."*
"All right; but I trust you folks not to spread it around. The police made a secret of the real facts."

ON A certain day in the year 1927, Jerry Blades and Luke Garner, young playwrights, entered the Lambs' Club at the luncheon hour and were beckoned to a corner table by an actor friend, Charley Speed. Charley had a guest, recognized at once by the newcomers as Henry Wild Osborne, famous globe-trotter, raconteur and banquet-hall fixture.

"Sit down, boys," said Charley after he had introduced them to the celebrity. "I'm due at a house committee meeting and you can keep Harry entertained."

But "Harry" proved perfectly capable of providing his own entertainment and theirs, and he opened up with a barrage of Pats and Mikes, Ikeys and Jakeys, and MacPhersons and MacDonalds that were not only comparatively new but also quite funny, at least so Blades and Garner judged from the whole-hearted laughter of the narrator himself.

When he had displayed his mastery of all the different dialects of both hemispheres, he related a few personal adventures, in some of which other big men had played parts and which, to his small audience, were much more interesting than the chronicles concerning fictional Mikes, Sandys and Abes. He told them of Lindbergh, who had accepted an invitation to dine with him in his apartment and had come wearing a hat that did not fit, explaining he had borrowed it at his hotel, not having had a hat of his own since he was a child.

"He's a man of one idea. He will talk about aviation and nothing else. He dislikes crowds and has had difficulty maintaining a show of good nature in the face of unwelcome attention. He has managed to do so, however, excepting when addressed or referred to as 'Lucky Lindy,' a nickname he just can't stand.

"He was kind enough to ask me to fly with him on Long Island and naturally I jumped at the chance. We took a taxi out to the field and every traffic cop on the way stopped us so they could shake hands with him and pat him on the back. I thought we'd never get there, and when we did get there, that we wouldn't be able to leave the ground without killing two or three hundred people.

"He said it was like that every time he attempted to go up or land, hundreds of wild-eyed fans crowding around him in spite of the danger. But we did finally get started and it was wonderful. I felt as safe as if I'd been riding in a chair at Atlantic City."

He told them of Fred Stone, of an occasion when he and Fred had dined together at old Rector's. At the next table were two famous Princeton football players, each over six feet tall and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. The sons of Old Nassau had been drinking something contentious and tried to pick a quarrel with him and Stone, though they had no idea who Stone and Osborne were and certainly could have had no reason to "fuss" at either of them.

Fred did not want to make a scene and ignored the athletes' slurring remarks, but when he and Osborne got up to leave and the Princeton boys followed them and jostled them, the comedian lost his temper, grasped a collegiate throat in each hand, lifted the pair up bodily and knocked their heads together till they were unconscious, and then tossed them into the check-room.

He told them of having been in the Metropole at supper with Herman Rosenthal the night the gambler was called away from the table and shot to death by four gangsters; of having warned Jim Jeffries not to drink the tea that "poisoned" him just prior to the fight with Jack Johnson; of having tipped off Kid Gleason in 1919 that some of his ball-players were throwing him down; of having accompanied General Pershing to Marshal Foch's headquarters when the American commander offered his armies to the Frenchman to do with as he pleased; of having escaped death by eight inches when the Germans dropped their first bombs on Paris; of having taught Lloyd Waner how to avoid always hitting to left field; of having taken Irving Berlin out of "Nigger Mike's" place and set him to writing songs; of having advised Flo Ziegfeld to dress his chorus in skirts instead of tights; of having suggested and helped organize the Actors' Equity, and of having informed the Indiana police where to find Gerald Chapman.

He had been everywhere and seen everything, and Blades and Garner envied him his wealth of experience.

He hoped he hadn't bored them.

"Not at all!" said Blades.

"It's a treat to listen to you," said Garner.

"You ought to write a book of memoirs," said Blades.

"I've been urged to many times," said Osborne, "but I'm never in one place long enough to get at it. I've got chronic *Wanderlust*."

"So have I," said Garner, "but it doesn't do me any good."

"Poor Luke!" said Blades. "He'd like to live on trains, but he's only been out of the state once."

By Ring W. Lardner

Illustration by
Oscar Frederick Howard

"Not counting two or three trips to Newark," said Garner.

"Travel is a great thing!" observed Osborne. "It has its drawbacks and discomforts, but one's experiences and adventures are worth a lot more than they cost."

"Luke had a queer little experience the only time he went anywhere," said Blades. "Tell Mr. Osborne about it, Luke."

"Oh, it's nothing much. Just a kind of mystery I was mixed up in on the way out to Chicago."

"Let's hear it," said Osborne, assuming a polite interest.

"Well," said young Garner, "I'll try to make it brief. About a year ago I had an idea for a play. I wrote one act and read it to George Cohan. He liked it and told me to finish it and bring it to him. When I had finished it, I learned he was in Chicago. I couldn't wait for him to get back so I decided to go out there and see him, though I had to borrow money for the trip. I was impatient and took the Century.

"In the section across from me there was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, a young woman about twenty-five, dark, well dressed, full of class, *nice*-looking. She had a book, one of Fletcher's detective stories, but I noticed she didn't turn more than three pages between New York and Albany. Most of the time she just stared at the river.

"She was going to Chicago, too, and I'll confess that I wished we would become acquainted long before we got there. I wished it, but didn't believe it, because she was evidently not the kind you could meet unconventionally.

"I went in the diner about seven and was given the only vacant chair at a table for four. My table companions were an elderly couple and a man a little older than I, a man of striking appearance, handsome, and dark enough to suggest Spanish or Italian ancestry.

"The elderly couple finished their meal and left. The 'Spaniard' was just beginning to eat when the girl from my car came in and took one of the seats just vacated.

"Her glance and the 'Spaniard's' met. There was mutual recognition and an emotion close to panic on both sides. The man got up hurriedly, put a five-dollar bill on the table and went out of the diner, toward the front end of the train. The girl grasped the table as if she must have something to hang on to. She was quite white and I thought she was going to faint. She didn't, but her hands shook violently as she wrote her order.

"I pretended I had not observed the little scene and did my best not to look in her direction. I got through as quickly as I could and relieved her of the embarrassment of my presence. As I was paying my check the waiter asked me if I knew whether the other man was coming back. Before I could reply, the girl said, 'No'; then bit her lip as if mad at herself for speaking.

"She returned to her section after a long time, over an hour. She sat staring out into the darkness for a half-hour more. Then she got up and stepped across the aisle to me. She said:

"'I must ask you to do me a favor. You will think it's queer, but I can't help it. You saw the man leave the table when I sat down. I want you to find him and give him this note. I would ask the porter, but I am afraid he might give it to the wrong person. The man is probably in the club car. Just hand him the note. Then come back and tell me. Will you do it?'

"I found him in the club car, delivered the note she had intrusted to me, and returned and reported.

"She said: 'I am very, very grateful.'

"And then I went forward to the club car again and sat down to be out of the way when he came to her, as I felt sure he would.

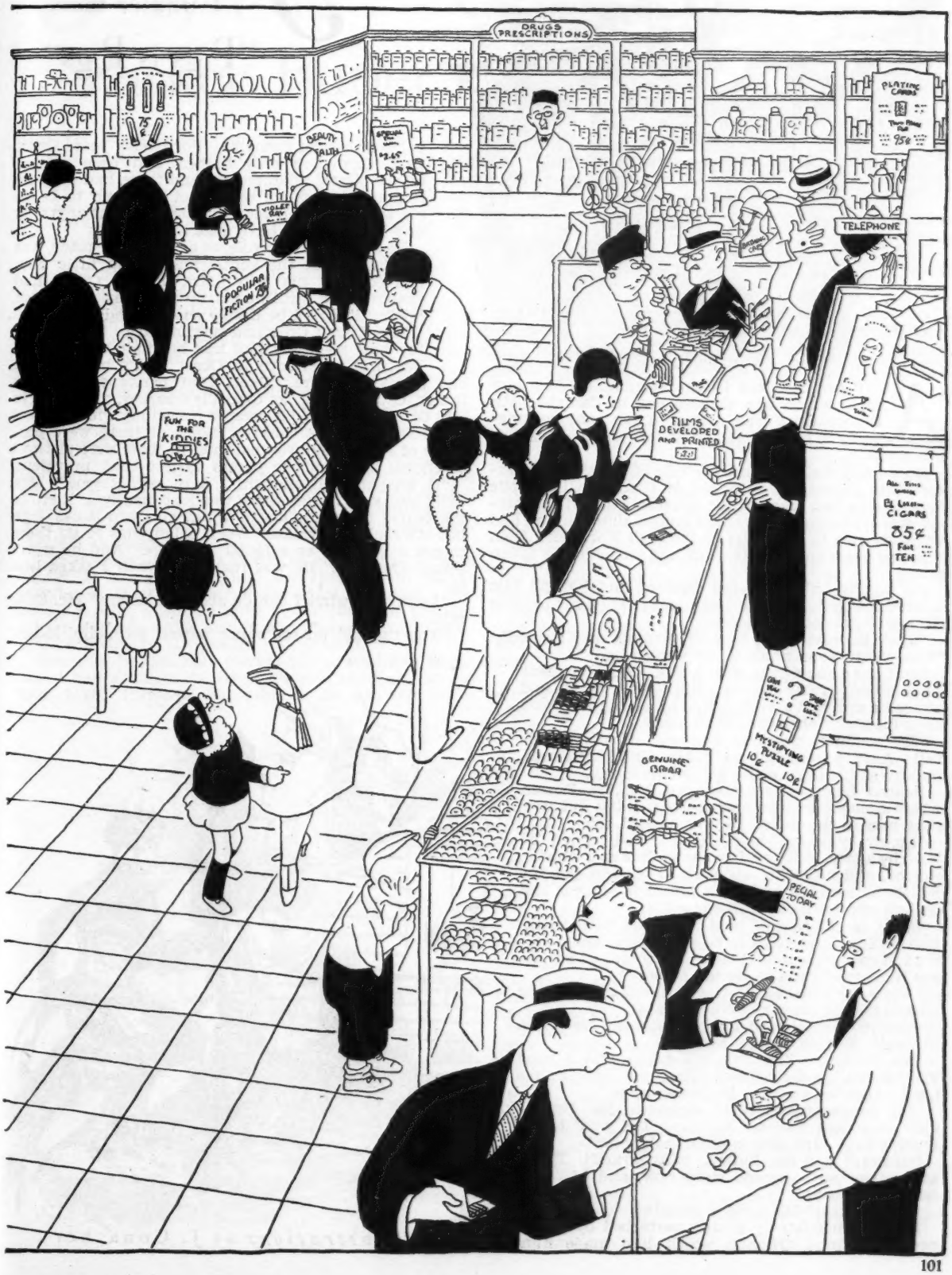
"He was at the desk writing, but soon he rose and left. I was in quite a fever of curiosity and it strained my will-power to stay where I was and not follow him and witness 'Act Two.' I tried to read and couldn't. When I finally turned in, close to midnight, the girl's berth was dark and the curtains drawn.

"I got up at Elkhart. The curtains were open across the aisle, but there was no sign of the girl. There was still no sign of her as we pulled into Englewood. I called the porter and asked whether he had seen her since the night before. He said why, yes, he had seen her around five o'clock, when he had helped her off the train at Toledo. 'Toledo!' I exclaimed. 'I thought she was going through.' The porter said he had thought so, too, but she must have changed her mind. I inquired if he had seen her talking with a handsome dark man. He said no; that the only real dark man he had seen on that car was himself, and he wasn't so handsome.

"I stood on the platform in the La Salle Street Station till all the passengers were off. The girl was not among them; I'm sure of that. But (*Continued on page 122*)

And they call this a Drug

Store—*by Gluyas Williams*



Good

Funnier than "Pigs is Pigs"

ABOUT seven o'clock in the evening, on February fifth, which was election day in Camville, Mr. Roscoe Critz was sitting in his cane rocking-chair in front of the sheet-iron stove in his dining room.

On a hard chair at the other side of the stove Professor Plato Hammond, principal of the Camville Public School, who had reached the venerable age of seventy-six, was repeating for the thousandth time why he had not been able to take part in the Civil War, being then but nine years old, and Mr. Critz had momentarily fallen asleep.

His totally bald head fell forward and he had just uttered the first *"G-r-r-r!"* of a snore, when his nephew Sammy burst into the room.

"Uncle Roscoe! Uncle Roscoe!" Sammy cried excitedly. "You won! Your whole ticket was elected!"

Mr. Critz came awake with a jerk. For a moment he blinked, trying to remember who, what and where he was, and then a look of consternation came upon his pinkly cherubic countenance.

"My goodness gracious, Samuel! That's dreadful! Ain't you foolin' me?" Mr. Critz exclaimed, pulling at his little white goatee nervously.

Behind Sammy now appeared Mr. Ira Binzer, whose occupation was practically nothing but who sang bass in the choir. He was excited, too.

"No, sir, by hecky!" he declared. "You carried the town by a mee-jority of six votes as slick as a whistle, Roscoe, and no foolin' about it. They just got the ballots all counted and it's a landslide—mayor and council and town clerk all elected."

"Well, land's sakes!" said Mr. Critz with irritation. "You don't have to be so cheerful about it—it's bad enough as it is. Plato," he shouted at Professor Hammond, "you're elected mayor!"

"What say?" asked Professor Hammond, putting a hand behind his ear. "Whose mare?"

"You've been elected mayor," shouted Mr. Critz. "Mayor! Elected, I say. Mayor!"

"May Irwin? Yes, I've heard she was a good actress, too," said Professor Hammond, nodding his head. "I never saw her, but folks say so."

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Critz. "He ain't ever goin' to hear anythin'; I'm goin' to have a terrible time. Ira, how is Emmy takin' it?"

"Grand!" said Mr. Binzer. "Just grand! The ladies are gettin' up a perade right now, and Mis' Critz is headin' of them."

"Land sakes!" Mr. Critz ejaculated.

He was undoubtedly greatly perturbed by this unexpected electoral triumph which had made him the political boss of Camville. For twelve years Obert Duff, Camville's only barber, had been elected mayor almost unanimously and there had been no reason to think he would not continue to be so elected forever. If Mr. Critz had thought anything else he would not have gone into politics.

To be boss of Camville, or of any other place, was the last thing the gentle and plump little man desired, but his wife, Mrs. Emma Critz, had pestered him until he got up an opposition ticket, hoping it would be deeply snowed under.

Mrs. Emma Critz had succumbed to the prevailing hair style and had had her hair bobbed, and her first experience in Obert Duff's barber shop had aroused her ire. Obert Duff had succeeded his father, Orlando Duff, as Camville's barber, and back in 1888 Orlando Duff had decorated his ceiling with pictures cut from the Police Gazette. Some of these were portraits of John L. Sullivan but most of them were pictures of chorus ladies of the plump variety then prevalent.

"It was all well enough, I dare say, Roscoe," Mrs. Critz had said, "when there was just men lyin' there in the barber chair and lookin' up at all them ladies' legs, but it's real embarrassin' when a lady has to go there to get a hair cut or a facial massidge. And he wun't scrape them off. He was real sassy when I asked him to."

"I don't see whut I can do about it, Emmy," Mr. Critz said.

"You can get an ord'nance passed forbiddin' ladies'

Illustrations by J. Conacher

Graft

By Ellis Parker Butler

legs on barber-shop ceilin's, I should think."

"Now, Emmy, not whilst Obe Duff is mayor and's got the city council with him," Mr. Critz told her.

"Well and indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Critz. "Then it's about time you up and elected a new mayor, Roscoe Critz, and I wun't give you a mite of peace till you do."

Nor did she, and Mr. Critz, for the sake of the peace he loved so well, went through the motions of bringing forward a Reform Party ticket. He was going to make the campaign on the slogan, "No legs on barber-shop ceilings," but Mrs. Critz objected that that slogan would alienate the entire male vote, and said the anti-leg effort should be a whispering campaign among the ladies of Camville and that Professor Plato Hammond—who had told Mr. Critz he was willing to be defeated for the office of mayor—should run on the platform of "A Bigger and Better Camville."

And now not only was Professor Plato Hammond elected but the three aldermen and the city clerk had gone in with him. By this unexpected and undesired success Mr. Critz had become the boss of Camville and it was now his duty to make Camville "bigger" and "better" as promised.

The interest of Mr. Ira Binzer in all this was because Mr. Critz had promised him the appointment to the position of chief of police if the ticket won, and a few evenings later when the three new councilmen, the new mayor and Mr. Critz met in the dining room to consider a program, Mr. Binzer was present.

Now that he had been elected mayor Professor Hammond had assumed an air of dignity and had had his long beard trimmed, but even so he was not much help. As he heard practically nothing that was said, he confined himself to placing the tips of the fingers of his two hands together, looking gravely at the ceiling, and repeating, "Most reasonable! Most reasonable!" whenever he was appealed to. It was evident that as a mayor Professor Hammond was going to be a total loss, and it made Mr. Critz perspire to discover that he was not only to be boss but mayor as well.

"My goodness gracious!" Mr. Critz exclaimed when the talk had gone on for half an hour and nothing had been accomplished. "We ain't gettin' nowheres. Gentlemen, we told these folks we'd give them a bigger and better Camville, and seems as if we ought to do it, but I declare I don't know how we're to go about it."

"What we're up against, it looks like," said Mr. Binzer, who had a face like a horse, "is a proposition. That's what I say it looks like. I may be wrong but that's what I say."

FOR a moment Mr. Critz became red in the face.

"Proposition!" he cried. "If you can't say nothin' better'n that, you might as well say nothin' at all. My gracious! Here we elected Plato and the town's lookin' to us to do somethin' and there ain't no way to do it, far as I can see, and all you got to say to it is 'proposition.'"

"Uncle Roscoe!" called a boy's voice from the next room.

"Yes, Sammy; whut is it?" asked Mr. Critz patiently.

"Why, now, Uncle Roscoe," said Sammy, appearing in the doorway. "Now Willie Lunk and me, we were talking about how you said you were going to make Camville bigger and better, and Willie Lunk he has been in Chicago and New York and everywhere, and he says the trouble with this town is there ain't any graft in it."

"I don't know whut you mean, Sammy," said Mr. Critz. "We're busy about politics, Sammy, and you hadn't ought to interrupt us."

"Yes, I know, Uncle Roscoe," Sammy said, "but that's what I mean. Willie, he says you can't expect this town to be bigger and better like New York and all those places, because the first thing those places do is to get graft in the government, because that's how to get things done, Uncle Roscoe. Willie says that's almost all you read about in the city papers—how the grafters are doing things and buying parks and making sewers and everything to make the place bigger and better, and——"

"Well, my goodness gracious, Sammy," Mr. Critz said, wiping his spectacles, "I guess I know that as well as Willie Lunk knows it. I'm able to read the newspapers as well as the next person, I should think. Trouble is, I ain't had no experience in that sort of thing and I don't know just how to go about it."

Ira Binzer got up and opened the stove door to spit into the fire. He slammed the stove door.

"From what I read in the papers a police force ain't much account, seems as if, if it ain't all permegated with corruption and one thing and another. I'm willin' to be permegated that way if you say so, Roscoe. We got to do the best we can for the town, all of us."

"Most reasonable! Most reasonable!" said Mayor Hammond, tapping his finger tips together.

"Sammy most generally talks sense, Roscoe," came from Mrs. Critz in the next room.

"WELL, I got myself into this job of boss of politics," Mr. Critz said, "and I aim to do the best I can at it. I sort of hate to rob folks the way these grafters have to do."

"Oh, pshaw, Uncle Roscoe!" Sammy said. "You don't rob nobody but the taxpayers, and Willie Lunk says they never care. They expect it, Uncle Roscoe. They like it, Willie says."

"Well, I guess maybe they do, the way they put up with it," agreed Mr. Critz placidly. "I guess maybe, men, we'll have to start in graftin' and see whut we can do that way for a bigger and better Camville. I'll do the best I can at it and I guess maybe Willie Lunk can help us out some, knowin' about it like he does. You councilmen has got to come in on it the same as me and Plato and Ira."

"Yes, if you say so, Roscoe," said Mr. Wulk, whose sudden elevation from odd jobs and cordwood sawing seemed to have stunned him, and the other two councilmen, Mr. Teversham and Mr. Gollick, agreed.

"All right, fellows," said Mr. Critz. "I guess Emmy has some cider and cookies she's waitin' to pass round, and afore we meet next I'll try to think up some sort of graftin' to start things agoin'. If you see Willie Lunk tomorrow, Sammy, you might ask him to sort of drop round and talk things over."

Willie Lunk, whose knowledge of graft had so impressed Sammy Critz, was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the cheapest room at the Camville Hotel, and he had never been in Chicago or New York. He was not much of a crook but he liked to think he was a hard-boiled tough of the deadliest character.

As a matter of fact Willie Lunk was the misguided son of a wealthy widowed mother in Riverbank, Iowa, and he had begun his career of crime in Davenport. Here he had seen a mother leave her baby outside a store in a baby carriage, and she had left her hand bag for the baby to play with, and Willie Lunk had robbed the baby.

In the hand bag Willie Lunk had found only seven cents, a nursing bottle, three hairpins and a recipe for prune whip, but the mother had come from the store in time to see Willie making off with the hand bag and that was why he was now in hiding. No one was hunting for him but he imagined that all the police forces of America were on his trail.

Willie's devilishness consisted in pulling his cap over one eye, letting a cigaret hang listlessly from his lip and spitting through his teeth. With this he sported an attitude of world-weary cynicism which he expressed by saying of everyone whose name was mentioned, "Aw, rats, bo! Take it from me, that guy's nothin' but a dirty crook!"

"Well, now, Mr. Lunk," Mr. Critz said when Willie came to the house, "I guess Sammy told you whut I wanted to see you about; we've got to get started at this graftin' business before the folks begin to get impatient over nothin' bein' done, seems as though, and me and Ira Binzer thought maybe you could help us some."

"Yeah? Is that so!" said Willie Lunk sarcastically. "Well, I'll tell you about that Binzer guy; you take it from me, that guy's nothin' but a dirty crook. See?"

"You don't say!" said Mr. Critz. "I'm real glad to hear you say so, knowin' about such things like you do. I guess maybe if he is we can do some first-class graftin' when we get goin' right. Now——"

"Roscoe Critz," came the voice of Mrs. Critz from the next room, "don't you go and forget them chorus-girl legs on Obert Duff's ceilin' with all your graftin' and stuff."

"No, I wun't, Emmy," said Mr. Critz.

"Say! What about them chorus-girl legs?" asked Willie. "What's the dame peepin' about? What's that ceilin' to her?"

"It's sort of why I come to be the Boss Tweed of this town," Mr. Critz explained. "Emmy, she's sort of disgusted with that ceilin' of Obe's and that's why we threw Obe out of the mayor's chair. But I reckon we ain't goin' to have much trouble about that ceilin', Willie. Soon as town council meets I aim to pass an ord'nance forbiddin' legs on ceilin's."

"Yeah? Well, you take it from me," said Willie, "them councilmen ain't nothin' but a bunch of dirty crooks."

"I hope they be," said Mr. Critz, "but to get down to this graftin' business——"

"What's the matter with the ceilin'?" asked Willie Lunk.

"Hey?" queried Mr. Critz. "The ceilin'?"

"The ceilin'," repeated Willie. "Listen, bo! if you're goin' to graft you've got to graft, haven't you? Aw, wake up! Go on and tell Obe Duff you're goin' to pass an ordinance to chase them pictures off his ceilin', see? What's he? He ain't nothin' but a dirty crook. Tell him you're goin' to put through an ordinance, and then I go around to him and——"

Willie rubbed his thumb against his forefinger in the sign that means "Money! Come across!"

"I say, 'Come across, and old Critz will forget it,'" Willie explained. "There's your graft if you ain't just talkin' through your hat. Leave him have his legs on his ceilin' if he comes across right, see?"

"Roscoe!" came the voice of Mrs. Critz from the next room. "Roscoe Critz, you wun't do nothin' of the kind! Them legs has got to come down."

"Now, Emmy," said Mr. Critz pleadingly, "don't you interfere in this."

"I will, too, interfere," said Mrs. Critz, coming to the door with her sewing in her hand. She was a large plump woman and she quite filled the doorway, and her usually placid face showed her disapprobation. "Roscoe," she said, "us women elected Plato Hammond to get them pictures off Obe Duff's ceilin', and off they've got to come! That's my word, and it's a word with the bark on it."

"Now, Emmy," said Mr. Critz patiently, "whut we promised when election was goin' on is one thing, and whut we have to do to get this graftin' business under way is quite another. Folks has got to put up with disappointments when election is over. Willie has give us a real good idea and it's the only one we've got so far, so I guess we'll go right ahead with it. Folks has got to put up with one thing and another if they want to have crooks in gov'ment offices. I guess, Emmy, you and the ladies can keep your eyes shut when you go to get your hair trimmed off."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Critz. "I'm goin' to go and get Mrs. Keech and go down and tell Obert Duff this very minute!"

MR. CRITZ waited until he heard the front door slam, and then he heaved a sigh.

"That's how politics is," he said sadly; "bustin' families wide apart. Now we got Emmy against us. Howsoever, a man's got to do his duty; women don't seem to understand these things."

"Say, listen!" said Willie from the depths of his cynicism. "Women, they're nothin' but a bunch of dumb-bells; you got to treat 'em rough, see?"

"Well, I don't know as Emmy is as dumb as some," Mr. Critz said, for he was not a little worried.

"Aw, forget it!" said Willie Lunk. "You give me a pain! What I want to know is what I get out of this."

"The' ain't so many offices to hand out, Willie," Mr. Critz told him. "I was talkin' to Ira Binzer and he

thought maybe he could put you onto the police force—dog police or somethin'—but seems as if law requires a policeman has got to be a citizen of the town. I sort of figure the best job would be to make you watchman to the fire house. It don't pay much but when we get to graftin' in good shape your share ought to be right considerable."

The fire house of Rescue Volunteer Hose Company No. 1 (and only) was a two-story building and in front of it hung an old locomotive drivewheel tire and a sledge hammer for sounding fire alarms. The fire house was heated, and was used by the members of the company as a place in which to play pinochle and poker. A door at the side opened on the stairs that led to the second story, which was used as a town hall. Here was one room used as a council room, and three other smaller rooms, one for the town clerk, one for the mayor, and one for the chief of police.

As MR. CRITZ explained to Willie, the duties of the watchman were neither arduous nor difficult. He could have a bed in the fire house, need sweep out only once or twice a week, must keep up the fires and, unless someone beat him to it, clang the fire alarm when a fire broke out. As Mr. Critz, as boss of Camville, meant to make his headquarters in the mayor's office, it would be handy to have Willie, as advisory grafter, right in the building, particularly as Mrs. Critz now threatened to be antagonistic.

When Friday came the Camville Weekly Eagle gave the result of the election the headline display deserved by such an event, and the leading editorial of Editor G. W. Jones bore the title, "A Bigger and Better Camville."

"The election of Professor Plato Hammond as mayor carries with it, ye Editor understands, a circumstance of much greater importance to our little city. We hear that Mr. Roscoe Critz, having managed the campaign for a Bigger and Better Camville, becomes the political boss of our town and has already begun work in that important position. Mr. Critz promises to drag Camville out of the stagnation in which it has so long floundered, and to introduce here the same up-to-date grafting methods that have made New York, Philadelphia and Chicago huge and prosperous.

"We have it on good authority that Mayor Hammond and the three newly elected members of the council are thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Critz in this praiseworthy effort, and that Chief of Police Ira Binzer will do his share by assuring us a corrupt police force. Mr. William Lunk has been appointed watchman of the fire house and graft adviser to the new administration. Mr. Lunk is known in metropolitan underworld circles as Willie the Rat."

On an inside page was a brief item to the effect that an ordinance would be adopted at the next council meeting prohibiting the exhibition of chorus-girl and other female legs on barber-shop ceilings under penalty of five hundred dollars fine, sixty days in jail, or both.

"Thus already," added the Eagle, "we find Boss Critz and his henchmen busy in the interest of a Bigger and Better Camville."

All day Saturday Mr. Critz sat in his cane rocker in the mayor's office over the fire house waiting for Obert Duff to come and ask for terms, but Mr. Duff did not come, and about five o'clock Mr. Critz walked across the hall to the office of Chief of Police Binzer.

"Ira," he said, "I don't know whut's the matter with Obert Duff. It don't seem likely he's as dumb as it looks like."

"What's the matter, Roscoe? Ain't he been up to talk graft yet?"

"He ain't been nigh me," Mr. Critz said. "Land knows that piece George Wash'n'ton Jones had in the paper ought to be plain enough of a hint to him."

"Well, Satid'y is sort of a bad day for him, Roscoe," Mr. Binzer suggested. "Busiest day Obert's got, everybody gettin' shaved for Sunday."

"Don't look right, somehow, Ira," Mr. Critz said. "Wouldn't doubt a mite that Emmy and that Keech woman has gone and put him up to somethin'. I guess maybe you'd better go down and tell Obert whut's whut."

"How much graft do you figure we'd ought to ask him to have that ord'nance sidetracked?" Mr. Binzer asked.

"There's ten of us ought to get a share out of it, countin' Willie Lunk," Mr. Critz said, pulling at his goatee. "A dollar apiece ain't a mite too much, the way I look at it. You tell Obert right out clear and plain he's got to hand over ten dollars if he wants to keep them pink papers on his ceilin'."

Mr. Binzer hesitated. "I sort of feel like we hadn't ought to splurge out too heavy right at the start," he said. "Dollar is a lot of money, Roscoe. Seems like fifty cents would be sort of more reasonable till we get folks used to it."

"I don't know but whut that's good sense," Mr. Critz agreed, "but you tell Obert I ain't goin' to put up with no nonsense; he's got to graft us five dollars or peel off them pictures, or take the consequences when council meets."

Mr. Binzer departed on his errand but in half an hour he was back, and he did not look any too well pleased. Mr. Duff had received him with anything but cordiality. He had stated flatly that he was not going to pay any graft whatever.

"He wun't, wun't he?" snapped Mr. Critz. "That's how he talks, is it? You go on back and tell him the price has gone up to ten dollars, Ira Binzer! And if I've got to wait till Monday it's goin' to be twenty. I ain't goin' to be trifled with, I tell you whut!"

"Well, now, maybe 'tain't as simple as all that," said the chief of police. "Seems like there's a nigger into the woodpile."

"Nigger?" inquired Mr. Critz.

"Aunt Emmy," explained Mr. Binzer. "She's been down there. She told him not to give no graft to nobody. 'Don't you do it,' she said to him. 'Things has come to a nice pass if folks has to give graft to Roscoe Critz when his own lawful wife is against it.' That's what she told him, boss."

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Critz. "Well, for land's sake! A man can't understand a woman nohow. They don't know their minds one minute after another. First nothin' would do but I elect Obert out of office to get them legs off his ceilin', and now she's goin' to leave them on it just to upset plans I went and made. Whut else did she say?"

"She said you was a well-meanin' old codger, or words to that effect, but that electin' an old fossil like Plato Hammond had gone to your head and made you think you amounted to more than you was," Mr. Binzer told him. "She said, if it came right down to it, it was the female vote licked Obert, and she did not expect to live to see the day when the ladies of Camville couldn't handle you like a hen handles a worm.

"She told Obert that her and Mrs. Keech and the Ladies' Garden and Poetry Club was takin' a firm stand against graft and corruption in any and all forms, and would stand back of him if he'd fight you."

"Whut did he say to that?"

"He said he'd fight you," said Mr. Binzer, and Mr. Critz was silent.

He had no false ideas regarding his wife's influence with the ladies of Camville. On the other hand he was of the opinion that women had no business meddling in politics—after election was over. He went over his forces in his mind.

Of Mr. Binzer and Mayor Hammond he had no doubt. The city council consisted of six members, and three had been elected on his ticket. Mr. Wulk, the odd-jobs man, Mr. Critz was sure of. Mr. Teversham ran the cigar store and no ladies of Camville yet smoked cigarets, which should make the female influence negligible with him. Mr. Gollick, whose profession was whitewashing and paperhanging, was the only doubtful man, and Mr. Critz resolved to make sure of him beyond any doubt. Of the three holdover members of the council Mr. Critz believed he could count on the vote of Mr. Vidder because Obert Duff had once cut off a piece of his ear while cutting his hair and Mr. Vidder had never forgiven Mr. Duff for that.

But even without the vote of Mr. Vidder, if Mr. Gollick remained faithful, the ordinance prohibiting unclad chorus ladies' limbs on barber-shop ceilings could be carried, for in case of a three-to-three vote the mayor cast the deciding vote.

"Whut did Obe say about scrapin' off them pictures?" Mr. Critz asked.

"I asked him that, too," Mr. Binzer replied, "and he said he'd be durned if he would."

"Well, we'd better go home and get our food," Mr. Critz said. "You stop in and tell Obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know whut to make of it."

At home neither Mr. nor Mrs. Critz said anything about the matter, but Mrs. Critz kept her lips firmly set. Mr. Critz wondered if she had not become an anti-graft and anti-pink-picture fanatic, willing to deceive Obert Duff into thinking she was more powerful than she was, thus lulling him into inaction until the ordinance was passed, and thus at one blow defeating her husband's graft and making sure of the removal of the pictures from Obert Duff's ceiling.

An annoying thought came to Mr. Critz as he ate his pie that Mr. Gollick might be the key to the situation in some way not clear. Mr. Gollick was a paper-hanger and his would be the job of scraping the barber-shop ceiling and putting new paper on it if it came to that, but Mr. Critz could not see how an enlightened self-interest would lead Mr. Gollick to do anything but vote for the ordinance and get the job, or forgo the job and take the graft money. He decided to see Mr. Gollick that evening.

As MR. CRITZ got up from the table someone knocked on the kitchen door. Mrs. Critz got hastily out of her chair.

" 'Tain't for you—I'll go," she said, and a moment later Mr. Critz heard the fresh young voice of Essie Keech.

"It's all right, Aunt Emmy," the daughter of Mrs. Critz' right-hand woman said. "It's fixed, and——"

"My goodness, hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Critz. "Roscoe is in there, listenin'."

"Come in, Essie; let a person have a look at you," Mr. Critz called, and when she came to the door he beamed upon her. "My! My!" he exclaimed. "If you ain't gettin' better-lookin' every day that goes by! Whut was it you was sayin' was all right, Essie?"

In what he said about Essie growing prettier Mr. Critz was right. Simple and sweet, Essie Keech would have been a find for any motion-picture producer.

"Oh, I couldn't tell you what I was talking about, Uncle Roscoe!" she said. "Mother wouldn't like me to. It's politics, Uncle Roscoe."

"Well, if it's politics you might as well speak right out," said Mr. Critz. "I'm the political boss of this town and the sooner folks knows it the better it'll be for 'em. It's goin' to be a pretty serious thing for folks to get the town-hall ring down on 'em, I can tell you! We ain't goin' to have no pity for them that opposes us, and you can tell your ma so. It don't do no good for you to keep back no secrets, Essie; we've got underhand methods to find out everythin'."

"Don't you tell him a word!" snapped Mrs. Critz. "Find out everything! Why, Roscoe Critz, you can't even find a clean undershirt unless I come and put it right in your hand, not if it's right under your nose, and you know it!"

"Things get so mixed up in my bureau drawers, seems as if," said Mr. Critz mildly, and he went forth to converse with Arthur Gollick and to brace him up if he seemed to be weakening.

On the way he stopped to get Chief of Police Binzer and found him in the fire house.

"I'll go 'long with you in a couple of minutes, soon as Willie Lunk gets back," Mr. Binzer said. "He just run over to the drug store to buy him one of them pound boxes of Dainty Lady nut chocolate candies, twelve varieties into each box, special sale marked down to eighty-five cents for this week only."

"Whut's he buyin' chocolates for?" asked Mr. Critz suspiciously. "Whut did he say about it?"

"I guess maybe he's got his eye on some girl," said Mr. Binzer, "but he didn't say much. All he said was that in his opinion Druggist Colson was a dirty crook but eighty-five cents was cheap for them Dainty Lady nut chocolates, twelve varieties in——"

"Never mind about that now," said Mr. Critz. "You said it once already," and as Willie Lunk now appeared, the boss grafter and the promoter of a corrupt police force went to see Mr. Gollick.

Mr. Gollick was not a little surprised by the visit. He assured Mr. Critz that he had not swayed an inch from the crooked path and that he had no thought of doing anything except vote exactly as Mr. Critz ordered when the council had its first meeting on Monday evening.

With Mr. Binzer, Mr. Critz proceeded to visit Councilmen Wulk and Teversham. They found them equally stanch for graft and a Bigger and Better Camville. In addition, one of the hold-over aldermen told Mr. Critz he was to be counted on as a recruit to the graft ring, and Mr. Critz would have been well pleased, if he had not found his wife, when he reached home, seemingly equally satisfied with the outlook.

Sunday passed uneventfully but on Monday Mr. Critz felt a tingle of menace in the air. Mrs. Critz hummed as she worked, and was too cheerful to please Mr. Critz, and when he visited Obert Duff's shop he found Obert stretched out in his barber chair snoring placidly.

A final check-up in the afternoon showed that the four aldermen—out of the total of six—were still true to the graft ring, and Plato Hammond could always be depended upon.

At dinner Mr. Critz asked Mrs. Critz if she meant to attend the council meeting but she said she wouldn't.

"I dare say there'll be enough folks at council meetin' without me," she told him.

"We got it all tied up," Mr. Critz informed her. "Wun't be nothin' to it but jammin' the ord'nance through if Obert Duff don't come across with the graft money. I guess we got you beat, Emmy."

"Well, it's a good thing to know when it's no use fightin'. Things mostly turns out one way or another, no matter whut folks does. If I'm asleep when you come in wake me up and let me know how it come out," said Mrs. Critz, and Mr. Critz said he would do so.

The council room had never held such a crowd as was jammed into it when Mr. Critz arrived there. Obert Duff had come early and had secured a good seat far up front. Mr. Binzer, his new star gleaming on his coat, met Mr. Critz.

"He ain't come across, Roscoe," he said. "I been goin' up to him every minute or two but he don't shell out. And I guess you'll have to set alongside of Plato and sort of run things."

Mr. Critz advised Mr. Binzer to stand around where Mr. Duff could see him in case he decided to come across with the graft money at the last minute, when he saw that the ring meant business.

The meeting began stormily with cheers and hisses as Mr. Critz took a chair beside Mayor Hammond, and by the time Mr. Critz asked, "Mr. Town Clerk, is there any ord'nances to take up?" the confusion was most annoying.

"Hammer on the table with that mallet," Mr. Critz shouted in Plato's ear, and when Mayor Hammond said, "Hey?" Mr. Critz himself took the gavel and beat upon the table violently.

"Folks," he said in the moment of silence, "we got an ord'nance here regardin' pictures on barber-shop ceilin's——" But before he could say more his nephew Sammy came squirming through the crowd to the table.

"Uncle Roscoe! Uncle Roscoe!" he cried in great excitement. "Aunt Emma and a lot of ladies have got out the fire pump and they're pumping the attic over Obert Duff's barber shop full of water."

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Critz. "Is that whut them women is up to? Folks, council meetin' is adjourned. Obert, the ladies is wreckin' your shop."

Nothing more he said was heard, being lost as the crowd emptied itself into the street. They found Mrs. Critz, Mrs. Keech and a dozen other ladies of the Camville Garden and Poetry Club working the handles of the fire pump, while Essie Keech and Willie Lunk, on the roof of the shed back of the barber shop, poured a stream of water into the attic.

When Obert Duff unlocked the barber shop he found that not only the offending pink pictures but the ceiling itself had fallen. There was no longer any sense in passing an ordinance; the first graft scheme of Mr. Critz was ruined.

"For the land's sake, Emmy!" Mr. Critz said when he was at home again. "Town'll have to pay for a new ceilin' for Obert, seein' Willie is a town employee and went and took the fire pump out. It's goin' to cost the town thirty or forty dollars. That's no way to do."

"Well, Roscoe, we got them legs off that ceilin' and we put a stop to your graftin' off of Obert Duff," said Mrs. Critz, "and I guess us ladies is satisfied, if you ain't. I dare say the Camville Garden and Poetry Club can give an oyster supper and raise enough to buy Obert Duff a new ceilin', even if whut we had to pay Willie Lunk did about empty our treasury."

Mr. Critz looked at Mrs. Critz sharply. "Whut say?" he demanded. "Whut did you pay Willie Lunk?"

"Well, Roscoe," said Mrs. Critz, "we sent Essie Keech around to sort of get on the good side of him, and when she had him buyin' candy for her, we had her give him ten dollars to let us take out the fire pump."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Critz. "Just think of that! Why, he ain't nothin' but a dirty crook!"

There was a knock on the door, and Willie the Rat entered. His cap was pulled over one eye and a cigaret hung from his lower lip. He turned his head toward the stove and spat through his teeth, at the same time tossing a small roll of one-dollar bills to Mr. Critz.

"Say, boss, there's your graft," he said. "If it wasn't for me you wouldn't get nowhere, see? I shook 'em down, see? But, say, you listen to me! You look out for the dames, see? They ain't nothin' but a lot of crooks!"

Mr. Critz counted the money and put it in his vest pocket. Mrs. Critz uttered a snort of anger. Then Mr. Critz took the money from his pocket again and handed Willie a one-dollar bill.

"There's your split, Willie," he said in his gentle kindly voice. "It cheers a man up to find out a young feller like you is honest. You keep right on this way, Willie, and some day you'll be mayor or somethin'."

Then he went down-cellar for a pitcher of cider.

Elizabeth, Kitty and Jane *by Sinclair Lewis* (*Continued from page 69*)

had graduated and accepted a position with the Algonquin Company—which means that by prayer and unholy influence he had got a job—his last evening in Applegate was spent with Elizabeth.

They had been childhood sweethearts; they had gone to Sunday-school picnics together. It is true that so recently as a week ago, Ralph had been joyously insane about a coed at McGlish, but tonight he felt that all his life he had adored Elizabeth's dear gentleness.

"Say, golly, I certainly am going to miss you, Beth!" he agonized.

"Oh, no, you won't. Honest*ly!* Down in New York, with all the peachy girls down there, and all these big parties and everything. Jiminy, I would like to see New York sometime! But Daddy just won't take me when he goes. Oh, I'm just a little country mouse. You'll forget my name in one sec after you've got there!"

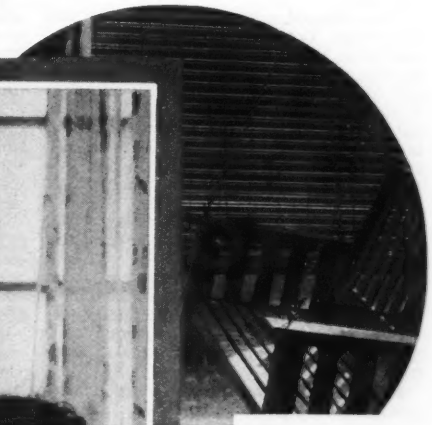
And, a moment, the placid Elizabeth was melancholy. She leaned her little chin on her crossed hands; her blue eyes were blurred; her golden hair was soft. Mariana in the Moated Grange—the Lady of Shalott among gray walls—a kind spirit, too delicate for the city's hard clamor.

That, in substance, is what Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth thought. But to be just to Good Old McGlish, to prove that its classical training does not incapacitate students for more virile belligerence later, it may be stated that Ralph did not put it in any so high-falutin a manner.

Literally, he meditated, "Golly, Beth certainly is one swell kid. Too darn' nice for the wild babies in New York. She's like—what was those two dames we studied in the Tennyson and Browning course? But anyway—— Golly, she certainly is the sweetest kid! Just *sweet!* Yessir, that's what she is—sweet!"

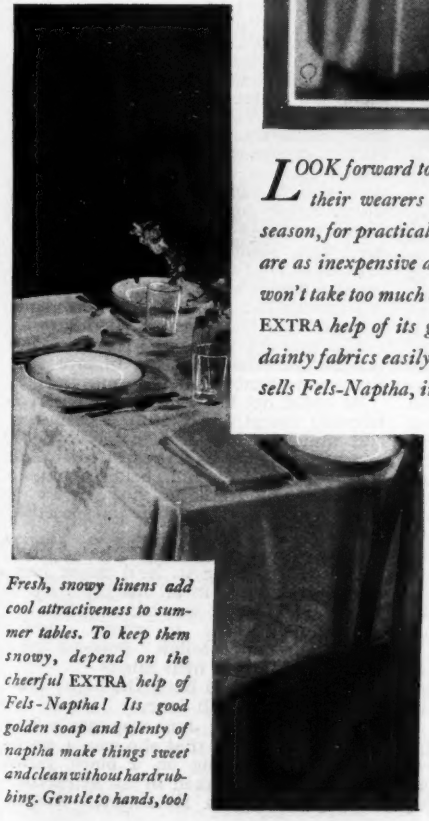
Some Extra Help for Summer—

In summer the journey from linen closet to clothes hamper is a brief one—and washings grow in proportion. For EXTRA *help with just such tasks, "nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." Put it on today's grocery list!*

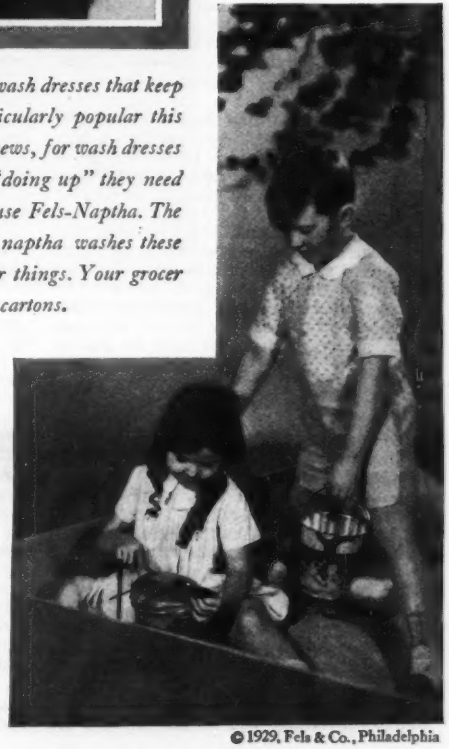


When the cool, shady porch begins to lose some of its freshness—when cushions grow dingy and the floor is rain-streaked—use Fels-Naptha again! For this soap gives to all household cleaning the same EXTRA *help that makes your washing so much easier . . . Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a supply today.*

LOOK forward to a comfortable summer! The kind of wash dresses that keep their wearers feeling fresh and cool will be particularly popular this season, for practically every hour of the day. That's good news, for wash dresses are as inexpensive as they are smart—and the frequent "doing up" they need won't take too much out of either the dresses or you, if you use Fels-Naptha. The EXTRA *help of its good golden soap and dirt-loosening naptha washes these dainty fabrics easily—and as safely as it does your heavier things. Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha, in single bars or the convenient ten-bar cartons.*



Fresh, snowy linens add cool attractiveness to summer tables. To keep them snowy, depend on the cheerful EXTRA *help of Fels-Naptha! Its good golden soap and plenty of naptha make things sweet and clean without hard rubbing. Gentle to hands, too!*



Play suits like these let youngsters have a lively, healthy good time—and Fels-Naptha makes play suits wonderfully practical. It gives EXTRA *help that is kind to colors, yet takes out even ground-in dirt without hard rubbing. (Fels-Naptha is more than soap—it's good golden soap blended with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. So much naptha you can smell it down to the last thin sliver of soap. No wonder Fels-Naptha makes all of your washing easier!)*

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Aloud, he urged, "Oh, Lord, and I've got to go down to N. Y. and leave you here! The way I'm going to miss you—— You say I'll forget you! Say, listen! Didn't I go through McGlish? And believe me, maybe McGlish ain't as big as some of these universities, but it's got the snappiest bunch of coeds in the country. And did I fall for 'em? I did not! Because I was thinking about you, all the time.

"Say, I'm going to make good with the Algonquin Company. You watch me! And then I'm going to send for—— Say, honest, you say you're a country mouse, but you'll be the greatest hit in New York! I'll bet they're tired of these jazz babies, and a girl like you, so nice and lovely manners and beautiful and all, the whole town 'll fall for you and—— Will you marry me, Beth, when I get going, will you, will you?"

He was eager and young, blue-eyed and curly headed, and she looked on him fondly.

So, while he sat in his furnished room in New York, Ralph thought of Elizabeth as his fiancée, and wrote her quantities about himself and a little about New York and nothing at all about Kitty Carruth.

He met Kitty two months after his arrival in New York, at a time when he was so lonely, so depressed and so particularly girl-less that he was writing to Elizabeth every evening, and making advances to a lunch-room waitress. Kitty was the sister of a McGlish alumnus—a superior young man doing extremely well in the patent-medicine business—and Kitty was a human drowned cat.

She was pretty in a meager way and she caught attention by her flagrantly arty frocks of raw silk in mustard color and topaz and apricot, but she was always so woebegone unless some male was paying attention to her that she looked as though her fur were all wet and her little heart broken, and you wanted to comfort her—or box her ears. Thin and slight, easy to cuddle, with black hair not very orderly, and a face which she liked to have men call "elfin."

Kitty lived to love, but she never yet had found a male who could stand as much love as she wanted to pour out.

Ralph thought her "romantic" and "mysterious," and asked her if she wasn't "artistic."

"Oh, of course I play the piano and I've been painting quite a lot, but I'm a terrible little amateur. I think I'll be a writer. I've heard so much about you—my brother says you played *wonderful* basketball at McGlish."

Ralph had noticed that Kitty had brightened immensely at his attentions. He took a satisfied look at himself in an imaginary mirror and told her why he hadn't quite made the basketball team and how rotten were the players who had made the team and how good he was at baseball.

KITTY had a genius for listening to young men—that is, up to the point when she was intimate enough to say, "Oh, you didn't phone me yesterday—you don't love me any more!"

"Golly, this is the first good evening I've had in this ole town. I don't know a soul, except a coupla classmates!" Ralph exulted, when they had agreed that they loved dancing, and that it was often better to Stay Home and Read a Good Book than to play poker all night. "Say, I wish I could see you again. Couldn't we go to a movie sometime soon? Maybe your brother could come along."

"Well—I had an engagement for tomorrow evening, but it was broken off because of sickness. But I don't think my brother could go!"

So it came to pass that on the next evening Ralph was no longer girl-less—and that he was considerably less lonely for Elizabeth. He sat as close as he could to Kitty in the movie palace, which was a Gothic cathedral with Moslem trimmings, and presently he was holding her hand and excited about it.

She was slight and tender and feminine; she leaned against his shoulder and made him feel powerful and masculine; and when he had taken her home, in the vestibule of her apartment house he kissed her hair—so soft it was.

He saw Kitty, then, five times a week. They danced on Broadway, they dined in what they believed to be artistic cafés in the Village; on Sunday they tramped the Palisades. And, though he did not write to Elizabeth much less, he was altogether disturbed.

Elizabeth was a little princess; she belonged to the elms and white houses. But neither Elizabeth nor any of the McGlish coeds had ever admired him like Kitty. She said that he was handsome, clever, and brave; she said that it was just a shame that the Algonquin Company hadn't yet raised him. She kissed him without fear.

So with her he had a much better time than with Elizabeth, and Elizabeth's gentle charms he might have forgotten altogether had he not gone home for Christmas and seen her, in cloth of gold, as Queen Bess, shy and exquisite.

When he had returned to New York, Ralph felt now and then that Kitty, as he put it, "wanted to grab all a fellow's time—gee, might juswell be married to her!" If he spent an evening without her, she demanded to know where he had been, jealously demanded whether there had been other girls on the party.

"Good Lord, you must think you're the truant officer!" he barked at her on the telephone. "Don't you ever figure I might like a few evenings to myself?"

"But I keep all my evenings for you—I'm always keen to do whatever you want, Ralph, dearest, and, oh, don't be angry—it's just because I love you."

And that was so true that it abashed him. Kitty asked for nothing save to be loved, to give. She couldn't have gold-dug to save her life; she never had teased him to announce that they were engaged, although frightened little things she said about how nice it would be to have a "ducky little house in Pelham with a blue and white kitchen" hinted that, at her lord's will, she hoped they were to be married.

Ralph fretted—and forgot his irritation in the assurance of her kisses—and was ashamed of them afterward when he thought of Elizabeth—and wrote equal numbers of notes to Kitty and to Elizabeth when he was sent to Washington for a week's selling—and became about as furiously mixed-up, and as determined never to think of any woman again, and as occupied with thinking of nothing much else, as a young man could have been—and then he met and fell in love with Miss Jane Gartz.

Jane was tall and dismayingly efficient; she was tall and pale, her black hair was smooth as black enamel, and she wore smart forbidding suits. She was secretary to the purchasing agent of the Watch Us Grow Chain Stores, in whose office Ralph met her, and between curt business days she read biology, James Joyce, the history of industrialism and the price lists of rival chains.

When Ralph first called on the Watch Us Grow, the purchasing agent was busy. Ralph had to wait an unholy time, and he tried to talk to Jane, at her typing machine. He did, too, but she showed no large degree of listening.

He said that it was a "fine wide day for the kind of weather it was," and she looked at him as though he were a cockroach.

He said that he hoped she didn't strain her lovely eyes looking through that whopping big two-volume dictionary before her—he himself was not like most of these salesmen—he was a real college man, McGlish, class of '27—and she informed him, with no waste of words, that she had never heard of McGlish and that she was from Vassar.

But after his conference with the purchasing agent, during which Jane had to be present to check price lists, she murmured to Ralph, "Well, at least you're not a bad salesman—or you won't be, when you grow up."

He must have looked young and rather wistful. She smiled at him. He was quick to rush in:

"You thought I was fresh! I'm awfully sorry. I was just trying to be friendly. I suppose sometimes a salesman on his rounds gets too chummy, but it's because he has to see so many people that he simply couldn't stand if he couldn't be jolly. I'm sorry. Good-by!"

HE LEFT swiftly. He may totally have lacked intelligence but he was not without instincts, and Jane was rather pleasant to him when he next came to the Watch Us Grow. He entirely changed his "line" with her; he was no longer virile and urbane and full of wise-cracks; he was sweet and unsophisticated, though keen, and he looked reverently to the queenly Jane for instruction in how to get along in New York.

He even dug up his college notebooks and found a quotation from Swinburne which he was able to bring in quite usefully, though he was surprised to learn from Jane that Swinburne wasn't really the newest young poet now being read by the intelligentsia.

She went with him to dinner—he was as good an audience to her as ever Kitty Carruth had been to him—and he discovered that women as proud and handsome and intelligent as Jane may be lonely in New York; may be lonelier than little rattle-wits, because they cannot make approaches. Being lonely, Jane accepted perhaps a quarter of the invitations to dine, dance and go to the movies which Ralph gushed upon her.

He discovered that Jane was probably the most beautiful and certainly the most intelligent woman in the world, and for the first time in his life he did not fall in love but rose into love—he really did, even Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth.

And this did not in the least simplify the complications of being in love with Kitty and Elizabeth at the same time.

He could not lose Elizabeth. She represented everything that had been cool and white and northern in his boyhood, and he felt guilty as he remembered how she had waited for him, believed him to be the Great Man that now, in Jane's brusque presence, he sometimes seemed not to be. But Kitty——

He was tired of Kitty. He hated to be cruel to her—hang it, he'd never been mean to anybody in all his life (this is his version) but it was her own fault if she made herself so cheap, always hangin' around a fellow. Suppose Jane saw him with that little minx!

He telephoned to Kitty the night after his first dinner with Jane.

It was not late. Jane apparently had enjoyed forgetting that she was a working woman, putting on a black velvet frock and being taken by an attractive-looking male to a restaurant. But at

John Barrymore · F. Scott Fitzgerald · Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. · vote her the

Most Beautiful Young Mother

John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Richard O'Connor

of Dover, New Jersey . . . chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful young mother

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"MORE THAN ANYTHING—I would teach a child to tell the truth!"

She looks at you with beautiful, cloudless blue eyes—eyes that seem no older than those of her little boy. She is only twenty-two. Her beauty is of a delicate, reticent sort; golden hair, as bright as silk; a skin of that wonderful morning-glory purity that is hardly ever seen in people after early childhood. Her manner has the candour and simplicity of a child's.

But her mind is that of a woman; resolute, courageous, sincere, truthful.

She made a romantic marriage at sixteen. Her baby was born when she was seventeen. She has had to face realities early. It has given her an unusual maturity of thought and outlook.

She loves babies; loves to dress them, bathe them, feed them. "That's the fun of having children. I wouldn't have a nurse for Jimmy Dick, no matter how much money I had."

Her fresh beauty made such an instant appeal to her judges that all three unanimously voted her first among lovely young mothers.

She has been a Woodbury user for years, and attributes her extraordinarily beautiful skin to the fact that she never uses any soap but Woodbury's on her face. "I always wash my face with warm water and Woodbury's soap at night. It does something for my skin that no other soap seems to do. It gives it a fresh, live, stimulated feeling—and at the same time keeps it perfectly soft and smooth."

THE SERIES OF beautiful Woodbury users now running shows us that charm of feature, of coloring, may vary in their appeal for every different individual. But the charm of a beautiful skin is universal. It touches every heart, appeals to everyone alike.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of beautiful women throughout America to gain and keep a clear, fresh, flawless complexion.

Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap. No matter what faults your complexion may have—Woodbury's will help you to overcome them. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet that is around each cake, find the treatment your skin needs. Start using it regularly tonight! *You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"*

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1613 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1613 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

nine she suddenly wanted to go home, and afterward he telephoned to Kitty.

"Hello, hon."

"Oh, Ralph *darling*, I didn't know you were going to call me up!"

"Uh-huh, so you've got some other handsome guy there for this evening!"

"Ralph darling, you know I haven't!"

"What're you doing?"

"Oh, my brother's got some people in for bridge. Don't you want to come up and take a hand? I'd love to drop out."

"Oh, rats; I don't feel like bridge. Come take a walk."

"I'd love to, but Ad would be furious—leave 'em one short on the game."

"Let 'em get somebody else. They can phone for somebody, can't they? What the deuce! Tell 'em you got a headache, and meet me on the corner of Lexington. I'll be right up."

HE PROPERLY assumed that she would obey. All the way up, in the subway—and that was the first time he began to be maddened by the sound of "Elizabeth, Kitty and *Jane*" as sung by the wheels—he was exalted by the continuing presence of Jane and by a sudden plan to get rid, painlessly, of Kitty which seemed worthy of even the most strategic salesman of the Algonquin Company.

A lesser strategist, he thought proudly, would have told her he was called out of town. But then she'd check up on him, telephone him at the office, and he'd be caught. Not for little Ralphy!

She was waiting for him on the corner. When he dashed up to her—so boyish and jolly—he had first to take her into a dark doorway and kiss her before she would let him speak. This made him irritable, but he concealed it, as a gentleman and a McGlish man should. Then:

"Gee, I've got some great news for you! Still, it's kind of hard luck on us, too. They've promised to make me an assistant sales manager. But that means I've got to work in the factory every evening."

"Oh, darling, every evening?"

"Yep, I'm afraid so. *And* Sundays. They're running the factory twenty-four hours a day now. And it's 'way over in Long Island City—golly, that means I'll have to hump myself out there every afternoon the minute the office closes. I won't hardly have a chance to see you, ever. But maybe it won't last long."

"Ralph! Don't you love me any more? Don't you want to see me any more?"

For her to break out in this ridiculous way, when he had been so nice and friendly with her! His voice wasn't at all friendly now, but reasonably vicious:

"Well, for the love of Mike! So I suppose you think I'm lying! Can you beat that?"

"Oh, no, no! Oh, no, dear, of course I know you're not lying. But the way you spoke—you spoke as if you didn't care if we didn't see each other so much."

"I might have expected it! Here I get my first big chance at advancement, and I hustle right up here to tell you, first thing—I thought you cared enough for me so you'd be excited at my succeeding, and then you call me a liar and say I don't love you!"

She sobbed very much; he kissed her—only it was Jane that he was kissing—and he forgave her handsomely.

He was awakened next morning by a telegram from Kitty begging him to call her up and forgive her some more. He did not telephone. With a fine righteousness he determined not to see her again.

And that evening, though he was alone, because he had not persuaded Jane to go out with him, he nearly managed to forget Kitty. That was because he was feeling guilty about Elizabeth and explaining in a letter that the reason he hadn't written to her for ten days was that he had had the 'flu—how he had thought of her and the elms of Applegate as he lay suffering!

He was interrupted by a special-delivery letter. It was from Kitty:

> Dear Boy, spring is coming. I've been out walking on the Palisades, utterly wretched, but maybe a little less so because I found *our* tree, that dear little white birch that you said looked like a nymp and it was in bud and there was such a sweet clean smell about it that I cheered up and realized what a little silly I was last night, oh forgive me, telephone and tell me you forgive me, I won't call you up till you call me up because I don't want to annoy you but call me up and say some nice silly dear thing forgive me for being such a fool last night, it was all because I loved you so.

Ralph became poetically sentimental over the part about the white birch, but when he had finished the note he stamped through his room, raging, "I'm not going to be bullied! Nobody can bully me, man *or* woman! If a fellow doesn't love somebody, then he don't love her, and that's all there is to it!"

Admiring himself for his determination, a quality which had not hitherto been particularly notable in Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth, he did not answer Kitty's note, or any of the three notes which came in the week. But he did see her again in a fortnight.

Jane Gartz was not extremely susceptible to the Don Juan of the ukuleles who had been such a success with the girls in Old McGlish. She did occasionally dine with him, once let him take her to the theater, but she as good as told him that she saw him at all only because her mother had died not long ago, leaving her devastatingly lonely. Thus almost girl-less, Ralph wrote daily to Elizabeth—wrote himself again into a belief that he adored her—and after two weeks he abruptly called up Kitty and ordered her to go to the movies with him.

She broke the other engagement she had.

She sobbed when he forgave her—he was a little confused as to just what he was forgiving her for, but that did not keep him from doing a most handsome and gentlemanly job of it. And her kisses were sweet. He generously made an engagement with her for next evening and went home convinced that he was in love with Kitty and with her only.

As for that conceited woman with the ridiculous name of Jane Gartz, he vowed, "She can go to the dickens, that's what she can do! I'll never call her up again. Jane! Thinks she's so smart! Thinks she can bully me! I'm not going to be bullied by nobody! Nobody can bully me, man *or* woman!

"I think I'll marry Elizabeth, maybe, when I go home for vacation this summer. Besides, she's the only one that's got any money. But Kitty—golly, there's a kid that appreciates me—be a shame not to give her a good time. Gentleman's got to be considerate with 'em.

"But I hope I can find a cheap movie to take Kit to tomorrow. Golly, taking that nut Jane to that expensible show about left me flat. Wonder how much Beth will get from her dad—the old frost!"

Next morning Jane Gartz telephoned to him—her first voluntary call—and asked him to dinner at her flat.

Is it really possible that Casanova and Don Juan and Lord Byron and Cellini and Romeo and Aucassin got along in their celebrated affairs before Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone? How did they ever do it?

But I mean to say:

Ralph telephoned to Kitty that the beastly company was sending him out to the factory again and——

There was in Ralph, at Jane's tiny and servantless flat that evening, none of the gay, light, easy splendor with which he had so often entertained McGlish alumni parties. He did sing "The Sultan's Wi-ives Have Gotten the Hi-ives," but then, that is the funniest song that has ever been written, except for three which may not be mentioned in this chaste chronicle, and it went over immensely with the shockingly highbrow company whom Jane had invited. Two of them were college instructors, and two of them, being their wives, were even more so.

Ralph listened charmingly to Jane and the college instructors—I mean to the instructors' wives—and when it was time to wash the dishes he quietly drove the other guests out of the bathroom-sized kitchen and washed them himself, while Jane wiped. And suddenly he knew, with the greatest yet humblest thrill of his life, that this tall shining being, who should have been a queen instead of being a stenographer in an asinine corporation, despite her angry aloofness really liked him.

First of all, it is a melancholy fact that great women poets, great women scientists, great women politicians, and no few great queens, have not married men of greatness, but rather men so little and cockily servile that other men, by dozens, have quietly committed suicide in wonder as to how it happened.

And second, Jane Gartz had lived with her mother since she had been a child. Her mother had died, dropping with horrible suddenness of heart disease, in that grotesque little kitchen where Ralph and she were washing dishes.

The catastrophe had left Jane anchorless. And quite as anchorless was her slow unwilling discovery that she, who had been adored and cheered by the girls whom she had ruled like Diana among her huntswomen through all the four years of college, was by some mystery a poor woman and a working woman here in Babylon, while those bouncing adorers had somehow married rich men and become distinctly less adoring toward her.

So, I protest, it was not altogether incredible that for these next three months, from the budding of the white birch tree on the Palisades till the coming of summer, Jane should have let herself be persuaded that Ralph could make up to her for her hurt loneliness.

HE was her servant, her lover, her man-child. By diligently reading the book reviews, he guessed which books she would respect, and, to her admiration, brought them to her. He broke down and admitted that once or twice in his life he had been a rotter. And he explained it, perfectly.

His only reachable relative was his widowed mother, back in Applegate, and she never had been able to control an ambitious spirit like his. Also, his teachers in McGlish had been muffs. Never, till he met Jane, had he known a great spirit to lead him on.

She listened to him, her hand quiet in his, and once she kissed him.

But such is the conduct of the world that Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth was cruelly busy, as spring came on. The Algonquin Company claimed his days.

He had to write daily, which came down to once a week, to Elizabeth—hang it, after all, even though he was in love

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by **JANE KENDALL MASON**

JANE KENDALL MASON (*Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.*) *is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.*

IT'S SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin *smooth* and *evenly* browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, does take care!

But I have a simple "sun-tan secret"—the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind and salt water, keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

After my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, just as I do the year round:—

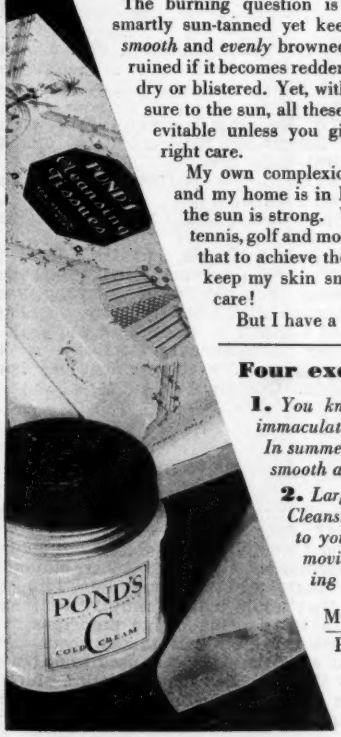
To avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives such a lovely finish for evening!

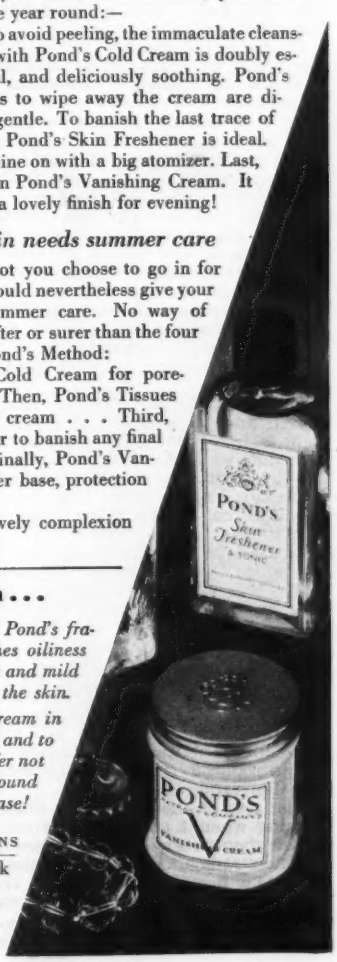
Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than the four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First—Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!





Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin . . .

1. *You know Pond's Cold Cream, for immaculate cleansing all year round. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burn.*

2. *Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are indispensable to your cold cream cleansing, removing dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.*

3. *Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it clears, refines the skin.*

4. *Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And always all year round for protection and powder base!*

MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U, 112 Hudson St., New York

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

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with Jane, still Beth had the money and the family. And he was persecuted by a girl he had once known, a girl called Kitty Carruth.

She telephoned to him, she wrote to him, she in general tried to bully him, and Ralph, whatever he might be (he reflected), was not one who could be bullied.

"Nobody," he admirably reflected, "can bully me, man *or* woman!" He could not avoid seeing her, once, when she had threatened to come to the office. And that night as they walked he explained to her that she had everything wrong: he was a poor man, though about to be a rich one; he was testing her love for him; and if she did not write or telephone to him till the end of July, after his vacation, then he would consent to love, honor and obey.

So, Kitty put by safely, out of his way yet useful for any emergency, he was able to devote himself with glorious completeness to the goddess Jane—except that he was worried by the fact that if he married both Jane and Elizabeth, the authorities, a narrow-minded race, might make trouble.

Now during her mother's life Jane had always gone with her for penurious little vacations to their home town in Pennsylvania. She could not endure the sight of the town by herself. And it was her fretting as to where she was to spend her summer holidays that gave Ralph an inspiration which should have made him famous for life.

He could not decide whether he would marry Jane or Elizabeth. But he could decide if he saw them together. Well, then! Bring them together! Let's see how Jane looked against the sedate, sure background of Applegate!

He bade his mother invite Jane to Applegate for her vacation and, after a preposterous amount of argument, Jane consented.

He had craftily written to Elizabeth that Jane was a business acquaintance whom he wished to please because she might be useful to him; also that Jane had been ill and had "suffered a sad loss." He had casually mentioned Elizabeth to Jane as being a distantly related girl whom he had known for years. So it was that, without either of them being suspicious of the other's designs on their darling, he was able to bring Elizabeth Wood and Jane Gartz together at Elizabeth's house in Applegate.

And he discovered that he loved them equally.

Elizabeth was so soft, so gentle, so golden and so possessed of a fabulously rich father. But Jane was so darkly splendid, so sure of herself, so tantalizingly indifferent to his wheedlings.

It was exasperating how hard life could be on a fine fellow like himself. Simply no justice anywhere!

The two girls, the oriole and the hawk, seemed to like each other. In fact, they made Ralph slightly impatient by the way in which they almost ignored him, never once begged him to sing "The Sultan's Wi-ives," as they talked about dress patterns, motion-picture stars, and Florida.

They were very different, yet Elizabeth so admired Jane's swift competence, Jane so envied Elizabeth her placid background, that they seemed refreshed. Mr. Charles Trout Wood wimbled in, and Jane, at his request, told him which Chain Store stocks were sound investments.

Mr. Wood said that Jane was an up-to-date young woman; Elizabeth said that *oh*, how they wished they had Jane there in Applegate for keeps; Jane said that, don't be silly, she would give her rather good chance to succeed her boss and become purchasing agent of the Watch Us Grow Company—which was news to Mr. Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth—to be able to stay here in the white serenity of Applegate.

And none of the three seemed to need Ralph's royal approval to be happy together.

"Well—by—thunder—can you beat it!" Ralph rebelled. "Say, if those two girls don't watch out—— Say, whatever you may say about her, Kit Carruth does appreciate a guy! She understands how a fellow feels! I'm crazy about both Jane and Beth. But if they can't show a little more interest in a fellow, I'll ditch the whole lot of 'em, yes, you bet, Pa Wood's fortune and all, and marry Kit!"

But when he had gone home, when he lay awake to think that Jane was there in his mother's house, not twenty feet from him, he saw that he must be more forgiving. He must, with characteristic resolution, go on with his plan of discovering whether he would marry Elizabeth or Jane.

He had gracefully planned, for the next day, a picnic of himself and the two girls on the slope of Old Green Mount. Of course, in his virile way, he would carry the lunch basket, but it was rather pleasant to think of himself, afterward, looking across the Connecticut valley while his harem cooked the steak and spread the cloth.

But when they came to the little upland on the mountain, when he had panted and laid down the basket and wiped his brow, Jane remarked agreeably, "Ralph, as soon as you get the lunch ready, will you yell for us? Beth and I are going to tramp on up to the top."

That was why he decided that it was Jane whom he hated, and Elizabeth whom—absolute final decision!—he would marry. Of course! It was only a stuck-up snob like Jane who would condemn him to doing the work at a picnic luncheon.

Elizabeth was a lady, and never would be so selfish. By golly, they could say what they wanted about Ralph Pomeroy Wigglesworth, but it had cer'nly been one great hunch of his to bring the two dames together and see which one he would take!

This philosophical triumph was such that he was enabled to endure the unjust labors of roasting the steak—which he did very badly—and of setting out the luncheon. When he shouted, the two girls strolled back—and they took their own time about it, and that is something which only a male should be permitted to do. Nor had they a word of praise for his cookery.

But he controlled his temper. Elizabeth wasn't to blame. It was all the influence of that snooty Jane, whom he never was going to see again when he had in a polite and gentlemanly way got her back into the jungle of New York.

After their luncheon, Jane was completely indolent. She wanted to lie on the worn old turf and read. So Ralph got Elizabeth aside by announcing in his jolliest way that he wanted her to go with him to see the witch alder they had known as kids.

They sat beneath the witch alder and, holding Elizabeth's hand, Ralph said, "Honey, let's get married while I'm up here."

She patted his hand as a slightly irritated sister might and with tolerant sweetness she said, "Oh, my dear, I don't think you really want to. I'm afraid you've grown away from me while you've been down in the city."

"I swear I——"

"Besides, dear, Jane and I—isn't she a darling!—Jane and I have decided to start a tea room together. She has the experience and I have the money that Mother left me. Sometimes, dear, I don't think you are awfully thoughtful, but my, you certainly were this time, to bring Jane. I just love her!"

Ralph was silent and testy, the next two days. Jane and Elizabeth were so sweetly sisterly to him that he could have killed them. Then he cheered up, because it occurred to him how clever he had been.

He had proved that he loved neither of them, and that he did love Kitty Carruth!

Good old Kitty! How pleased she would be when he went back and told her that he was going to marry her! There was a girl you could depend on, who wouldn't make cruel experiments with an honest heart, like Elizabeth and Jane!

The lively and expectant lover hadn't been in New York an hour before he called Kitty. It was eight of the evening.

"'Lo, Kit, this is Ralph. Throw on your bonnet and meet me at the Grand Central—info' desk."

"Oh, oh, how do you do. Did you have a good vacation?"

"Eh? Sure I did! I said, meet me right away at——"

"I'm sorry, Ralph, but I'm afraid I can't. I have another engagement this evening. You see, I'm going to marry a gentleman that I met recently, and I'm afraid I shan't be able to see you again. I hope the Algonquin Company won't make you work every evening, this hot weather. Good-by."

Girl Wanted—*by Homer Croy* (*Continued from page 61*)

and was silently watching us. Who do you suppose it was? . . . Correct.

I introduced them, but the temperature fell rapidly.

The rest of the scene took place that evening when I got home. Words were tossed about freely; the neighbors turned off their radios. But I would please my wife. I'd fire my stenographer and get one who wasn't so good-looking. Simple.

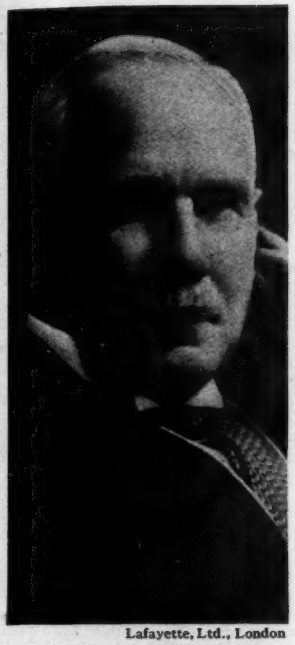
Let her take her pretty face and go somewhere else with it. I'd get another face on the other side of my desk. I'd get the kind of face that would stop an alarm clock. Not only stop it, but *cripple* it.

What if the people who came into my office to see me did take one look at that face and begin to talk about their next appointment? Let them get out as quickly as they wanted to. Good riddance of bad rubbish.

The important thing was to keep my wife satisfied. Wasn't she worth more than all the pretty stenographers in the world? Of course she was.

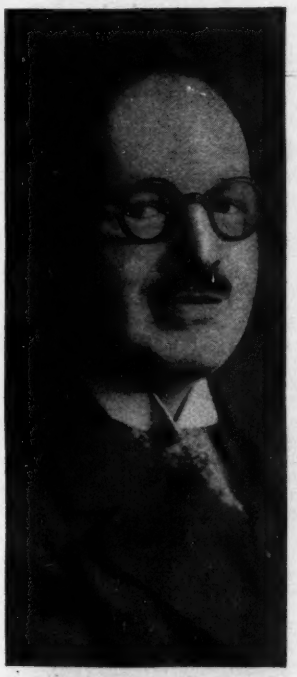
And I wouldn't get a young and giddy stenographer, either. I'd get an old one. Yes, that's what I would do. I'd get one that would make Fanny Ward seem like a tot dancing off to kindergarten. I'd get the kind that talked about the great work Carrie Nation used to do, and who thought that movin'-picture shows were a bad influence, but that John Bunny was a good clean player.

If you could take your health troubles to these great doctors . . .



Lafayette, Ltd., London

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, **Bart., C. B., England's great surgeon, says, "Constipation is civilization's curse. Fresh yeast stimulates intestinal action—has a most important effect on constipation."**



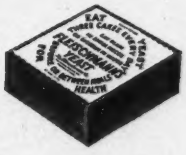
He treated German royalty! **Dr. Kurt Henius, famous lecturer at the University of Berlin, declares, "In constipation, yeast promotes easy elimination. It is a reliable remedy for boils."**

ON the roll of distinguished medical service these seven names stand high!

Bearers of titles and degrees from governments and universities throughout the world, they have led thousands from despondency and ill health to radiant happiness and vigor.

They realize that what they say may influence thousands of people. And unqualifiedly, without hesitation, they say, "For better health—eat yeast!"

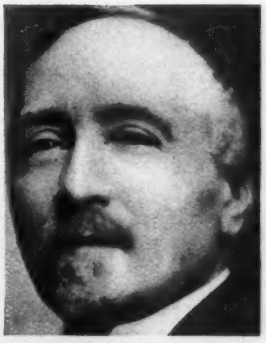
Of course you cannot bring your health troubles to them. But read what they tell you about one important health measure. Benefit by it.



One hundred and forty billion living yeast plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast help prevent the formation and spread of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Better digestion is the quick result. Complexion troubles fade away. Rich new stores of energy are released! Millions already have turned to this modern, *natural* way to health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. K-78, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



The doctor of the schools of Paris, **Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. It reduces the poisons, purifies."**

Decorated by half the governments of Europe, **Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast in all cases of boils and rebellious acne."**

Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, **Dr. Viktor Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."**

The U. S. Government appointed him **its official expert on medicines. Dean Henry Hurd Rusby, M. D., of New York, is Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.**

Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await **the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."**

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

Yes, that's the kind of secretary I'd get. Then I wouldn't have any more trouble. No more. None. Not at all.

I wouldn't put an advertisement in the papers this time, because you can't tell a lady right out in printing that a face doesn't count. No; I would have more finesse than that.

So I called up a couple of employment agencies.

"I want a secretary," I said. "I want brains, not beauty. Send them around tomorrow morning and send the plainest-looking ones you've got. Remember, if a good-looking one comes in I'll kick her out."

Well, I didn't have to be brutal.

Where they came from, I don't know. Where they would be allowed to go after they left me, I don't know.

I was glad that Florenz Ziegfeld wasn't there; the poor man would have had to take another one of his trips to Palm Beach.

Old? Yes. Homely? Correct again. The alarm clock was crippled for life.

"Send them in," I said to the office boy, and then went in and braced myself.

One by one they came in, walking slowly across my office and dropping feebly into the chair. One poor woman —I shall never forget her—said that she recognized the name and was I any relation to Amos Croy?

"He was my father," I answered simply.

Putting on her glasses the woman got up and tottered closer.

"I can see it now!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I can see it. You look just as he did when he was a boy." Then the kindly old lady tottered back to her chair and dropped into it with a sigh. "How time flies," she said.

She was one of the youngest there.

One by one I led them through, taking them by the arm and helping them to the door when I had to, or sometimes sitting still in my chair and resting for a moment when they could manage it alone.

"This won't do," I said to myself. "I don't want this to seem like an Old Folks' Home. I'll get a young girl, but I'll get a homely one. That'll be all right with my wife—I know it will."

And so I called up the agency, woke up the old ladies who had dozed off in the waiting room and told them I had made other arrangements.

That afternoon a lively, spirited girl came bounding in. Her face wasn't much to look at—not nearly so easy on the eyes as my first stenographer's—but she was young.

She hadn't said five words before I was ten years younger. God hadn't done much for her when He had touched the little button that drops the faces, but she had Other Things. Figure? She would have made Ann Pennington look like an old Salvation Army lady ringing a bell on a street corner at Christmas time. She had what Elinor Glyn meant.

"I'll take you," I said. "You may begin at once."

Did it work out the way you think? The answer is in the negative. Her face was nothing to think about the last thing before going to sleep at night; Harrison Fisher could sit across the table from it all evening and still keep his composure, but she had, as I say, Other Things.

"I see through you like a plate window," my wife said, after she had viewed my find. "Trying to fool me, aren't you? You get one that isn't so good-looking, but ten times as *sexy*."

Sexy! I hadn't thought of that, honestly. I swear I hadn't. She just seemed —well, nice to have around the office and I'd hired her.

Then what do you think my wife did? Hired one herself, and put her in the office. She's capable and efficient and all that, but she doesn't dress up the office a bit.

My customers are going to notice it, too. It'll probably hurt business. I told my wife so, but she only said, "I don't care if it does. You're not going to put anything like that over on me."

That's the reason I say that I don't understand wives, either. Nobody does.

Clouded Ivory *by Jean Stark* (*Continued from page 79*)

worship down on paper. There might be sweet tragedy in distant worship.

Maria Belle. Lulu. Maria Belle bored him. And Lulu had bored him long ago, perhaps because of her tenacity. Black woman's tenacity, but it was honest. Lulu usually said what she thought. But that wasn't enough, not nearly enough; there had to be something in the thought.

Lulu put her arms around him. The radio blared forth the jazz offering of the hour. "Dance, Gomez—*h*oney?"

His handsome, insolent face remained handsome, insolent and remote. But his arm went mechanically about her and in a moment they were part of an impressively involved and splendid rhythm.

Maria Belle's other guests watched them for a moment, approvingly, but with no more than casual approbation. All of them could dance as well as Gomez and Lulu, and soon they did. Maria Belle's apartment seemed to expand to accommodate the dozen moving, intent couples. After a few minutes, the female half of a couple that had been "stepping" close to the door hurried over to Lulu.

"Hey, Lu! Yuh got com'ny askin' for yuh. Says she's got a present f' the pahty and wants t' give it t' yuh *puh*son'lly. White lady."

Gomez released Lulu. Lulu froze in her green velvet slippers. Why, what had made Miss Susan come here? Was it because she couldn't get anyone to carry the stuff? Was it because she didn't want to disappoint?

"Move on, girl," Gomez said. "Got to entertain your company."

Almost before the last word had left his mouth he turned off the radio. Maria Belle's guests uneasily fell into company attitudes, standing up.

At the doorway Miss Susan smiled affectionately at her maid and held out a parcel. Lulu received it incredulously.

Miss Susan was wearing the purple transparent cape. She probably had a taxi waiting downstairs. She probably was going to a night club in Harlem—why didn't she go, then? What was she waiting for?

Restlessly, Lulu thanked Miss Susan again, said that the party certainly needed her present—and still Miss Susan made no sign of graciously withdrawing.

Gomez came up behind Lulu, deferentially. In his dinner coat his big chest was framed magnificently. His big body towered over her and his insolent eyes swept her mistress' face, only to drop at last in embarrassed admiration.

For the ermine collar rose up behind Miss Susan's face and made a startling picture of her white skin, her long red mouth, and her lazy, deep black eyes. Her hair shone with extraordinary luster, and her hands played beautifully, if a bit nervously, about her breast.

Gomez lifted his wondering eyes to find an answering gleam in her own. If he were a poor miserable wretch, it might be different, but surely, whoever she was, she would forgive him if he let her alone see his secret adoration. Insolence was swept out of his eyes. They were left brooding, bitter.

Then they lighted with a stark amusement. He had remembered all the things that Lulu told him of her "Miss Susan." He had seen the heap of diamond rings on her fingers, the gleam of another and more spectacular heap on her wrists.

She was nearly as bad as Lulu—Lulu with her orchid beaded evening gown and her gaudy green velvet slippers. But one had to remember the polite order of things, even in the midst of the death of a poem.

"Are you sure that you won't come in for just a moment?"

It was his best night-club manner, and like many another white woman Miss Susan seemed charmed by it. She entered Maria Belle's living room in a radiance of purple and ermine and diamond rings and a pleasing clatter of white rhinestone heels, and sat graciously in the chair that he held for her.

"I work for Miss Susan," Lulu explained to Maria Belle's apartment full of guests, quiet clustered maids, chauffeurs and night-club roustabouts.

Polite wide smiles acknowledged the importance of the introduction. Miss Susan's smile as wide as any of them. Lulu decided she was drunk.

Gomez asked Miss Susan if she would give him the honor of allowing him to fix her a high ball, a high ball, he said, that was a favorite in his own club.

Miss Susan assured him that one of his high balls would be an honor, and then she smiled sweetly upon Lulu. Raging, Lulu knew that she *was* drunk. For some strange reason Miss Susan had fortified herself earlier in the evening, picked up her bottles, summoned a cab and with the whole business had come careening into Harlem and into Maria Belle's disordered house.

While Gomez was holding out the high ball to Miss Susan and she was reaching for it with her perfect hands, Maria Belle returned, her laughter, like the trumpet for a queen, preceding her. Gomez' club had not sent her out into the night without fortifying her, too, and Gomez' hired man, Georgie, brought up the rear with a suitcase full of further fortification for the multitude.

At the threshold Maria Belle steadied herself, and her large eyes took in the phenomenon of the white lady drinking Gomez' drink. Then she bellowed:

"Look who's here! Oh, Lordy, will you look who's here!" She heeled over to Miss Susan and kissed the top of her lustrous head and flung her arms to high heaven. "Let's get a look at you, honey! I knew when you left N'Awleans you'd land up here. But why didn' you let me know, honey? We could of come up together. What you been doin', anyway?"

In the wind of Maria Belle's excitement her grammar went to tatters, and her cultivated reticence, too. She told Gomez and Lulu and the rest of them:

"Susie and I hit things right in N'Awleans. She's a great kid. If we didn' want to, nobody ever knew we was anythin' but Grade-A white! Gomez—Lu! Get everybody t' drink to my frien' Susie!"

Her inebriation prevented verbal explanations. Not that anyone felt like

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making them at the moment. Tartly amused, no longer envious, Lulu unwaveringly regarded Miss Susan, who refused to look at her, drank her own high ball and talked feverishly with Maria Belle about old times. But Lulu knew. She knew that Miss Susan would give anything to undo this night's work, undo this self-willed crashing of Maria Belle's party that had betrayed her.

Lulu thought, platitudinously, looking at Maria Belle, that the world was a small place. Old friends usually met up sooner or later in it. Look at the way that she herself had met up again with Maria Belle and lost Gomez to her.

Miss Susan, however, was unable to help herself. Living a lie was one thing. The call of race was another. If not tonight, it would have happened some other night. Miss Susan probably had the sense to know that. She would have been forced in insidious fashion, like the inner working of a drug, to go sometime to see what her people were doing, and entranced, be unable to tear herself away at the right moment. There was no further escape for Miss Susan.

Lulu smiled. She wondered if Miss Susan had thought to bribe her. Yet Miss Susan must know that there was no bribe big enough to stay her maid's tongue. Miss Susan probably knew by this time that she had had an extremely generous gentleman. Only once in a blue moon did a girl find a gentleman like that.

In her mind, just as soon she would in fact, Lulu relegated him to the past. It would be a long time before she would choose to forget that little matter of the purple transparent-velvet cape.

Gomez was going. He was sorry to leave them, but a man had to attend to his business or soon he wouldn't have any business to attend.

To Lulu's former mistress he was saying, "So long, Susie! See you down at my club sometime." He was holding the door open for himself. He paused a moment to sweep Miss Susan's perfect body with a careless, too casual glance. Insolence had returned to his handsome face.

It amused him now to think that he had begun to treasure her in his mind as a statue graciously molded of purest, most precious ivory, one most worthy of his secret worship. Lulu and Maria Belle had dispelled that sweet humility and riddled his hidden image deep with the black stream that was black blood, of the dark world that was his own.

His eyes told her that she would come to him, and come again. But the love he would give her would be a vagrant, facile thing. It could hold no secure place for any clouded-ivory figurine that deep within its exquisite bosom held shame for its color.

Long after he had left, Lulu still smiled. It was impossible to keep from thinking of a ten-foot closet full of twenty thousand dollars' worth of stuff, a closet that by tomorrow would be quite, quite empty.

Does This Explain John D.?

(*Continued from page 47*)

a certain love for the loose-tongued rake who stormed her heart and carried her from her father's prosperous farm near Moravia, New York, in 1837. For she bore him six children. And while he was away on his lengthy and mysterious rovings, she brilliantly bossed their constantly shifting farmsteads with the aid of a hired man and a hired girl.

John D.'s mother was a strong, purposeful woman. She reared her family by rule of rod. She believed in the literal Bible, hell-fire and damnation, a just God and a redeeming Christ. She "raised her children right," as country folk say.

The contradictory strains that flow in John D. Rockefeller afford striking explanation of much that is mysterious in his colossal life. Does the mother strain appear in Rockefeller, the pious churchman, the great philanthropist, the home-loving husband and parent? The father strain in Rockefeller, the ruthless business genius, creator of the most powerful monopoly the world has ever known?

Here, indeed, is a puzzle for those who study the whys and wherefores of human behavior. Unfortunately, complete data are lacking. For John D. Rockefeller's immediate paternal ancestry cannot be traced to final conclusion. Rockefeller's father died as mysteriously as he had lived.

William Avery Rockefeller passed on at a great age, within the present century, in seclusion and undoubtedly under an assumed name. More and more as his sons attained prominence, he slipped into the background. His last public appearance was in 1902.

In September of that year he visited John D. at the latter's estate, Forest Hill, in East Cleveland. John D. quietly arranged a reunion with several of the old cronies who had known his father half a century before in Strongsville, Ohio.

"Uncle Joe" Webster, Joe Davis and half a dozen other ancients appeared. Doc Rockefeller had grown immensely stout and he told his old pals that his feet were bothering him. He was suffering from gout and asthma. But mentally he was the same man. Profane, independent and jovial, his wit was as keen as ever and he poured out stories old and new until the Strongsville men grew tired laughing.

When his old buddies bade him goodby, however, they had learned absolutely nothing of his life or his place of residence. Only one of the guests had the temerity to put the question squarely: "Say, doc, where are you living now?"

And the elder Rockefeller's answer was typical of the strange man.

"Well, my boy," he replied, "I've been camping close to a lake over there"—pointing northwest—"and let me tell you that lake is chock-full of shirt-tail swans, worth five dollars apiece in the New York market. It's great."

Immediately after the reunion half a dozen persons saw William A. Rockefeller with his youngest son Frank driving through the streets of Cleveland. All described him as enormously fat.

His broadcloth coat with silk-faced lapels was thrown back from a low-cut waistcoat. From the bosom of his white shirt blazed his ubiquitous diamond. He wore a silk hat at a rakish angle.

From that moment William Avery Rockefeller passed into the mist. On February 2nd, 1908, Frank Rockefeller admitted that his father was alive, but "his whereabouts concerns no one but his immediate family." Frank Rockefeller's statement was prompted by a newspaper article circumstantially identifying the elder Rockefeller with a quack doctor who had died two years before, at ninety-six, in Illinois. This man had been married to the daughter of a Canadian farmer since 1855.

John D. was calmly silent. He did not, of course, deny that his father survived his mother many years. Eliza Davison Rockefeller was buried from John D.'s Cleveland home in 1889. She was seventy-five. The burial certificate, based upon

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information furnished by the family, stated that she was a "widow."

One thing is certain: John D.'s father lived almost to, or beyond the century mark. And, curiously enough, it is John D.'s ambition to wield the baton over a band playing in his secluded gardens at Pocantico Hills on his hundredth birthday, July 8th, 1939.

If the band does well by "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," John D. will chuckle. For he relishes this old favorite even more than he does "Coming Through the Rye," "Annie Laurie," "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Sitting in his lofty gray Georgian mansion called Kijkuit (an ancient Dutch word meaning "Lookout" or more literally "Keep out"), the oil king is supremely confident that he will round out a full century of life, and more.

ASSUREDLY this man is a freak of nature, mentally and physically. Twenty-odd years ago he looked like a mummy. His skin was as colorless as desert holly. Mystifying digestive maladies had swept away his hair, even the eyelashes and all but a faint wisp of eyebrow. Strangely, his teeth were not affected. He has not a single false tooth.

The disease revealed all the strength of his great head, with curious bumps and tightly drawn skin now concealed by a wig. Never tall, John D. in his prime possessed a bull-like neck and powerful shoulders. Still, the head and ears seemed disproportionately large. The eyes were small, glittering, yet curiously stony. They glowed (still do) with a cold fire as though artificially illumined from within.

Without its mask of a mustache the Rockefeller mouth was revealed as a long narrow slit with downward droops emphasized by deep vertical furrows running the full length of the cheeks. The cheeks were heavy and puffy. The nose alone was distinctive, fine, sensitive, rising like a thorn between the jowls.

The bald, unmasked Rockefeller struck imaginative observers as "an Indian with a tomahawk," "dead, like a devilfish," "under his skullcap he seems like an old monk of the Inquisition such as one sees in the Spanish picture galleries."

Another comment clings to memory: "Nothing will ever again bring a smile from the heart to that seamed face."

Well, the face is still seamed. The lines of very old age are there. But Rockefeller has come back and come back smiling. He tackled ill health with the astonishing mastery he had displayed in business and in life, and won. Acidulated milk and crackers were his diet for a long period. While Doctor H. F. Biggar and associated specialists were experimenting, John D. was as docile as a lamb.

Finally the scientists discovered (and this intensified John D.'s interest in medical research) that the patient was chemically antipathetical to three varieties of foodstuffs: tomatoes, cucumbers, heavy sweets. These are the only dishes now barred from the Rockefeller cuisine. Otherwise his diet is eclectic.

He eats only to live and very sparingly. Cheese and olive oil, once shunned, are now consumed moderately. Two or three spoonfuls of olive oil are swallowed each week "to lubricate the joints."

During the period of his apparent decline it was noticeable to those around him that John D. sought to cultivate the sunny side of his nature. One day his joints creaked under the strenuous massaging of an osteopath.

"Listen to that, doctor," remarked John D. wryly. "They say I control all the oil in the country and I haven't enough even to oil my own joints." That was one of the first unpublished Rockefeller anecdotes to go into my notebook.

No creature quite like John D. ever lived. He had an eye for profits almost from infancy. Today he maintains flocks of dignified, stately turkeys just to remind himself that the first dollar he earned and deposited in a cracked cup on the mantel (at the age of eight) came from his cultivation of turkeys.

His mother allowed him all the profits and gave him the curds of the milk with which to feed his charges. "The sight of fine friendly turkeys gives me enjoyment even now," he says.

About the same period young John used to be sent over the hills to buy cordwood. "My father told me not to accept any wood that was pulpy or full of knots," he recalls. "I didn't. I knew how to select good wood and I knew how many feet there were in a cord. We got good wood."

Once he worked for ten days hoeing potatoes for a neighboring farmer. His reward was the princely sum of three dollars and fifty cents. "I saved every penny of that money," he recollects. "But it occurred to me that if I had saved fifty dollars, and had it out at seven percent interest, the annual interest alone would bring me in as much as I had earned by those ten days of hard labor. So I determined to make money work for me."

Making money work for him became a primal rule of his life. Even today, in retirement, much that he touches turns to gold. At Pocantico he has some of the largest nurseries in the world. He plants as many as ten thousand young trees at a time and sells his surplus at a fine profit.

For instance, hundreds of evergreens are shipped each year to his Lakewood, New Jersey, estate. John D. keeps careful account and charges himself the full market rate. Each tree pays him a profit of almost two dollars, and the Pocantico John D. never permits the Lakewood John D. to receive a few trees gratis!

He records all these transactions in private ledgers. Eighty-two years ago he set down a record of his first earnings in a small book called "Ledger A." The wrinkled red volume has been preserved carefully and it is John D.'s choicest treasure. This "man of figures" (as he refers to himself) reads the tiny volume with almost as much devotion as he peruses his Bible.

John D. goes into every project that interests him with thoroughness and upon a great scale. His passions are road building, tree transplantation, landscape planning. At Pocantico he literally has moved mountains, leveling some hilltops and populating entire hillsides with full-grown trees.

This institutional person supervises every detail of his baronial estate—one of the most elaborate in the world. It lies two miles north of Tarrytown, New York, and includes that Sleepy Hollow famed by Washington Irving as the scene of Ichabod Crane's pursuit by the Headless Horseman.

Fifty miles of wide stone roadways traverse its seven thousand acres. There are one hundred and fifty acres of lawn, so smoothly clipped the grass looks like softest velvet. Four great gardens overwhelm the eye in a glory of multicolored flowers and shrubbery, statuary, fountains, cascades and waterfalls. All are electrically equipped and at night the lights create effects of indescribable beauty.

A broad avenue leads to the house, which is built of native rock. Kijkuit is John D.'s own creation. He himself selected the site for the house and the course of the roads leading to it. His plan, worked out in a few days, won out over elaborate blue prints of famous architects and landscape authorities.

His private apartment is at the northwest corner of the mansion, on the third floor. In the late afternoons of clear days he sits before a semicircular window and watches the sun dip behind the Palisades. Far off to the right rise the grape-tinted Catskills. The shriveled but still active body of the master of Pocantico is perched gnomelike in a great leather armchair. Reverie rules him. And what reveries!

The Rockefeller we are examining is a very different person from the Rockefeller of thirty years ago. That Rockefeller was dour and secretive, avoiding the public gaze.

"John, why don't you answer these slanders?" asked a friend, walking with him one day along a wooded path of the Forest Hill estate. "Why do you permit people to call you a liar, a hypocrite, an unconscionable crook and even worse?"

The president of the Standard Oil Company silently pointed downward. At his feet a worm wriggled along the path. Rockefeller remarked: "If I step on that worm I will call attention to it. If I ignore it, it will disappear."

The 1929 Rockefeller sits in the sun, calm as the Buddha, confident all his sins have been forgiven. A whimsical, quirky little man distributing dimes and platitudes. Basking in the world-wide approval which has greeted his gifts of almost $750,000,000 to science, religion and education. Serene in the knowledge that he was the first to organize mass production and distribution and lead the expansion that has made yesterday's luxuries today's commonplaces.

He regards Standard Oil as the most economically justifiable institution in industrial history and is proud of his brain child. He believes that history has already brought in its verdict upon him and his works—and he finds the verdict pleasing.

"Most pioneers who have changed the established order have been misunderstood and cruelly persecuted," he remarked recently in private conversation. "My chief regret is that scores of my splendid associates, those who made the Standard Oil Company possible, passed away before it was generally recognized we were working for the benefit of mankind."

IN THE extraordinary panorama of John D. Rockefeller, his father is the figure that most fascinates. He is the great mystery of John D.'s life. Even the beginnings of William Avery Rockefeller are cloudy.

He first appeared in Richford, Tioga County, New York, in the mid-thirties of the last century. William's father, Godfrey, had settled there some time before, coming from a hamlet called Mud Creek, in Massachusetts. The Rockefellers (or Rockenfellers) were a migratory family, supposedly of German extraction, who had been on American soil for two or three generations.

Godfrey Rockefeller is described as "a shiftless tippler, stunted in stature and mean in spirit," but held to a certain decency by a wife of strength and character. William A., Godfrey's son, arrived in Richford as a peddler. He was then a man of twenty-three or -four. For some reason, practical joke or otherwise, he pretended to be deaf and dumb.

William always had money and wore the best clothes of all the young men in

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the county. Love of life, unfettered by education, ran riot in him. He had no trade and spurned farm work. He was always eager for a gambling, fishing or hunting carouse and soon was the boon companion of the most riotous men of the community. Even in those days, he disappeared on long trips, always returning with jingling pockets.

He returned from one of these journeys in 1837 with a bride, Eliza Davison. The neighbors took to her at once. In even procession she gave birth to three children: Lucy, John Davison, and William. John was born July 8th, 1839.

In 1843, William and Eliza Rockefeller moved their family to a farm near her home town of Moravia. Here were born three other children: Mary Ann, and twins, Frank and Frances. Frances died in infancy.

In Moravia, William Rockefeller was a leader in all that was reckless and wild in the community. Respectable people classed him as a "dangerous character." Some called him a gambler, others a quack doctor.

In 1850, three of his closest chums were indicted as members of a gang that operated an "underground horse railroad"—running off horses from various parts of the country. That year Rockefeller took his wife and five children to Owego, New York, and settled them upon a larger farm. In Owego, William maintained his reputation as a rover. But he always sent money home, and in liberal amounts.

In 1853, the restless Rockefellers moved to Strongsville, Ohio, fifteen miles from Cleveland, and the following year to another farming settlement called Parma, seven miles from Cleveland. Now the elder Rockefeller branched out as a quack doctor and carried his celebrated cancer "cure" far and wide. In Strongsville and Parma the legends of "Old Bill" or "Doc" are identical with those of Richford, Moravia and Owego.

On his rare visits home he created a profound impression by his clothes, his good horse and his crack shooting. The neighbors called him "a rippin' good one," and though they winked slyly at his occupation and morals, agreed that he was a "good fellow," jolly and on occasion generous.

John, the eldest son, had grown into a balanced sort of boy, grave, quiet, a good listener. Although he "took after" his mother in manner and disposition, John delighted his father by his ability to earn and save small sums. He never responded warmly to the saltiest of his father's anecdotes but doted upon his sire's vivid yarns of sharp trading and business bargains into which he had stumbled. In these tales Doc, of course, always got the better of the other fellow.

Eliza Rockefeller planned to send John to college. Her husband was against the idea. He didn't believe in too much book learning. However, he bent to his wife's will sufficiently to give John a modicum of the higher education as represented by Central High School in Cleveland.

In the fall of 1854, John left the house on the plank road at Parma, secured room and board for a dollar a week at the home of an estimable woman in Cleveland, and enrolled in the high school. A schoolmate was a gay youngster named Mark Hanna. Another was Laura Celestia Spelman, plump, brown-eyed daughter of a prosperous merchant. She was destined to become John Rockefeller's wife.

At school young Rockefeller was not brilliant but he was diligent and thorough. However, he was itching to get into business and, after a year, welcomed his father's suggestion that he attend a commercial college in Cleveland for a few months.

The school taught bookkeeping and some of the fundamentals of commerce. All summer long, in 1855, the sixteen-year-old boy slaved away. Then he started out to find a job.

After tramping the streets for weeks, he was taken on as office boy and general handy man by the wholesale forwarding concern of Hewitt & Tuttle. The date, since observed with tender reverence in the Rockefeller household, was September 26th, 1855.

Hewitt and Tuttle were delighted to learn that their new boy didn't smoke, shoot pool or drink beer. Also that he was clerk of the board of trustees at a small mission church—Erie Street Baptist—and was looked upon as an earnest laborer in the Lord's vineyard.

Young John drew fifty dollars for his first fourteen weeks' work and then was put on salary at twenty-five dollars a month. Looking rearward, he estimates as the most vital of his life the two and a half years passed in the Hewitt & Tuttle warehouse on the Cleveland docks.

He learned a lot about shipping, business management and finance, systematic maintenance of office records, handling of customers. He pinched his pennies, lived on his salary and guarded his employers' interests as his own.

At eighteen, he became Hewitt & Tuttle bookkeeper at five hundred dollars a year. The following January 1st, 1858, the firm offered their new-found treasure a salary of seven hundred dollars. He held out for eight hundred dollars. Hewitt and Tuttle were placid men but even their pulses might have been stimulated somewhat if they'd realized that the youth with whom they were wrangling over an additional two dollars a week would have an income of about a million a week twenty-five years later.

The dispute was still active when Maurice B. Clark, a young Cleveland business man, offered young Rockefeller a partnership in a new commission house he (Clark) was launching. Clark required two thousand dollars cash. John D. had saved almost half this sum. He asked his father to advance the remainder.

Doc Rockefeller grinned and said: "Sartain, son, you kin have it. But you got to pay me ten percent interest till you're twenty-one."

The firm was called Clark, Gardner & Company. It was a success from the start. The war boomed business enormously. By this time, the junior partner in Clark, Gardner & Company had a local reputation as a bargainer and borrower.

He was frugal, calculating, money-bent. Cautious in trade, yet daring and withal "good"—a steady attendant at church. He was serious and eschewed all amusements that might be termed frivolous—the theater, cards, the dance.

Rockefeller was twenty-two when the boys in blue went marching away for four battle-wrung years. He did not march with them. He was slowly but surely making money and getting his financial feet firmly planted for a spring at whatever opportunity should promise most. It soon came.

Oil had been "discovered" in Pennsylvania and was gushing from the ground in thousands of barrels daily. The country was crying for the new illuminant. Samuel Andrews, an Englishman, who had learned to refine crude oil by the use of sulphuric acid, came along and proposed that John Rockefeller and Maurice Clark furnish four thousand dollars to open a small refinery. The young merchants went into the venture body and soul.

Thus John D. launched a career that was to prove without parallel in commercial history.

Stop Me—if You've Heard This One

(*Continued from page 99*)

the 'Spaniard' was, and escorting him were two men obviously detectives, if they have detectives in Chicago.

"In the two days I was there, I read every story in every paper, trying to find a solution to 'my mystery,' but without success. And that's all there is to it, except that Cohan turned down my play."

"Very interesting!" Mr. Osborne remarked. "I believe if I had been you, I'd have followed the man and his escort, just to satisfy my curiosity."

"I'd have done that," said Garner, "if I hadn't thought there was still a chance that the girl would appear."

Charley Speed was back from the committee meeting. He and his guest bade the young playwrights good-by and went out. Blades and Garner discussed the man they had just met.

"He tells dialect stories well," said Blades.

"If that's possible," said Garner. "To me, his own experiences are a lot more interesting."

"But I think," said Blades slowly, "I think somebody else told me that same stuff about Lindbergh and——"

"Yes," interrupted Garner, "and I'm under the impression that the one about Fred Stone isn't new to me. In fact, I'm pretty sure I heard it from Rex Beach and that Rex was with Stone when it happened."

Two years later Blades and Garner, now credited with a couple of Broadway hits, were guests at a "small" dinner party given by Wallace Gore, the publisher. Their host presented them to Mr. Henry Wild Osborne, who acknowledged the introduction as if it were a novelty.

Osborne sat between two adoring women who managed to keep him to themselves through the soup. But he was everybody's property and soon was regaling the whole table with up-to-the-minute episodes in the careers of O'Brien and Berlinsky. He ran out of them at last and his host said: "Harry, I wonder if you'd mind telling these people about your Chicago trip."

"What Chicago trip?"

"About the girl and the foreigner."

"Oh, that!" said Osborne. "Well, if you think they'd be interested."

"Of course they would!"

"Please, Mr. Osborne!"

"All right, then," said Osborne; "but I trust you folks not to spread it around. The Chicago police made a secret of the real facts and I promised them I wouldn't divulge it to any of my friends of the Fourth Estate."

He took a swallow of wine and began:

"It was a month ago I had a wire from Charles Dawes, asking me to come out there and advise him in a little matter—— Well, we won't go into that. I boarded the Broadway Limited and was settling down to a little session with de Maupassant when I noticed a beautiful girl, an authentic, perfect blonde, in the section across from me.

Guard your gums - protect your teeth from the damage done by your diet!

NEXT time you sit down to a meal, take note of the dishes one by one. See how many contain any roughage—any coarse, fibrous material that "rubs" or stimulates the gums.

Very likely not a one! For the present generation demands—and gets—soft and creamy foods, delicately prepared, daintily served.

Yet the greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is this same delicious fare. For it gives gums no work, no exercise. The blood within their walls circulates slowly. The tissues become soft and tender. "Pink tooth brush" warns that worse trouble—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or, perhaps, even pyorrhea—may be just around the corner.

It's impractical, if not impossible, to change your diet. But it's unnecessary to try—for there is a simple, effective means to offset the lack in your diet.

Use a light gum massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. Perform it with the brush each time you clean your teeth—or, if you prefer, with the fingers after the regular cleaning. You speed the rich, fresh blood through the gum walls! You flush out the tiny capillaries. You tone and strengthen the depleted tissues, and counteract the damage done by your food.

Ipana's special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for it the strong professional support it enjoys today.

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The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-size tube makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of this delicious tooth paste will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums as well as whiter, brighter teeth.

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60 will lose their hair

Wetting the hair with water every morning is an easy habit to get into . . . but you'll probably pay for it with a bald head.

This is the safe way to dress your hair for the day. Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Massage vigorously . . . then comb while wet. No dandruff . . . no itching . . . no unnatural dryness. Keeps your scalp healthy . . . invigorates the hair roots. Get this safe, reliable Hair Tonic at any druggist, barber shop or department store. It is guaranteed. When you shampoo always use Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

"I am past the age for train flirtations but this girl held my attention by the expression on her face, a look of ineffable sadness, of tragic longing for—I knew not what.

"I was weaving in my mind a blighted romance with her as its sorrowing heroine, when Andy Mellon, walking through the car, saw me and stopped for a chat. He was with me till dinner-time, when he invited me to dine in his drawing-room, but I declined, saying I had eaten a late luncheon and would do without another meal. In reality, I was in no mood for talk, and shortly after he had gone, I made my way to the diner, trusting he would not uncover my mendacity.

"I told the steward I had no objections to sitting with others provided they were strangers, so he placed me at a table for four. A gray-haired, florid-faced old man and his comfortable fat wife were two of my companions. The third was a splendid, healthy specimen of young manhood, Scandinavian young manhood, a yellow-haired, sturdy son of vikings.

"The old couple finished their simple repast and left. I was ordering and the handsome young giant was beginning to eat when the beautiful blond girl I had observed in the sleeper came in and took one of the seats just vacated.

"The girl's eyes and the man's eyes met, and not for the first time, I could see. For their glance was charged with electricity, a bolt of lightning that struck something akin to terror in each. An instant afterwards, the young man was up from the table, laying a ten-dollar note beside his plate, and then he was gone, fleeing from the mysterious horror of this chance encounter with a woman whom God had never intended to inspire young manhood with anything but burning love.

"And the girl, the young woman—I started from my chair, ready to catch her if she swooned. For it seemed she must swoon, so pale she was. But with a marvelous show of courage she forced herself into a state of pseudo-calmness.

"I bolted my meal in a manner that would have caused my doctor intense mental anguish. I asked the waiter for my check and he, observing the young man's money lying there, inquired if I knew whether he was coming back. Before I could speak, the girl uttered a sharp, 'No'; then bit her lip as if in rage that she had said it.

"We were between Harrisburg and Altoona when she appeared again in the sleeper. She stopped beside me and put an unsealed, unaddressed envelope in my hand.

"'It kills me to do this,' she said in a voice barely audible. 'I am not accustomed to asking favors from a stranger, but it is necessary and you look kind. I am sure you noticed the man, the young man, who was with us in the dining car, who got up and left when I sat down. I think you will find him in the club car and I want you to give him this. I cannot trust it to the porter. Don't wait for a reply. Just give it to him, and then come back here and tell me. Will you?'

"I answered, of course I would, and I begged her to inform me if there was something more I could do. 'No,' she whispered, 'nothing.'

"The young man was easily found. He was in the club car as she had guessed, staring straight ahead of him.

"Without a word I handed him the envelope, and returned to her and reported. She expressed gratitude with a smile that was more heartrending than tears.

"My instinct, or sense of decency, ordered me not to pry. I took my book to the club car and tried vainly to read, for my brain was consumed with curiosity and anxiety as to what was going on between those two torn souls.

"When at length I turned in, at Pittsburgh, the berth opposite mine was dark and its curtains drawn.

"I rose in the morning as we were rushing through the Indiana town of Plymouth. The curtains across the aisle were open now, but there was no sign of the girl. Nor had she appeared as we slowed up for Englewood. My inquiry of the porter, had he seen her since the preceding night, was answered in the affirmative. 'Yes, suh. She done leave us three hours ago, at Fort Wayne.'

"I remarked I had thought she was bound for Chicago. 'She sho' was Chicago bound,' said George, 'but young gals, dey got a "unailable" right to change deir min'.' I then asked if he had seen her conversing with a big, blond, handsome young man. 'No, suh. De only man she co'versed to was maself, and ma bes' frien's don't call me handsome or blond neithuh one.'

"I waited on the platform in the Union Station and watched all the passengers as they left the train. The girl was not among them, but the man was, and as he walked out to the taxi stand, I followed him unobtrusively, saw him enter a cab and heard the starter say, 'Stevens House.' I went to the Sherman and bathed and changed, and awaited word from my friend the General.

"But I could not get my mind off the queer incidents of the trip and you can imagine the shock it gave me to read, in an afternoon paper, the story of a well-dressed, unidentified young woman who had committed suicide by throwing herself in front of the second section of the Broadway Limited at Fort Wayne.

"My duty was clear. I hurried to police headquarters, stated my name and was received by the chief. I told him I was sure he could earn the thanks of the Fort Wayne authorities and officials of the railroad by sending one of his men with me to the hotel where I believed my 'friend' of the train was stopping; that if I could find him, I was sure we would be able to learn the unfortunate girl's identity and perhaps the reason for her ghastly deed.

"The chief delegated Captain Byrne to accompany me. As we drove up to the door of the hotel we saw policemen dispersing a crowd and other policemen lifting from the sidewalk the body of a man, the young viking, with a bullet wound in his head, a revolver lying near where he had lain and a newspaper clasped in his left hand.

"There were letters in his pocket, merely business letters, addressed to John Janssen, and the initials on his baggage were J. J. He was the son of one of the richest men in Chicago, and he, the young man now dead, had a wife and children in Lake Forest.

"I know who the girl was, too; the police found her name and her picture in young Janssen's possession. But they didn't tell his family and no one besides a few policemen and myself is aware that there was a girl in the case. The published reason for his act was temporary insanity induced by illness. And if he was sick, I have been dead for twenty years."

Osborne's narrative was over. Dinner was over, too, and Garner and Blades lingered behind the others in the march toward the card room.

"What do you suppose he's got against brunets?" said Blades.

"And why," said Garner, "do you suppose he won't use the New York Central Lines?"

Romance in the Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 59)

and maybe take a dram or two and go to cutting up some?"

"Mister," says Waldo Winchester, "my wife is not going to care for me getting married to Miss Billy Perry."

"Your wife?" I say, much astonished. "What is this you are speaking of? How can you have any wife except Miss Billy Perry? This is great foolishness."

"I know," Waldo says, very sad. "I know. But I got a wife just the same, and she is going to be very nervous when she hears about this. My wife is very strict with me. My wife does not allow me to go around marrying people. My wife is Lola Sapola, of the Rolling Sapolas, the acrobats, and I am married to her for five years. She is the strong lady who juggles the other four people in the act. My wife just gets back from a year's tour of the Interstate time, and she is at the Marx Hotel right this minute. I am upset by this proposition."

"Does Miss Billy Perry know about this wife?" I ask.

"No," he says. "No. She thinks I am single-o."

"But why do you not tell Dave the Dude you are already married when he brings you out here to marry you off to Miss Billy Perry?" I ask. "It seems to me a newspaper guy must know it is against the law for a guy to marry several different dolls unless he is a Turk, or some such."

"Well," Waldo says, "if I tell Dave the Dude I am married after taking his doll away from him, I am quite sure Dave will be very much excited, and maybe do something harmful to my health."

Now there is much in what the guy says, to be sure. I am inclined to think, myself, that Dave will be somewhat disturbed when he learns of this situation, especially when Miss Billy Perry starts in being unhappy about it. But what is to be done I do not know, except maybe to let the wedding go on, and then when Waldo is out of reach of Dave, to put in a claim that he is insane, and that the marriage does not count. It is a sure thing I do not wish to be around when Dave the Dude hears Waldo is already married.

I am thinking that maybe I better take it on the lam out of there, when there is a great row at the door and I hear Dave the Dude yelling that the preacher arrives. He is a very nice-looking preacher, at that, though he seems somewhat surprised by the goings-on, especially when Miss Missouri Martin steps up and takes charge of him. Miss Missouri Martin tells him she is fond of preachers, and is quite used to them, because she is twice married by preachers, and twice by justices of the peace, and once by a ship's captain at sea.

By this time one and all present, except maybe myself and Waldo Winchester, and the preacher and maybe Miss Billy Perry, are somewhat corned. Waldo is still sitting at his table looking very sad and saying "Yes" and "No" to Miss Billy Perry whenever she skips past him, for Miss Billy Perry is too much pleasured up with happiness to stay long in one spot.

Dave the Dude is more corned than anybody else, because he has two or three days' running start on everybody. And when Dave the Dude is corned I wish to say that he is a very unreliable guy as to temper, and he is apt to explode right in your face any minute. But he

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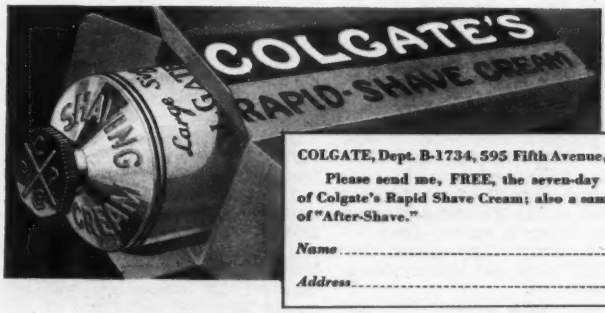

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seems to be getting a great bang out of the doings.

Well, by and by Nig Skolsky has the dance floor cleared, and then he moves out on the floor a sort of arch of very beautiful flowers. The idea seems to be that Miss Billy Perry and Waldo Winchester are to be married under this arch. I can see that Dave the Dude must put in several days planning this whole proposition, and it must cost him plenty of the old do-re-mi, especially as I see him showing Miss Missouri Martin a diamond ring as big as a cough drop.

"It is for the bride," Dave the Dude says. "The poor loogan she is marrying will never have enough dough to buy her such a rock, and she always wishes a big one. I get it off a guy who brings it in from Los Angeles. I am going to give the bride away myself in person, so how do I act, Mizzoo? I want Billy to have everything according to the book."

Well, while Miss Missouri Martin is trying to remember back to one of her weddings to tell him, I take another peek at Waldo Winchester to see how he is making out. I once see two guys go to the old warm squativoo up in Sing Sing, and I wish to say both are laughing heartily compared to Waldo Winchester at this moment.

Miss Billy Perry is sitting with him and the orchestra leader is calling his men dirty names because none of them can think of how "Oh, Promise Me" goes, when Dave the Dude yells: "Well, we are all set! Let the happy couple step forward!"

Miss Billy Perry bounces up and grabs Waldo Winchester by the arm and pulls him up out of his chair. After a peek at his face I am willing to lay six to five he does not make the arch. But he finally gets there with everybody laughing and clapping their hands, and the preacher comes forward, and Dave the Dude looks happier than I ever see him look before in his life as they all get together under the arch of flowers.

Well, all of a sudden there is a terrible racket at the front door of the Woodcock Inn, with some doll doing a lot of hollering in a deep voice that sounds like a man's, and naturally everybody turns and looks that way. The doorman, a guy by the name of Slugsy Sachs, who is a very hard man indeed, seems to be trying to keep somebody out, but pretty soon there is a heavy bump and Slugsy Sachs falls down, and in comes a doll about four feet high and five feet wide.

In fact, I never see such a wide doll. She looks all hammered down. Her face is almost as wide as her shoulders, and makes me think of a great big full moon. She comes in bounding-like, and I can see that she is all churned up about something. As she bounces in, I hear a gurgle, and I look around to see Waldo Winchester slumping down to the floor, almost dragging Miss Billy Perry with him.

Well, the wide doll walks right up to the bunch under the arch and says in a large bass voice: "Which one is Dave the Dude?"

"I am Dave the Dude," says Dave the Dude, stepping up. "What do you mean by busting in here like a walrus and gumming up our wedding?"

"So you are the guy who kidnaps my ever-loving husband to marry him off to this little red-headed pancake here, are you?" the wide doll says, looking at Dave the Dude, but pointing at Miss Billy Perry.

Well, now, calling Miss Billy Perry a pancake to Dave the Dude is a very serious proposition, and Dave the Dude gets very angry. He is usually rather polite to dolls, but you can see he does not care for the wide doll's manner whatever.

"Say, listen here," Dave the Dude says, "you better take a walk before somebody clips you. You must be drunk," he says. "Or daffy," he says. "What are you talking about, anyway?"

"You will see what I am talking about," the wide doll yells. "The guy on the floor there is my lawful husband. You probably frighten him to death, the poor dear. You kidnap him to marry this red-headed thing, and I am going to get you arrested as sure as my name is Lola Sapola, you simple-looking tramp!"

Naturally, everybody is greatly horrified at a doll using such language to Dave the Dude, because Dave is known to shoot guys for much less, but instead of doing something to the wide doll at once, Dave says: "What is this talk I hear? Who is married to who? Get out of here!" Dave says, grabbing the wide doll's arm.

Well, she makes out as if she is going to slap Dave in the face with her left hand, and Dave naturally pulls his kisser out of the way. But instead of doing anything with her left, Lola Sapola suddenly drives her right fist smack-dab into Dave the Dude's stomach, which naturally comes forward as his face goes back.

I wish to say I see many a body punch delivered in my life, but I never see a prettier one than this. What is more, Lola Sapola steps in with the punch, so there is plenty on it.

Now a guy who eats and drinks like Dave the Dude does cannot take them so good in the stomach, so Dave goes "oof," and sits down very hard on the dance floor, and as he is sitting there he is fumbling in his pants pocket for the old equalizer, so everybody around tears for cover except Lola Sapola, and Miss Billy Perry, and Waldo Winchester.

But before he can get his pistol out, Lola Sapola reaches down and grabs Dave by the collar and hoists him to his feet. She lets go her hold on him, leaving Dave standing on his pins, but teetering around somewhat, and then she drives her right hand to Dave's stomach a second time.

The punch drops Dave again, and Lola steps up to him as if she is going to give him the foot. But she only gathers up Waldo Winchester from off the floor and slings him across her shoulder like he is a sack of oats, and starts for the door. Dave the Dude sits up on the floor again and by this time he has the old equalizer in his duke.

"Only for me being a gentleman I will fill you full of slugs," he yells.

Lola Sapola never even looks back, because by this time she is petting Waldo Winchester's head and calling him loving names and saying what a shame it is for bad characters like Dave the Dude to be abusing her precious one. It all sounds to me as if Lola Sapola thinks well of Waldo Winchester.

Well, after she gets out of sight, Dave the Dude gets up off the floor and stands there looking at Miss Billy Perry, who is out to break all crying records. The rest of us come out from under cover, including the preacher, and we are wondering how mad Dave the Dude is going to be about the wedding being ruined. But Dave the Dude seems only disappointed and sad.

"Billy," he says to Miss Billy Perry, "I am mighty sorry you do not get your wedding. All I wish for is your happiness, but I do not believe you can ever be happy with this scribe if he also has to have his lion tamer around. As Cupid I am a total bust. This is the only nice thing I ever try to do in my whole life, and it is too bad it does not come off. Maybe if you wait until he can drown her, or something——"

"Dave," says Miss Billy Perry, dropping so many tears that she seems to finally wash herself right into Dave the Dude's arms, "I will never, never be happy with such a guy as Waldo Winchester. I can see now you are the only man for me."

"Well, well, well," Dave the Dude says, cheering right up. "Where is the preacher? Bring on the preacher and let us have our wedding anyway."

I see Mr. and Mrs. Dave the Dude the other day, and they seem very happy. But you never can tell about married people, so of course I am never going to let on to Dave the Dude that I am the one who telephones Lola Sapola at the Marx Hotel, because maybe I do not do Dave any too much of a favor, at that.

Baby's Shoes *by Rupert Hughes* *(Continued from page 85)*

and wished she had murmured, "What a chahming sudjestion!"

They walked up Seventh Avenue to the Fifty-ninth Street gate and entered a realm of forlorn beauty. The park was a vast wastebasket filled with the rubbish of the autumnal festival, old leaves and flowers, tawdry and trite and innumerable as dead babies' shoes.

They walked and mocked until she was so tired that she sank on a bench to rest. He sat by her, and felt his hands twitching towards hers like the hands of a puppet. The primeval spell of the twilight wrapped them up in the same blanket, and they both began to shiver—from being too warm, though they agreed that it was too chill to sit out longer, meaning the opposite.

"If you catch cold again," he said, "heaven knows who's to protect the public from the managers."

"So long as you're on the job."

"Me? The speculators sit up all night to read my notices so as to be first to buy up what I roast."

"Then why don't you praise Ann Clayborne so as to put her on the blink?"

"There are limits beyond which even I wouldn't go."

She supposed that one of his limits barred her from the territory of his affections.

They ate apart, united in loneliness, and vented their rage on Ann Clayborne and her sketch. They wrote so venomously that she tried to have them both discharged. But their managing editors realized that critics are best advertised by the mangled remains.

A bad dramatic season ended early and they took their vacations in the same countryside. This was not occult, since he managed to ask her carelessly where she was going for the summer, and to exclaim: "What a coincidence! That's exactly where I was going."

The dramatic season ended early but the farmers' season opened late, and they reached their rural haven before all the peach blossoms were off the trees. They wandered together through an orchard of them, and he was reminded of the production they had laughed at on their first taxicab acquaintance.

They sat on the warm grass and he said, twisting his hat round and round: "I suppose that, according to all stage canons, I ought to twist my hat round and round and propose."

"And according to the author, I have to yes you?"

"Yes." He looked at her quizzically. She smiled back at him. But underneath their grins there was yearning, and something pushed him on into the scene. "I'm twisting my hat round and round," he mumbled.

"So I see." She smiled wryly.

"And now I am going to propose. Prompt me if I fade. Evelyn—er—Margaret——"

"Yes, Harold—Cass—there ought to be more to the name than that one syllable."

"Well, my parents really named me after my uncle Jonathan Cass, but I dropped the Jonathan."

"It's just what I need. 'Yes, Jonathan—go on—you were saying——?'"

"'Margaret, you must have noticed in my attentions to you something more than friendship.'"

"I cast my eyes down and simper, 'Why, Jonathan! What ever do you mean?'"

"'I mean—I mean—oh, Margaret, I—I love you. Could you—would you—will you—be mine?'"

"'Oh, Jonathan!'"

"Then on the stage she fell into his open arms and they kissed each other. My arms are open."

"Here I come."

She rocked over into his arms, trying to play burlesque, and he—he hesitated to kiss her, but fearing to make too much of the parody by skipping the business, kissed her—once because the rôle called for it, once because her lips were so sweet.

They broke away in a daze when an automobile passing in the road hooted at them with the raucous mockery of a critic's voice.

They looked after it with the shamed rage of an actor and actress who have been taunted for their sincerity. Then they forgot it and looked at each other.

She mumbled: "You're on the wrong side of the footlights, Jonathan. As an actor you're—well, you're almost convincing."

"That's because I'm convinced," he answered.

"Of what?"

"That I'm simply crazy about you, honey, and if you don't marry me, I'll—I'll curl up and die like one of these worm-eaten peach blossoms."

"You're gagging now. That line isn't in the 'script. You can't start ad-libbing, you know."

"I mean it, my darling, my angel, my—oh, Lord, if I only had a vocabulary!"

"If you only had! Well, what about me? I only know ten words and I can't spell any of them."

"Can you spell 'Y-e-s' before I die of terror?"

"Why-ee, yes," she moaned and he gave an excellent imitation of a good actor embracing a good actress. They were sillier than any couple would ever dare to be on the stage, and their pranks and prattle would have disgusted them if they had seen them performed by anybody else.

One of the first things he had to do was to motor to his mother's home in Connecticut and take Meg along to flaunt her before his family. Meg had no parents of her own.

Whatever his mother may really have thought of Meg, she saw that the girl had restored to a joyous childhood the preternaturally solemn scholar and cynic her baby had grown into. To his mother he was still "Johnny" and she was soon bringing out old photographs of her son before he became the terror of Broadway, the scourge of the theater. The photographs grew older and older as the subject grew younger and younger.

Seeing that Meg was more and more

New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW....

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy teeth?

that ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these microscopic places?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

SOME dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Colgate's has the power to penetrate down into the tiny crevices where food particles lodge.*

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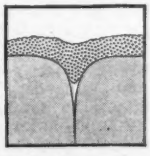
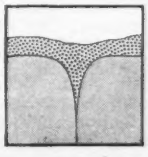
Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans, and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth, restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

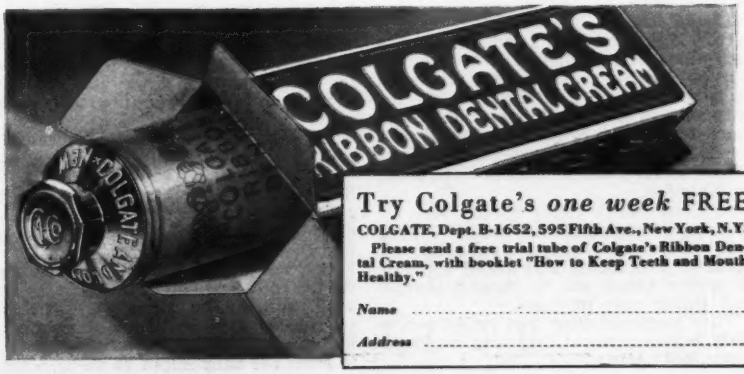
Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



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rapturous as her lover drew nearer and nearer to infancy, Mrs. Coe finally said:

"But wait! Wait till I show you the best of all my treasures."

Meg did not suspect the worst until Mrs. Coe came in with a parcel tied in a baby-blue ribbon, drew the knot and, as Meg would have said if it had been anybody else, "did an Ann Clayborne."

Cass heard a curious choking sound and, supposing that Meg was trying to gulp down a laugh, shot a glance at her, and found her nuzzling the little shoes to her cheeks and cooing gibberish at them while tears dripped from her blubbered eyes to her pursed lips.

He gasped: "Is this the author of the 'salt-water shower bath' line that threw Ann Clayborne into a fit? Have you forgotten what you printed about baby's shoes?"

"But these are yours!" she pleaded.

And that made all the difference in the world. "Those are mine!" is war. "These are yours!" is love.

With them marriage was a problem that they could not solve with a dramatist's ease. She had no parents and no money except her salary. He had one mother who had just enough to live on, and his salary was not quite enough for him to live on alone.

If he and Meg got married, her paper, which hated his, would never allow her to keep her job. They would both have to live on his salary and, worse, she would have to stop writing. He did not want to quench her bright talent.

They had many a long parley on the subject, and agreed that they could neither live apart nor together. Still, starvation was unquestionably preferable to separation. She solved the riddle by proposing a secret marriage.

"You keep your job. I keep mine. We go to our offices separately. We live together in our own little flatlet."

"But people will find it out and suspect the worst."

"So long as we know we're honest, what do we care?"

"But I can't have you criticized."

"Criticism is our business and we ought to be able to take a little of our own medicine."

"No, it's too dangerous."

"The one best thing about New York is the way people mind their own business. You can even be good secretly and nobody interferes."

It was not hard to manage a wedding without publicity. They took out a license as Jonathan C. Coe and Julia M. Thurlow and nobody guessed that the dragon and the harpy who preyed on the theater had decided to nest together.

When the season opened in the early autumn, they were chiefly shocked to find how little attention anybody paid to their private lives. The people on the same floor did not even know their names or their faces.

They tried to live economically and save a little and they tried to earn increases of salary. There was only one way to do this and that was to make their columns more interesting, and the only way to do this was to make them more ferocious. Nobody wants to visit a battlefield where nobody was hurt, but people travel miles to inspect Gettysburg or Waterloo.

So these merry young ghouls were increasingly impossible to please. They took pains to avoid a duplication of phrases or opinions and tossed a penny to decide which was to commit murder and which only mayhem.

They supposed they had fooled everybody, but they found that they could not quite fool nature.

She had trampled on Perry Wade and Irene Merrick for playing a scene, and on Arthur Miller for writing a scene, in which Hubby came home from tolly-wolly and Wifie had to break the news to him very gently. She found herself cast for exactly the same rôle and she heard her elegantly educated husband gasp, "You don't mean——?"

Here was a how-d'ye-do indeed! She could no longer go to plays to tear them to pieces without creating more of a sensation by her appearance than by anything she might say. For all her contempt of scandal, she had now somebody else to think of. She must have at once the protection of some good man's name and she must give up her job as dramatic critic for a much more critical job.

He and Meg wrote and rewrote a hundred solutions to their problem. They were like the numberless collaborators they had reviled for coming into the theater with a good first act and perhaps a good second act but no knowledge of where to go from there. They could not postpone production or rewrite the first two acts or recast or do anything but let the play go on.

Hunting madly for some inspiration, they fell into the bog. There was nothing for her to do but resign; nothing for him to do but announce that Cass Coe and Meg Thurlow had been secretly married during the previous summer.

When the season ended they retreated to his mother's home in the Connecticut village and there the star of their play made his well-timed entrance upon the stage of this world.

Everything that was familiar and plebeian and inartistic and cheaply melodramatic took place according to the most hackneyed formulas. The whole performance was a plagiarism from the ancient original.

The mother did as well as could be expected and so did the father. If there was any criticism of the child it must have come from the neighbors, not from the critics who wrote it. They found no fault in it except perhaps a too-fervent love of night life and a somewhat theatrical town-crierish delivery of its emotions.

It had a tendency to rant and saw the air with feet as well as hands, and its expressions were not always in the best taste. But it was a baby, it was their baby, and they were as properly idiotic about it as decent parents ought to be.

The best of it was that it thrived and fattened and when they went back to town, it was hale and hearty enough to prosper in the little flat that came within their doubly restricted means.

Evening after evening Cass left his dovecote and went forth like a night watchman to fend off nefarious playwrights and actors from pilfering the public's spending money. He was as softhearted a home-body as ever cut a throat for the sake of his loved ones.

His readers expected a certain line of goods from him, so he did his work honestly, flayed nearly everybody he saw for some reason or other, and continued to build up his name as "the most fearless critic in New York."

He was the least fearless person in town. He was afraid of his baby's least cough, his wife's least pain, his doctor, his landlord, his managing editor, his public. He was frightened to death at every play he visited lest it fail to suggest a good basting for itself.

Meg went to the theater with him when they could persuade a neighbor to stay with the baby, but the cleverest mystery plays had no suspense for her compared with the almost insufferable anxiety as to what the baby might be doing, what it might have fallen out of or into, or swallowed or the reverse.

Her husband continued to abuse playwrights for purveying staple goods to regular customers who demanded only that the reliable old nursery plots be served fresh every season—so much Cinderella stuff, so many Misses Muffet with rich spiders to alarm them, so many Babes-in-the-Wood, so many ogres and gold-digging sorceresses.

Yet the Coes did not criticize their offspring because he followed the ancient routines. They were glad that he was neither precocious nor eccentric. They called him perfect because he conformed to the libretto for standardized children.

At eleven months he took up walking, but they never complained of his lack of originality. It was a wonder that he was able to walk at all, for his father was always threatening to bite his toes off and his mother nearly kissed his insteps away. It was apparently going to take him almost as long to evolve from a crawler to a quadruped and thence to a standing posture as it did the human race. But eventually he was ready to walk.

It was a great day when they bought him his first shoes and they studied the petty brogans as if they were high-art jewelry or Gobelin tapestry. They buttoned them over the stubby socks with the ceremony of squires buckling armor on a knight. Surely no young conquistador had ever before set out on so majestic a pilgrimage with such courage.

Meg and Cass were as anxious for him in his effort to traverse the three-foot gulf between Meg's knees and Cass' knees as if he were Blondel crossing Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. The whole world was a tight-rope to that baby, and he was forever falling off it with a thud that shot the tears from his eyes.

He wore out more cotton in his didy-bumping than leather in his walking. Sometimes he screamed with despair; sometimes he laughed at his own collapse. But always, whether tragedian or clown, his parents were of the same opinion. He had moods of dare-devil fearlessness when he would strike out for hot steam-radiators or sharp-cornered tables, and he had humors of poltroonery when he would not trust even his go-cart to support him.

They spent hours of ecstasy watching him take off, wabble like a little sot, kick up when he should have stepped forward, wildly clutch the air for support, spin, topple and return to earth with a crash or a splash, according to which end he fell on. There was a parental panic, a dash to save him from drowning in the rug, and a vast outpouring of sympathy and praise.

When at last he could cross the whole width of their little living-room he was a Marathon winner, and his father said: "That young man will go striding down through history. I hope he won't want to be President of the United States, but he can if he wants to."

Instead, he went striding down through the dark portal where so many babies go before they become anything else. One night there was a note in his whimpering that was not from a pin or a bruise or a flare of temper. There was a heat in his brow that terrified the barefooted young father and mother shivering over his crib. There was a frantic telephoning for a doctor. There was a cradleful of agony and terror, writhings of torment. The fever paled away to white ice, the fluttering whimper sighed out in an unbearable silence.

Their baby was one of the innumerable multitude and they learned what sorrow can be. They joined the endless

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Knocks out that "knock"

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caravan of parents who have loved and lost. They clung together for days and nights sobbing, choking, reaching out for a warmth that was in a grave.

They sat about, not daring to look at each other, their eyes tracing across the floor the crazy path of invisible little drunken feet vanished in scalding tears.

And now in their bitterness they turned their critical eloquence against the Author of the world and of Life, the cheap melodrama that tortures little babies for a thrill, the drama that is always preparing scenes that never come off, the shuffle of morbid horrors and horseplay. They agreed that life was a rotten farce and they strove for the most arrant blasphemies they could contrive. Yet the play proceeded. It was one play they could not walk out on, and criticism of it was even more ineffective than their professional censures.

Their rage wore away into a somber melancholy and they mocked their own high hopes, their childish plans.

One lonely, lonely evening Cass said with a bitter wit: "He could have been President of the United States if he had wanted to—but he—he didn't want to. He didn't want to!"

Cass went forward to his knees and buried his head in the lap of the forlorn little Meg. He kept sobbing, "Mamma! Mamma!" because there was no one else to call her that. Her tears rained in his hair; her frantic hands fumbled about his shoulders, clutching, groping. She threw her arms wide, pleading, "Baby! My baby, come back! Come back!"

Their only treasury was the bureau where they hoarded the piles of little bonnets, and socks, and shirts, the ribbons, the mittens, the toys, and the shoes, scuffed and shabby and wrinkled from the buffetings of his fat feet.

The shoes were the hardest to endure. The other things had meant that their baby slept, or was at peace. But the shoes meant their hero on the march, striving forward, pushing on toward his destiny. He tried to learn, he learned; he tottered and shrieked and clutched and sprawled; but he was up again, on his knees, on all fours, hoisting himself, balancing, fighting the rearward tug that would make him sit down hard, fighting the sidewise pull and the dizzy spells, lifting a cautious foot, wondering if he could plant it before—he was on the floor again, up again, gone again.

HEARTS are not often softened in the breaking, and the broadening of sympathy that should come from experience of woe is more often celebrated than encountered. Certainly Cass Coe and his wife felt no sudden attendrissement toward inept playwrights and miscast actors because their own lives had been botched.

Rather were they the harder to please, the harder to excite, the harder to impress. They were apt to despise the concocted griefs and the rehearsed deaths of hirelings who died six nights a week, and at matinées on Thursdays, Saturdays and holidays.

The paper that Meg had worked for, having had poor luck with her successors, offered her her old position, without asking her to resign her husband. She took up her work with a bitter zest. Her humor was more savage, her audacity hair-raising.

She and her husband were Druid priest and priestess bloodily sacrificing playwrights, actors, producers to their dreadful god. They did not know just what their god was or what he wanted, but they took their priestcraft with all the more solemnity.

They fiercely resented being overwhelmed by dramatic surprises or *tours de force*. In all sincerity they felt it their sacred mission to humble the mighty. They aimed to look like sphinxes in the theater.

But once away from their theater seats and their offices where they practiced vivisection without anæsthetics, they were the meekest, the most life-beaten and forlorn pair of mourning doves. They toiled and saved, hoping to get away to Europe, away from the gnawing monotony of their grief.

Late in the spring, Ann Clayborne found her play closing and went back into vaudeville, where she resumed her old sketch, "by request."

The announcements of her reversion to this atrocity, the fanfare, the lights, the big advertisements everywhere, were slaps in the face to the Coes, who had long since condemned the old hackhorse to the bone yard.

Cass resolved to have another whack at it. He took it for the theme of his Sunday "sermon." He did not need to see it, for it was seared in his memory, so he wrote his essay in advance, something to this effect:

"Grief has its place in the theater, and a high place. The Greeks called the cleansing of the heart's bitterness by tears *katharsis*. But the moderns have, as usual, bemeaned both the word and the lofty purpose. And now we see actors and actresses so cheap in their tear-sneaking trickeries that they might be said to pollute their audiences.

"While Euripides has been praised for his humanity and for his 'droppings of warm tears,' he was placed only third among the masters. What place, then, can we assign to the crass and contemptuous methods of certain culprits who massage the tear-ducts by brute force until they are exhausted? Parents who have suffered the deepest of bereavements should be warned against Ann Clayborne's return to vaudeville in that unspeakable old mop-rag of hers with which she plays tunes on the most sacred emotions, pulls out the tremolo stop and uses up half a dozen handkerchiefs.

"There is something odious in such bargain sales of artificial sorrows, such auctioneering of counterfeit anguish, and one can only regret that so clever a mime should grow so maudlin and exude gallons of brine on cue twice a day even for money."

Cass felt better after getting this out of his typewriter and Meg said it was swell. As Clayborne's leading man was new they thought they should make an appearance at the theater to justify the onslaught.

At the Palace they did not find the acrobats so artistic, or the clowns so funny, as they had hoped. When Ann Clayborne's name was flashed and the curtain rose on her scene, and she came on with her same old monologue, they listened to it with the calm of familiarity.

When she spoke her long piece about the baby and her joy in it, and its death, the hearts of Meg and Coe swelled till they smothered. This was old territory to them now, and every stilted phrase was high tragedy beyond the reach of stilts. Old words, old ashes of old woes rained on their souls, which were in ashes. Their hands met and clenched in a reawakened agony.

When the actress slowly revealed the bundle and her tears rattled on the paper while her shivering fingers twitched at the knot, Cass Coe gaped like an idiot to keep from crying out in pain.

When the shoes, the little property shoes, were lifted from the whispering tissue, Meg bent her head to the knotted hands and wept helplessly.

The theater reverberated as with drums. Ann Clayborne and the actor with her had no need of straining for grief. They were helplessly swept along with the flood.

As the curtain fell, Cass dragged Meg up and along to the aisle. They ran with their heads bent, fearing to be discovered in their shame when the lights went high. They were glad of the dozen curtain calls, for they had time in the gloomy alley back of the seats to dry their tears and their briny faces.

THEY swung out into the lobby and faced Broadway blinking. Usually they walked home, but now they ran to a taxicab. Cass pretended to have an appalling cold as he climbed in. They clung together and wept again. In their apartment they ran to see again the shoes of their baby, and Meg whispered as they kissed them, and each other:

"These are ours!"

When they had wept themselves out, they felt mystically comforted, and put the shoes away in a kind of pride because of the high tragedy that had distinguished their humble lives.

For a long while they forgot the article on Ann Clayborne. Meg saw it by the typewriter.

"What about this?" she said.

"I'll have another look at it," said Cass. She hung her chin on his shoulder and read it with him. Some of the clauses were so good that he read them aloud:

" 'The Greeks called the cleansing of the heart's bitterness by tears *katharsis*. But the moderns . . . tear-sneaking trickeries . . . Euripides . . . only third among the masters . . . Ann Clayborne's unspeakable old mop-rag . . . most sacred emotions . . . tremolo stop . . .' "

"Sweet! Beautiful!" sighed Meg.

" 'Bargain sales of artificial sorrows . . . counterfeit, maudlin . . . exude . . . brine . . . for money.' "

They agreed that his work was good.

"That'll make 'em sit up. Let's let it ride, eh?"

"Let's."

So he sent it to the paper and it was printed. Ann Clayborne read it in the Sunday edition late Saturday night. She was only a little angry. She had heard how Cass Coe had cried so hard that he could hardly find his way out of the theater. She smiled.

She was booked solid for fifty-two weeks at a salary that made the combined earnings of the Coes pitiful. Her business was making the public weep. Their business was making actors weep. Both were paid according to the number of their victims. Both were responding to the human need for emotion and for suspicion, for surrender and for defiance.

When the season was over, the Coes had saved enough for a trip abroad and they had orders for articles that would keep them in what they called luxury. They could not have afforded the voyage at all if they had not been spared the bother and expense of a baby.

Yet they were not grateful, these confirmed critics of everything. In sheer despite, they took the baby along, and wherever they went, they heard between them the shuffling trot of little shoes. They walked slowly, slowly, so that certain feet should not have to run too fast or tire too soon.

Spellbound, thousands watch a man being murdered, unable to see, and helpless to stay, the murderer—in "Ladies' Man" by Rupert Hughes—beginning Next Month

And I Was 21 *by Michael Arlen* (*Continued from page 65*)

said Priscilla, "shall we have Rhine wine, do you think?"

"*Ach*, you must try the Liebfraumilch, Mrs. Rivers! I promise you, you will hear the angels singing."

Listening to Monsieur Stutz' angels, I took heart and said to Priscilla:

"You do not look below the surface. Secure in the advantages of your birth and associations—in a word, your background—you do not take the trouble to understand that a man like me, who has no background at all, has to make a mark somehow."

"Why?" said Priscilla.

DROWNING the interruption in the song of Monsieur Stutz' angels, I went on: "Look at Disraeli! Was he altogether—quiet—on the surface? But what is a surface? One should probe beneath."

"Probing," she said, "one finds that you write flash stories."

"What, you call the History of Armenia a 'flash' story?"

That gave her a jolt.

"But I didn't know you were writing a history of Armenia!"

"It isn't a thing one talks about. As for the difficulties—they are almost insuperable."

"I suppose you spend nearly all your time at the British Museum?"

"Not so much as I could wish," I had to confess, "as it is closed every night. You can't conceive what a formidable subject a history of Armenia is. It begins very far back, in the Garden of Eden."

"The serpent, I suppose, was an Armenian?"

"On the contrary, Adam. That is established, because he was kicked out of the Garden, and the Armenians, following his example, have always been kicked out of everywhere. Apart from the Garden of Eden and Mount Ararat, however, very few facts emerge about Armenian history. There was Semiramis, of course. She invented eunuchs. Then there is Gulbenkian, who controls the world's oil."

"I thought that was Rockefeller."

"Gulbenkian keeps an eye on Rockefeller. And everyone keeps an eye on Gulbenkian. I can tell you, a history of Armenia is not to be undertaken lightly."

"I should think not, particularly as you spend most of your time writing flash stories about night-club types."

"You look only at the surface," I said, "and that leads you into making remarks unworthy of you. Won't you understand that the history of my people is one of darkness and horror? And you talk to me of night clubs! Isn't it reasonable that I should seek the light?"

"It is impossible," she sighed, "to think of you as an Armenian at all. You might be anything."

"I suppose you would like to see me massacred at your feet before you can take my word for it?"

"No; but I do like people to be what they are. Whereas you have taken too readily to English life—at least, what you think is English life."

Ordering strawberries and cream—in May—I wrestled with her. Yes, it was an expensive luncheon, even with the bill halved. But what did I care? Bewitched by hope, which makes fools of us all, I talked. Don't we all want to be at our best?

I hurled my personality at the formal pallor of her face. She ate the strawberries. Again and again her carmine lips closed on the fruit with absorbed ecstasy.

It should not be forgotten that all this was while I was wrestling with her for the good of her contemptuous soul. Ordering liqueurs, for the first of May does not happen every day, I said:

"You accuse me of this, that and the other. But what about yourself?"

"Ah, I shall go to hell."

"But there are degrees, strata! Need you go so deep?"

"So you would cheat even the devil, would you? Very well, do. Once in hell, I shall sink to the bottom like a stone, whereas you will remain floating about at the top showing off your waistcoats. Have you ever noticed how dirty-looking froth gets when it is left standing?"

Disdaining to use the subtle flattery of a strictly personal attack, I compared her with that good woman her mother, saying that if her mother was a snob she, Priscilla, was a far more sinister snob.

"Me! A snob?" And her eyes danced like ripples in a stream. How beautiful she was! I wish to avoid exaggeration, but—how beautiful she was!

"Certainly. An inverted snob. By calling you an inverted snob I mean that you insist on regarding everything that shines as second-rate and everything that's grubby as worthy of admiration."

As bored with my own argument as she was, I looked about me and saw the only waiter left on duty, Joe Balzac, staring at me reflectively. Monsieur Stutz, the *patron*, was drinking a glass of milk at the corner table with one of those whom he delighted to welcome with the honorable title of "My Customers."

Again I looked at the waiter, Joe Balzac. He had gentle eyes and defective teeth, like Sancho Panza. He was staring at me reflectively, and I knew he was longing for burning suns and olive trees. Well, weren't we all longing for something? And what good did it do?

I did not look at Priscilla. Turning my profile to her, in the hope that it would show a finer quality of melancholy than that visible on my full face, for a man's full face too often looks merely sulky, I gave myself up to failure. For, alas, I had failed with her. The luncheon was a failure. I could not arouse her interest. She would not admit me to her friendship.

To her, I had no meaning, and my speech was hollow.

Thus men, their self-love crushed beneath the chariot wheels of clear-eyed youth, grow old. What a world!

A shadow fell across the table. Handsome as the devil, a tall dark man stood above us. Monsieur Stutz, leaving his glass of milk, took the gentleman's bowler. Joe Balzac brought forward a chair. Priscilla, with sightless eyes, drowned her cigaret in the dregs of her coffee.

"It's four o'clock," her husband said. His eyes were dark and seemed to suffer.

I was terribly sorry for him. Why was she so cruelly cold to him when he came to the table? How that must hurt!

"Yes, we've had a good lunch," Priscilla said. And lighting another cigaret, she looked gravely into my eyes beneath slanting eyelashes.

Did I say "gravely"? It was a wicked look, stripping Rivers of his well-known attractions and showing him up as a tiresome fellow. Had she, at that moment, said, "Go out and be run over by a Number Fourteen bus," I should have done so without delay. All the same, I knew she was heartless. She smoked cigarets, while men suffered.

She said: "You know each other, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

Rivers looked at me blankly, and turned to Monsieur Stutz, who stood near by.

"How are you, Monsieur Stutz?"

"Always well when I see you, Captain Rivers."

I was terribly sorry for Rivers. Why did Priscilla make him so miserable? Why did she not respect his love and devotion? All the stories I had heard about her came back to my mind. And this man, a very St. George for looks and gallantry, went on loving her dumbly. What a woman! What a world!

"He has been calling me a snob," Priscilla said huskily.

Rivers looked at me blankly.

I was terribly sorry for Rivers. A profound sadness reigned over his dark eyes. I did not know then that all professional soldiers have that look of profound sadness in the afternoons, owing to early rising and stomach troubles.

"The dentist kept me waiting," said Rivers.

"Did he hurt you, dear?"

"I'm terrified of dentists," I said.

Rivers looked at me blankly, and turned to Madame Stutz, a vividly handsome woman with pale Viennese hair—which was clever of her since she, a Yorkshire woman, had married a Viennese—who had that moment come into the restaurant through the house door.

"How are you, Mrs. Stutz?"

"Never better than when I set eyes on you, Captain Rivers."

Priscilla coughed. I stared at her husband's profile, handsome as Rupert of Hentzau's, and thought of the long hours of waiting he must have spent.

How out of place he looked in this restaurant at the northern outskirts of Soho! Hours and hours he must have sat here waiting, while Priscilla drank liqueurs at alien tables. And he waited dumbly, with melancholy eyes, longing for a quiet cup of tea at home.

Suddenly, as though the call of a crusade had broken the drums of her ears, Priscilla swept out of the restaurant. Her crimson hat tormenting us, Rivers and I followed her.

Priscilla stood on the curb, aflame with grace. Crouched beside her was the Scorpion of Italy, a Bugatti two-seater. She looked at me thoughtfully. Rivers, bending a back like a wrestler's, started the car. Thrashing the air with its powerful engine, the Scorpion of Italy added a note of authority to the mean noises of Soho.

"Thank you, I enjoyed our lunch," Priscilla said, looking at me thoughtfully.

MY THOUGHTS hung suspended. So this was the end. I had tried; I had failed. The world moved on, but I stood still. Pulsing with the laughter of success and friendship, the world passed me by. Impersonally, I admired Priscilla's slenderness. So this was the end.

Priscilla, turning to step into the low car, whispered huskily: "Dine tonight—Carlton Grill—nine."

Shattering Soho into a thousand outraged silences, the Scorpion of Italy bore them away. The glory of speed, which only fools condemn! I walked away with a beating heart, counting the money in my trousers pocket.

It was all in silver, twenty-five shillings and sixpence. Would that be enough? But the excitement of being alive swept over me, and I forgot to answer that question.

Walking through the crowded streets, I felt—for the first time since my coming to London three years before—included in the life of London. The future beckoned to me with interested eyes, and I

walked quickly, lest I should be too late for something. I wondered how I could ever have been lonely, why I had not had faith in the luck of young men. Was I not young, and did not the gods provide for the young? Well, then!

Walking in the Green Park, I planned out my life. And it seemed good to me. Walking in Hyde Park, I noticed many groups of men and women talking to one another, and I furnished my future with friends like those. And Priscilla hovered over everything; her fastidiousness, her beauty, her fine contempts, her inspiration.

What a proud blessing is a fastidious woman friend; how it sets one apart from other men! My books would show her influence, undoubtedly. Serving her, I should be served by the best that was in me.

Poor Rivers had not struck the right chord in her, and so it was his fate to be swept away with the unwanted rubbish of Priscilla's life. But he had not struck the right chord in her, so what was she to do? She was a woman who simply had to fulfill herself. But, no doubt, with his looks and niceness, he would still find someone to love him.

Leaving the surface of the earth at a quarter to nine, I descended half a fathom, was given a ticket for my hat, and found myself in the vestibule of the Carlton Grillroom. I had never been there before. I assured myself that it was not necessary to reserve a table, as there were but few diners at that late hour.

A tall good-looking man approached me and asked me how many for dinner. Two, I said. Smiling encouragingly, he asked me if I would like to order dinner. I did so, to his disappointment. But he did not know that I had only twenty-five shillings and fivepence.

I waited. By ten o'clock I was the only person left besides the waiters. The tall good-looking man had gone, too. A solitary traveler to the bowels of the earth, I was glared at by the inhabitants. They said to themselves: "Here is a young man who has come out courting, but his ladylove has gone out with some other fellow. Poor fool!"

In the cloakroom my hat, marooned in a desert of empty cubicles, called to my manhood. I paid for the two dinners I had ordered, and left the place. She had not even thought to telephone to say she could not come. I walked home slowly, unwilling to face the dreary solitude of my two rooms on the top floor.

IT was midnight when I climbed the three flights to my bedroom. Standing in the dark, I looked through my bedroom window at the roofs of South Kensington and Earl's Court cringing beneath the stars. The stars are farther away from London than from all other cities.

I said to myself: "Peace, young man! Why give way? Why let things matter so much? Peace, my friend!" But thoughts, plausible as swindlers, robbed me of all strength.

What nonsense they were, my strivings, my hopes, my ambitions! The plain truth of it was that I was a cut above myself in having any hopes at all. Ambitions! Son of an incapable race, born in the haunted twilight of an outcast people unable to die with dignity, inheritor of centuries of ignoble martyrdoms and mean escapes, what did I deserve but the anxious and helpless solitude of the unwanted servant? What art could come from an Armenian, what greatness?

O Armenia, O unlovely courtesan, abasing yourself first before one conqueror and then before another, why did you not die with Nineveh, Carchemish and Babylon? Dead, you might have interested historians of antiquity. But alive, you are a bore to everyone, and a burden to the children you have brought into the world. The world is bored with you—don't you see that? And your children are outcasts among the peoples of the earth.

A veil over my thoughts! At last, smaller than life-size, I turned away from the window and put a match to the gas jet. The flaring gas revealed a room typical, so it struck me, of its owner's character. Dressed for show as regards my clothes, I was unable to afford the decent appointments of a bedroom.

Behind me, the sitting-room door opened.

"I've been waiting for you," Priscilla said.

She came into the bedroom, shimmering. The terrible mockery of her loveliness! What a bitter revelation of our crawling incapacity it is to meet someone in real life who has enchanted us in poetry.

"I didn't know you were here," I said.

"Impulse," she said, smiling at me.

Shimmering, she seemed so tall, and her golden head was blinding. But she smiled at me kindly. I smiled back. Inside me, my depression gave a lurch to one side and settled itself down to serious business.

"What a soldierly bed! Is that what's called a camp bed?"

"Yes," I said.

I drew the green blind down the window, keeping my eyes away from her. Who does not know the depression that lies contorted beneath sullen black clouds! its power, its persistence, its perversity! Imprisoned within those black clouds, I did not want to throw off my depression. Nay, I wanted to use it against her, to make her feel mean, to sully her cocksure radiance with remorse.

What was she doing here, anyhow? Shimmering like a fallen angel, blinding a fellow with her confounded beauty. So she had come slumming, had she? And she expected me to dither with delight, no doubt. Well, she would get no change out of me.

"Did you wait for me long?" she asked.

"No, not long."

"I am so sorry about it. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course."

"I simply couldn't get away, you see. I rang up the Berkeley Grill, describing you and asking them to tell you I couldn't come, but I suppose you didn't get the message."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Anyhow, I was at the Carlton Grill."

"Oh dear!" she said, sitting on the edge of the bed and looking up at me with a faintly puzzled smile.

Bejeweled, in white, she looked like the Queen of the Fairies. Thus I made a mock of her beauty. And I could see, behind her faintly puzzled smile, the words forming in her mind: "This man is really too awful!"

Well, let her go. Alone, I was solitary. Alone with her, I was unutterably lonely. Let her go. I began winding up my watch. After all, it *was* my bedroom.

"You *are* depressed," she said, "aren't you!"

"Yes, sometimes."

Her long shining slenderness on the narrow bed vibrated through the grubby bedroom, giving me a headache. I went on winding my watch.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"A woman let me in—looking outraged."

"Miss Lapwing, probably."

"And who is Miss Lapwing?"

"She writes novels."

"She downstairs and you upstairs!"

"Is there anything peculiar about that?"

"I suppose not—really."

Having wound up my watch, I lowered the gas a little, for something to do. My back to her, I suddenly found myself longing to burst into tears. I lowered the gas a little more and forced myself to speak.

"It was very nice of you to come," I said, trying to sound natural.

"Yes, wasn't it?"

Something in her voice made me look at her. The angel of hopelessness, flying over Monday Road, had brushed Priscilla's beauty with his wings. An indescribable sadness swept over me, and I felt it was utterly futile to struggle against fate.

Staring at her with reverence where she sat crumpled on the bed, I saw that her eyes had grown dark, like the twilit sea. Suddenly they filled with tears.

"You're so grumpy!" she said. "And I thought you'd be glad to see me!"

Shamed beyond words, I sat down beside her.

"Fine welcome you've given me!" she said.

TAKING her hand in mine, I saw, with infinite surprise and pity, that her hands were ugly. My heart torn by shame, pity and protectiveness, I could not speak. She was looking at me bitterly through her tears.

"I never knew anyone so conceited!" she said cruelly. "You think no end of yourself because you're unhappy, don't you? Never thinking, of course, that other people may be, too."

"I didn't know you were unhappy," I said. "How was I to know!"

Burying her head in the pillow, she wept quietly. I still held her hand.

"What is the matter, Priscilla?"

"Everything," she said at last.

But she did not go into details. Much later, I was to learn that, loving Rivers blindly, she had married him against her wiser instincts, which kept on telling her that he was a *faux bon homme*. It had not taken Rivers six months to find out that he could have married a more suitable wife. Priscilla was not a suitable wife for a man who wanted to "get on" in a conventional career.

So Rivers, correct and conventional, had laid himself out to hurt her, gradually, carefully, and in the most correct way possible. Naturally, he did not want her to divorce him, for he had his career to think of. Besides, was that necessary? With the cunning of a correct gentleman, he knew that she had only to be goaded sufficiently and she would play into his hands by behaving stupidly. He knew how childish she really was beneath her haughty loveliness, how she needed sympathy.

So, watching her, he waited, never doing anything that was not strictly becoming to an officer and a gentleman. There wasn't a doubt in his head but that such a woman as Priscilla would in desperation seek sympathy in a lover. In the guise of an assiduous cavalier, he kept a sharp eye on her comings and goings, for what prevented him from sleeping at nights was that she might take a lover unbeknown to him.

"Everything," she said.

Longing to help her, I stared down at her feet. Shod in silver, they seemed to whisper of formal ballrooms, of silly scented waltzes, of bejeweled ladies and pallid gentlemen so bored that even boredom held no pleasure for them—all the things I knew nothing of, but which Priscilla, knowing, hated and despised.

"You like me, don't you?" she said.

"Yes."

"Dining in a party of my husband's friends, who all dislike me, I said to myself: 'I *must* see someone tonight who

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The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MUCH depends upon a good start. That's why women meet so often at a cool and cheerful soda fountain to begin shopping and marketing—to pause to join friends and be refreshed with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This pause that refreshes puts all on good terms with themselves and with the world. There's a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

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Do your mornings Soar or Sag?

DO your days begin with a dull, logy outlook? *They shouldn't.* Do you wake up feeling half-sick and "under the weather"? *Then do this:*

As soon as you get out of bed, take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and measure a teaspoonful or so into a glass of fresh, cool water.

Drink the sparkling mixture! It clears the system promptly. It changes your outlook on life! There's no quicker way to banish the threat of an "off" morning! Women find Sal Hepatica clears their complexions and aids their beauty! Men use it because it keeps them feeling "in the pink" all day long!

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism . . . acidosis . . . disorders of the digestive tract—all the common ills that start when the body is clogged are helped, promptly, by this saline purifier. More than any other kind of laxative it cleanses the bloodstream of poisons, it neutralizes acidity. It rids the whole system of wastes!

Physicians—our own and the European—endorse this saline way of keeping well. Yearly, the spas of Europe are thronged with their wealthy patients . . . who arrive rundown and listless . . . and who return refreshed and re-invigorated by the saline treatment!

Ask your doctor about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And the next morning you wake up feeling low and out-of-sorts, put a teaspoonful in your before-breakfast glass of water!

Send for free booklet describing in greater detail how Sal Hepatica helps to relieve the many ills resulting from faulty elimination.

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likes me. I simply must!' So I came here. You are glad, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"We're friends now for always, aren't we?"

I reflected that there was great malice in the arrangement of life. Why should it have taken us, two young people, so long to come to terms of friendship? The heartbreaking delays that keep people apart!

Of course we were friends. Why shouldn't we be; what was more natural?

"If you're tired," I said, "why don't you sleep a little?"

"You have such creative thoughts, dear, I'm positive you'll be a successful writer."

"All the same, I'd like it if you slept."

"Oh, yes, and I'd like it, too! But how shall I get home?"

"There are always taxis at the coffee stall. I can run round and get you one."

"Or you might telephone."

"It's cut off, because I haven't paid the bill."

She began laughing quietly, like someone laughing at a secret joke. Delighted with everything, I was content to listen to her laughter.

"I'm laughing," she said, "because people are so awful."

What a good idea that was! How silly it was to be angry when one could laugh! Yes, that was a grand trick.

"It just occurred to me," she said, laughing, "what they would think if they knew you and I were together in your bedroom. They wouldn't dream we could be innocent, would they? Whereas it simply couldn't occur to either of us to be anything else. It's a funny world, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, longing to kiss her soft white arms, her eyes, her lips; longing to crush her to me.

"You see," she said, "people who like judging their neighbors never know what their neighbors are really like. They seem to take it for granted that everyone is so—carnal. Don't they? Whereas—well, take you and me. What more do we want than to be sitting here talking nonsense?"

"What, indeed!" I agreed, wondering why fate was so eager to make a fool of me. How did men become lovers, anyhow?

She yawned.

"You *are* sleepy!" I said.

"You're such a comfort, dear! But while I sleep, what shall you do?"

Born in Rustchuk, Bulgaria, on November 16th, 1895, it was written that I should land in England on February 4th, 1900, reside for some years at Southport in Lancashire, be instructed in "team work," "pulling together" and "playing the game" at Malvern College while trying to slake a natural thirst for knowledge in my spare time, at the age of seventeen seek my fortune in London, and, while painfully surmounting the incredible obstacles put in a young man's way by himself, win, on the night of the first of May, 19—, a notable triumph over the devil and a devoted friend for life, by holding Priscilla's hand while she slept for an hour or two.

And, in conclusion, let us pray that the like good fortune may befall other young men who seek their fortunes in great cities, that it shall also happen to the least worthy among them, as it happened to the unworthy author, to be rewarded not according to their deserts but according to their dreams, for how few of us deserve but how many of us dream of a beautiful, fastidious and loyal friend. And, since wishing is a game we never can tire of, let us wish for a happier marriage than poor Priscilla's to all such young ladies as, forgetting for a moment that they should read for instruction and not for entertainment, shall read this story.

The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament—yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

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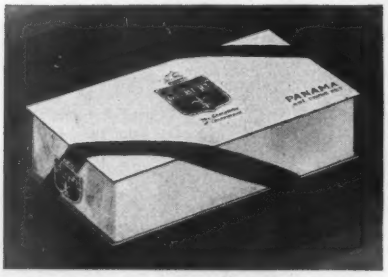

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CHOCOLATES

Why Are Women Afraid to Fly?

(Cont. from page 71)

to enter into competition equally. No form of transportation has seemed to interest them extensively. Tradition and training as well as other factors militate against their becoming bus drivers, officers on ships, or locomotive engineers.

In aviation some of the finest pilots have come from the army and navy training schools—which women may not enter. This is not subtle propaganda to induce the military or naval authorities to admit women, but only the mention of a handicap. I feel that if a woman should display skill comparable with a man's she would be given a comparable position in air transportation.

At the present time there is a certain prejudice against employing women in flying capacities, which, considering their experience, is not unreasonable. The modern transportation lines use every known safety device. A seasoned pilot is probably the most important factor in the system which includes the finest airplanes, instruments, landing fields and weather reports, and the most painstaking maintenance of equipment. Some of the women who cry loudest about prejudice would not venture into an airplane flown by one of their less experienced sisters.

Apropos of interesting women in aviation, I appeared before the Contest Committee of the National Aeronautic Association in Washington not long ago. At the present time there is no classification for women's records; that is, for any flight to be official, a woman has to exceed the world's record in any class.

Inasmuch as women haven't traveled so far as men aeronautically, I felt a much keener interest would result if they could be properly credited with what efforts they can make at the present time. There are separate tennis, high-jumping, running, swimming and golf records.

The young woman who stays aloft for twenty hours should be given official recognition, for her feat is a criterion of women's ability. Women are on the defensive and must prove their mettle by doing things. At the next National Air Races to be held in Cleveland in September there is to be at least one event for women exclusively.

Of course, such regulation does not mean that when a woman is capable she cannot compete with men on equal terms. I'd like to see men's and women's records and a sexless thing called a world's record in all activities, flying being no exception.

So far the Contest Committee has not made a decision. My feeling is that a separate category would stimulate women to aspire to really fine flying, and also interest other women in aviation.

I have heard tales of the lack of stick-to-it-iveness on the part of women. At one flying field I know of, thirteen women took enough instruction to be able to solo, yet not one of them had confidence enough to do so. This explanation is given me as typical of what might be expected of women in aviation.

In the first place, not having the same background of education, women have to be taught many things differently. A man has mechanics thrown at him from the cradle, at least in America. Women haven't.

As I have said before, it is sometimes difficult for them to obtain mechanical training. To put them in a regular course which has become standard for men is sometimes more of a hardship than they can stand.

The same thing may apply to boys under different circumstances. In a camp cooking class that I observed rather closely, the boys had to be taught patiently the rudiments which every girl knows. Had the usual methods been pursued, the masculine creatures would have lost interest and dropped out.

So far as physicians' reports go, the important physical qualifications for becoming a good pilot are women's as well as men's. The muscular control, the eyesight, which includes judging distance, are generally the same.

We hear much of women's "nerves." They may be different in some ways, but it seems to me, given a similar education, those differences would tend to disappear.

A woman can sew, watch two or three things on the stove, keep an eye on three or four children, and remain unperturbed. Half an hour in a similar situation for a man completely shatters his nervous system.

Confidence is an energizing thing. A woman knows she has control of the situation. Experience has taught her. A man is accustomed to doing things outside the home. He has had experience and has confidence in *his* type of accomplishment.

I am not urging the employment of unqualified women in the aviation industry. All I hope is that those who have ability and who get adequate training by some means will be given a chance to make a living as pilots, *if they wish to.*

There are women in the industry in various capacities now. They are employed as clerks and stenographers, as factory workers, and in the editorial departments of trade journals. Miss Dorothy Thompson White, Editor of the American Aviator, and Katherine A. McGill, an editor of the Aeronautic Review, are two I have met.

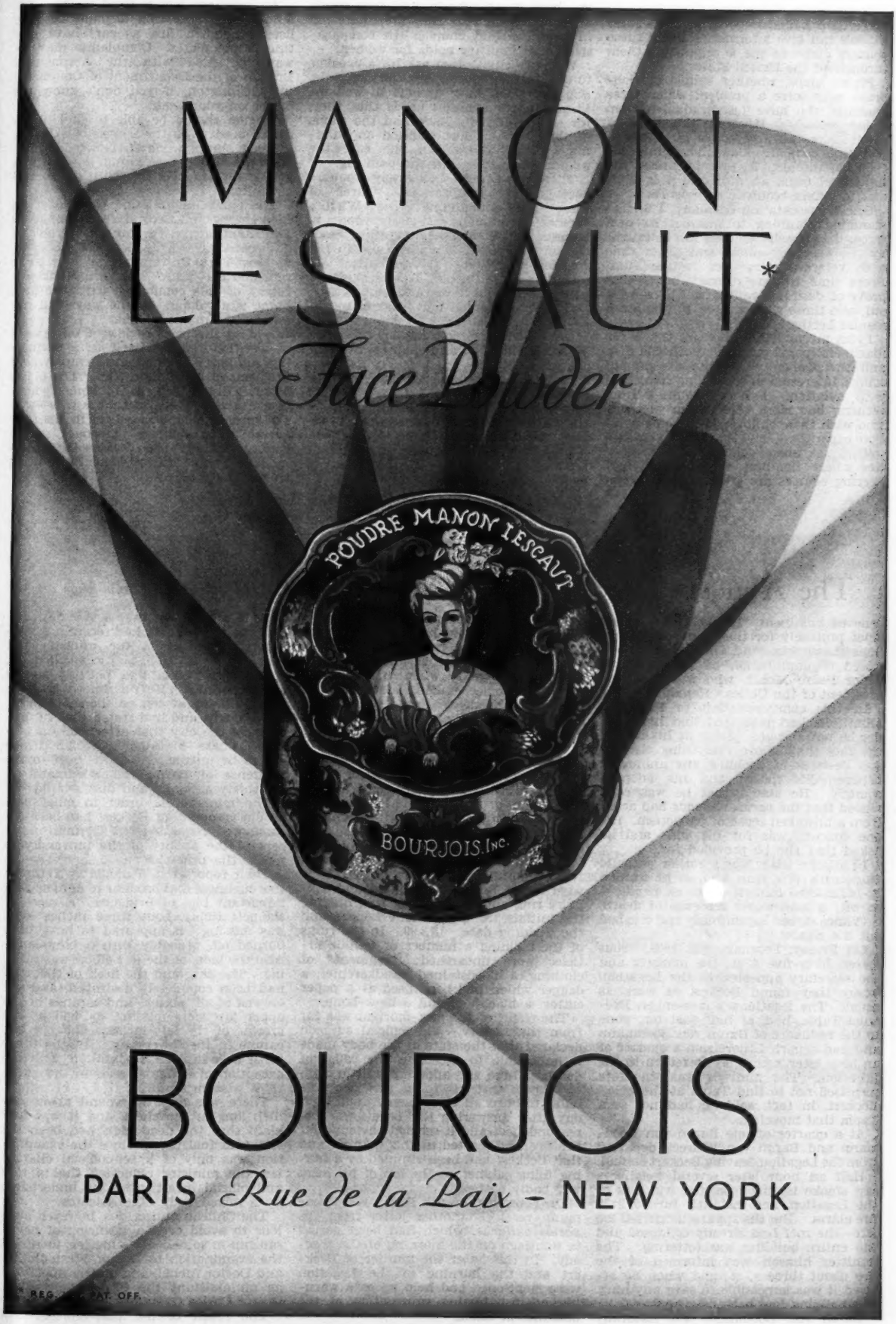
Lady Mary Heath is employed as a pilot and consultant for American Cirrus Engines. Miss Ruth Haviland has an unusual position as hostess in a Kansas City airport. Miss Bessie Davis is assistant general manager of Pioneer Instrument Company, and sells aviation instruments throughout the country, often traveling by airplane to do so.

Mrs. Louise Thaden manages an airplane distributor's branch. Mrs. Phoebe Omlie assists her husband in his business, which consists of cotton dusting, aerial photography, survey flights and merchandise service. What is one of the most complete aeronautical libraries in the world, that of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce in New York City, is presided over by Mrs. Ruth Ahouse. One of the most successful aviation schools, where the mechanics of the industry are taught, is conducted by Miss Olive B. Williams in New York City.

In a field in which the world has become accustomed to seeing women succeed—that of photography—Miss Edith Keating has become assistant manager of the Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation. She photographs from the air and helps make the beautifully accurate maps which compose aerial surveys.

Aviation is not different from any other industry. The same hard work is required and the same ability. I foresee that women will shortly become identified with it as tea-room managers at airports, perhaps traffic managers, perhaps engineers in various branches, and I hope also as designers of the interiors of cabin planes—to mention only a few of the possibilities.

As for sport, I think women will take particularly to the small light plane, which is comparable to the open roadster. The flying country clubs probably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will appeal to those who don't have to make their living in aviation. Miss Ruth Nichols can give information about these country clubs, as she is organizing them throughout the United States.

Flying clubs, whether simple or elaborate, may solve a problem which faces students who have just graduated from flying schools. Between the time of graduation and acceptance by a transportation company many hours must be spent in the air. At present, unless the individual owns an airplane, it is difficult to obtain requisite experience.

One transportation company, I understand, is planning to instruct its own force; that is, selected men will be taught by the company pilots and given time with veteran flyers over regular runs. From time to time those who do not prove of desirable caliber will be weeded out, and those who succeed will be given regular berths.

From my mail I cannot get the traffic managers' point of view. Both the men and the women who write me are, of course, interested in something connected with aviation. I have inquiries from fathers, but more often from mothers, who wish their children to become aviation experts.

They ask about colleges and universities where the best aeronautical engineering courses are given, how to select the best flying schools, and how much the tuition will be. They are interested in knowing what chances the comparatively new industry holds for women.

Women's clubs often ask for a speaker to talk to them on aeronautical subjects. Some of them have become so well informed as to aviation needs that they, for a club activity, have had the name of their city or town painted on buildings to aid flyers. In one case the women themselves did the painting.

There are several exclusively women's aeronautical organizations. Three of these are outstanding: the Wichita Women's Aeronautical Association, in Kansas, the Women's Aeronautical Association of Detroit, Michigan, and in Los Angeles, the Women's Aeronautical Association of California. These groups are independent and have various objects.

Of course, women may, and many do, belong to the National Aeronautic Association, which has headquarters in Washington, D. C., and chapters over the country.

Recently, a woman "air cop" was appointed. She is Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen of Beverly Hills, president of the California Club. She is sworn to report violations of air traffic rules. Thus, if an airplane flies too low, she takes the number and reports it. Anyone, of course, may do the same thing.

Air rules are just as rigid as those for automobiles, and each airplane bears a license number, just as cars have distinguishing plates. Complaints may always be filed with the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce in Washington, if you don't know the officer on your beat.

Women should be able to find places for themselves on the fringes of aviation, at least, through one of their oldest professions—that of teaching. Already a course for teachers has been given successfully.

The Guggenheim Fund Committee on Elementary and Secondary Aeronautical Education offered the subject, "Problems of Aeronautics in the Schools," last year at New York University, and it is to be repeated this year. The peripatetic secretary of this committee with the long name is a woman, by the way, and her name is Margaret Vollmer.

And so the brief review of one phase of aviation reduces itself to a surprising similarity to individual employment problems of other industries. The phase which is dissimilar—that of women's non-cooperative attitude, if that is true—will, I'm sure, be compensated for in the near future when bulging passenger planes run special aerial excursions to accommodate the numbers of women who won't travel otherwise.

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City.

The Almost Perfect Crime *by S. S. Van Dine* (Continued from page 67)

believed imminent. In it he thanked his chief profusely for the many considerations shown him, and asked that an enclosed communication be forwarded to Señor Pedro Montt, who was then the President of the Chilean Republic.

In this communication to President Montt, Beckert requested that his murder be not avenged, giving as his reason the fact that, above everything else, he was desirous of avoiding any animosity between his native and his adopted country. He stated that he was convinced that the *varios chilenos* had acted from a mistaken sense of patriotism. His one concern was for his wife, and he asked that she be provided for.

In all, the letter was a rather pathetic outpouring of a man who, as he worded it, considered himself a *reo en capilla*—to wit: a man under sentence of death.

(Vance sighed lugubriously and crushed out his cigaret.)

On Friday, February 5th, 1909, about eleven forty-five A. M., the minister and the secretary appeared at the Legation, where they found Beckert at work as usual. The legationary messenger, Exequiel Tapia, had, at half past ten, gone to the residence of Baron von Boodmann and had departed therefrom a quarter of an hour later, ostensibly to return to the Legation. The minister was therefore surprised not to find Tapia at the office. Beckert, in fact, said he had not seen Tapia that morning.

At a quarter of one Baron von Boodmann and Baron von Welseck departed from the Legation, leaving Beckert behind.

Half an hour later several neighbors saw smoke issuing from the windows of the Legation, and instantly turned in a fire alarm. But the apparatus arrived too late—the roof had already collapsed and the entire building was tottering. The minister himself was informed of the fire about three P. M., and when he arrived it was impossible to save anything. The building had been destroyed.

Baron von Boodmann was naturally anxious about Beckert, especially as the chap was known to have suffered from fainting spells. He feared the worst, and at nine o'clock that night his fears became a certainty when, in the ruins of the rear office, under a stack of office files, a body was discovered totally carbonized. Near the body were found Beckert's silver cigaret case, a nickel watch with fragments of a chain, and a pince-nez.

In view of the threatening letters which had been received, of Beckert's morbid fears, and of the fact that Tapia still remained *perdu*, Baron von Boodmann requested a judicial investigation and demanded that a post-mortem be performed by the Chilean police surgeon.

On the fingers of the charred body were found Beckert's diamond and sapphire ring and his wedding ring bearing the initials "N. L." (Natalie López) and the wedding date: 13.3.99. In the ruins of the building a number of telltale articles were unearthed: fragments of clothing, a bloodstained handkerchief, a dagger which had been used as a paper cutter, a blackjack and a blow-lamp.

The result of the post-mortem was far from satisfactory. The official surgeon declared that the state of the body made it impossible to ascertain the cause of death. There was apparently little mystery about the fire, for it was Beckert's habit to burn all office memoranda each day after answering the Legation's correspondence; and it seemed obvious that the fire had started in this manner and that Beckert had been stunned by a falling filing cabinet, as the top of his head was badly battered.

On February seventh Baron von Boodmann received another letter from the *varios chilenos*, which had been posted in Santiago on the morning of the tragedy. In this letter the murder of Beckert and the burning of the Legation were mentioned and held up as a warning against further prosecution of the peasants in Caleu.

As it was known that a few days before the fire Beckert had received a similar communication, the minister felt that further investigation was called for.

Moreover, Tapia had not yet put in an appearance. He was known to have left his home at ten on the morning of the tragedy, and had stated that he had to leave the city that afternoon on official business—a statement which turned out to be untrue. After his visit to the residence of Baron von Boodmann at ten-thirty A. M., he had disappeared.

The minister, in order to quiet persistent rumors that Beckert had been assassinated, requested two German members of the faculty of the university to repeat the post-mortem.

Their report was a model of Teutonic thoroughness and brought to light several important bits of evidence. A piece of the left tibia, about three inches long, was missing: it appeared to have been burned off, probably with a blow-lamp. Also the bone of the left elbow was missing. The skin and the flesh of the skull had been completely destroyed, and the crowns of all incisors and canines in the upper jaw were missing, as well as the crowns of the left incisors and the left canine in the lower jaw. All the other teeth were in perfect condition, with the exception of a small caries in the upper right wisdom tooth.

There was an oval wound about one inch long in the chest, and it was now plain that the dead man had been the victim of foul play. Since the examination was only of a semiofficial character, the minister requested that a new and official investigation be undertaken by a mixed body of physicians.

The Chilean authorities, however, anxious to avoid even a suspicion of partisanship in so delicate a matter, intrusted the examination to Doctor Westenhoffer and Doctor Aichel, and merely appointed as an assistant the Chilean physician, Doctor Carlos Oyarzún.

The result of the post-mortem was

mornings

Every day you have a different face to shave

THERE'S the dismal morning when the hot-water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make the 7:45—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

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this: the aorta had been severed, and the heart had been penetrated. In the thorax a metal splinter, evidently from a dagger or knife, was found. The injury to the skull had preceded the stabbing. There was a strong probability that the dead man had been struck over the head with a blunt instrument and subsequently stabbed to death. The lower part of the body had lain under some damp office files and had therefore escaped complete destruction; and there remained fragments of a green and white striped shirt bearing the initials "G. B."—to wit: Guillermo, or Wilhelm, Beckert.

Mrs. Beckert unhesitatingly identified the shirt as her husband's. She was questioned in regard to her husband's teeth, and stated that they had been in perfect condition with the exception of some gold inlays in the upper incisors.

THE following day, February ninth, a medical-legal-diplomatic meeting was held to discuss the findings. The Chilean police surgeon, who performed the first autopsy, spent a most uncomfortable half-hour, and finally admitted that he himself had not carried out the autopsy, but had turned over the uncongenial task to a servant at the morgue.

The testimony of Mrs. Beckert referring to her husband's clothes and teeth was read, and it agreed in every particular with the findings of the second autopsy. Beckert had, years before, suffered from a fracture of the left tibia and was known to have had a conspicuous scar on his left elbow. It was obvious that these parts of the murdered body had been destroyed in order to make the identification impossible.

The conclusion of the conference, therefore, was that the charred body was that of Beckert, and that he had been stabbed and destroyed by fire in order to hide all traces of the crime.

Well, well. It was a most unpleasant situation for the Chilean authorities. Not only had the victim been a member of a foreign government, but the police surgeon had been lax in his examination.

At once there was a feverish activity on the part of the various Chilean government departments. Every possible effort was made to lay hands on the missing messenger Tapia, whose guilt now appeared conclusive.

But there was one cynical gentleman who was unimpressed. He was the Examining Magistrate Manuel Bianchi. He passionately resented the slur cast upon the Chilean judicial procedure, and proceeded to con all the reports with a suspicious and eagle eye. After hours of intensive study he discovered one item which seemed to hold out some hope of turning the tables on the *gringos*. And to this doubting magistrate must be given the credit for solving this most amazin' crime.

On the afternoon of February ninth, half an hour before the funeral was to take place, he sent Doctor Germán Valenzuela, the director of the Santiago School of Dentistry, to make a final examination of the teeth of the deceased. The German Minister magnanimously permitted the coffin to be reopened. But nothing was found that disagreed in any particular with the post-mortem findings and the casket was then resealed.

It was a most touchin' funeral, Markham. At five o'clock in the afternoon the cortège set out for the cemetery. President Montt sent his personal adjutant to attend the obsequies. The coffin was lowered into the grave by eminent Chileans, who had acted as pallbearers by way of showing their sorrow and esteem. Baron von Boodmann emitted various wingèd words of eloquent eulogy. And to confer upon the occasion an æsthetic atmosphere, the German Liederbund gave musical voice to several mournful dirges.

The same day the Chilean Cabinet called a special meeting, and after the reading of Beckert's letter addressed to President Montt, those assembled in solemn conclave voted unanimously to petition Congress for a grant of twenty thousand pesos for the bereaved widow.

It was most impressive and quite correct. But there was one skeptical gentleman who took the episode with tongue in cheek—to wit: the cynical Magistrate Bianchi. Shrewd fella! While the Liederbund were speeding their departed *Landsmann* into the Beyond with vocal harmony, this Bianchi and his friend, Doctor Valenzuela, were discussing a most startling discovery!

When the erstwhile Natalie López had been questioned regarding her husband's teeth, the two German professors had employed a Spanish-speaking German as interpreter; and this Teuton linguist had made use of the word *dientes* for teeth—a word which, in common Chilean usage, connotes only the incisors, or the teeth that are visible when one laughs. Molars, in Chilean usage, are called *muelas*; and the human teeth in their totality are referred to as *dentadura*.

Now, Mrs. Beckert had truthfully answered that her husband's *dientes*—namely, his visible incisors—had been perfect, and since she had not been asked about his *muelas*, she had volunteered no information on the subject . . .

Forgive me this little linguistic interlude, Markham old dear. The whole case hangs on it; and it simply goes to show that even "the perfect crime" is, after all, a matter of chance.

The Chilean members of the commission had apparently overlooked this little difference between *dientes* and *dentadura;* but the perspicacious Bianchi had thought it worth a bit of scrutiny.

Doctor Valenzuela, at Bianchi's suggestion, now asked Mrs. Beckert to describe her husband's *dentadura;* and she gave him the satisfyin' information that several of his molars had been missing. Whereupon Bianchi went to Doctor Juan Denis Lay, the dentist who had attended Beckert, and, with the help of the latter's records, ascertained beyond any doubt that five of Beckert's molars had been extracted only a few months previous.

(Vance grinned a bit sadly.)

Because of a philological nuance (he sighed) a lovely crime went to pot. It's most discouragin'. Since the charred body in the burned Legation possessed a complete set of molars, it now became obvious that the corpse was not that of Beckert. Furthermore, it became increasingly evident that the victim was none other than Tapia; for Madame Tapia informed Bianchi that all of her husband's molars had been intact with the exception of a small caries in the upper right wisdom tooth!

In addition, Bianchi recalled, with chauvinistic delight, that Beckert and Tapia had been of similar physical build.

On February tenth, the day after the funeral, the morning papers of Chile published these disclosures. Baron von Boodmann promptly admitted to the Department of Justice that the body of the deceased could no longer be regarded as that of Beckert, and was, in all probability, none other than Exequiel Tapia's.

It was now recalled that on February sixth a johnny named Otto—I forget his last name—had come to the police with the information that he had seen and spoken to Beckert between midnight and one A. M.—ten hours after the fire. But as Otto had an unsavory reputation and was known to have been on bad terms with Beckert, he was not believed and was told to run along and mind his own business.

The German Minister and Baron von Welseck now remembered that, when they visited the Legation offices on the morning of February fifth, the floor had been newly washed, and that Beckert was not wearing his custom'ry pince-nez. The deduction appears inevitable that at that time the unlucky Tapia had already passed to his Maker and that his mortal remains lay hidden behind the office files—a supposition which agreed with the result of the post-mortem. It had been ascertained that death could not have been later than eleven-thirty A. M.

There was no longer any question that the charred body was that of Tapia; and the unescapable corollary was that Beckert had been the murderer, for the latter's belongings found by the body could have been placed there only by Beckert himself.

The German government immediately waived all diplomatic immunity for Beckert, and thus turned the case over to the jurisdiction of the Chilean authorities, who at once launched forth on the man-hunt with great gusto.

The body, which had been buried amid the inspirin' vocal strains of the German Liederbund, was now disinterred, and a third autopsy was performed. A microscopic examination of the skin and hair proved that the dead man was of swarthy complexion and had dark hair, whereas Beckert was conspicuously blond.

Immediately following the fire a general alarm had been sent out for Tapia; and on February tenth, simultaneously with the discovery of the true identity of the corpse, a report arrived from the Chief of Police of Chillan, a little town on the Southern Railroad about two hundred miles south of Santiago.

The report stated that a traveler had appeared before the Chillan police with the information that on February seventh he had met a man on the train who, though representing himself as wealthy, had traveled second-class.

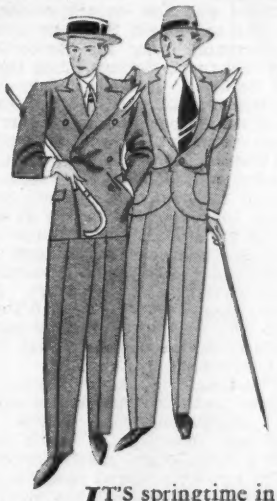
The chief of police had regarded this information as suspicious and had sent an inspector to Victoria, the train's destination. The inspector found and talked to a man bearing a passport made out in the name of Ciro Lava Motte, which had been issued by the State Department the preceding January for a voyage to the Argentine. But as the passport seemed to be in order, the inspector had returned to Chillan.

HOWEVER, on the arrival of the news about Tapia the chief of police, thinking that the mysterious Señor Motte might be the missing messenger, telegraphed to Santiago for Tapia's description.

In Santiago the police immediately checked up on Señor Motte and discovered that in January Beckert had applied to the Foreign Office for a passport for his brother-in-law, giving as that mythical gentleman's name Ciro Lava Motte.

But even this was not sufficient evidence for the Santiago police. They were most careful and thorough. Within a few hours they had discovered that on the day in January when Beckert had applied for the passport he had also bought a blackjack at a local hardware store, had ordered three false beards and

MEN TURN AND LOOK WHEN



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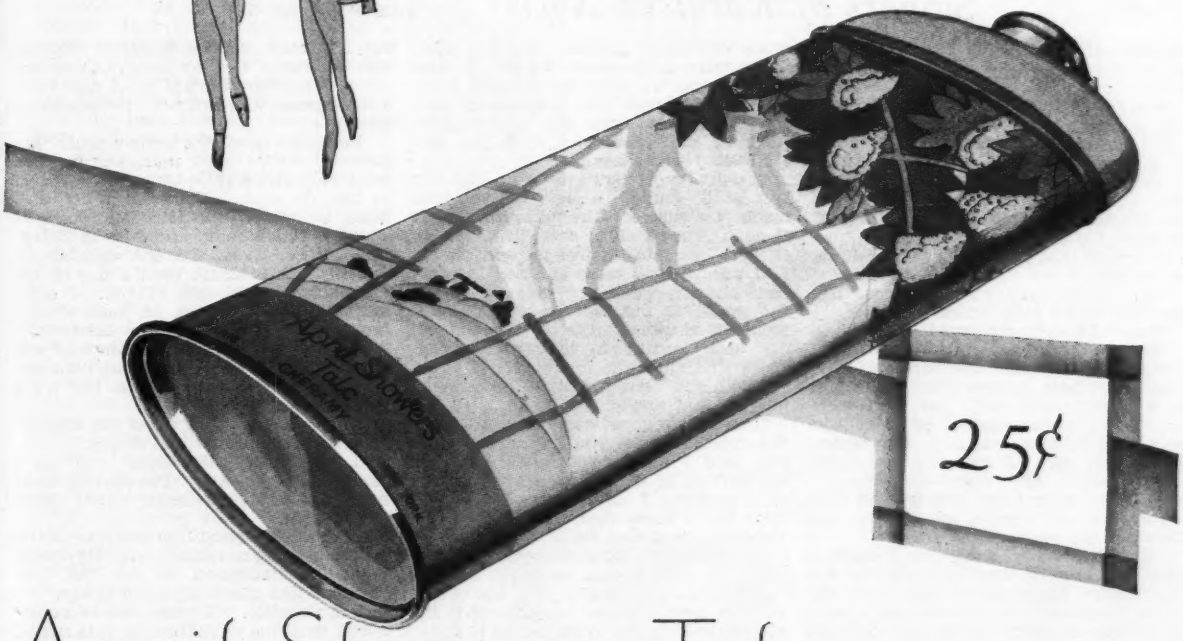

April Showers Talc *by*

CHERAMY · *Paris*

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a brunet wig, and had bought a traveling suit, leather puttees, a trunk, and a rifle with a leather case—all of which he had had inscribed with the initials "C. L. M." Beckert had also bought a revolver and cartridges and twenty yards of lamp wick.

While the police were thus engaged in checking up on the preparations of Beckert's perfect crime, the German Minister was endeavoring to find a motive for the murder. It didn't take long, for in going over the missing man's accounts it was discovered that for more than a year Beckert had been forging drafts and discounting them at the bank. It was estimated that he had diverted to his own pocket nearly 50,000 marks ($12,000).

But even this mass of corroboratory evidence did not entirely satisfy the Santiago police. They were treading on delicate ground—the honor of their fair nation was at stake—and so they turned their suspicious eyes upon Beckert's private life. They discovered that he had not been the virtuous family man and model husband that everyone had thought him. He was, indeed, a gay dog, and had spent many leisure hours in the company of charming but fragile *señoritas*.

To one of these light-o'-loves he had written several letters in a disguised hand, signed "Tito Bera." He had later confessed to his *dulcinea* the authorship of these amat'ry epistles. The lady produced the letters, and the chirography proved to be the same as that of the author of the letters signed by *varios chilenos*.

In fact, all these threatening letters had been part of the preparation of Beckert's astoundin' plot. With them he had prepared everyone for his approaching murder. So well had he planted the whole idea that after the crime the identity of the body was hardly questioned.

There was now enough evidence even for the squeamish Santiago police, and a telegraph order for Beckert's arrest was sent to all stations along the Southern Railroad. Beckert had by this time quitted Chillan and was proceeding toward the Argentine border. But on February thirteenth, barely six miles from the frontier, the *carabinieri* overtook their quarry; and on February sixteenth the author of the almost perfect crime was safely lodged in the bastile at Santiago.

The preparation for Beckert's trial took over six months—the Chilean authorities wished to have an absolutely clear case to present to the court. Also, the legal aspects of the case had to be gone into with great care, for the question of extraterritorial immunity was raised by the defense.

The trial, however, took place on September 2nd, 1909, and ended with Beckert's conviction on all counts. He was not only sentenced to death, but given thirty-eight years' penal servitude and fined sixteen hundred pesos—a sweet bit of legal inconsistency, but quite characteristic of legal procedure, don't y' know.

Beckert naturally appealed. Even in Chile such processes are part of the noble game of jurisprudence. But the Supreme Court denied the appeal; and after several stays of execution—so reminiscent of our own legal procedure—the unfortunate gentleman faced a firing squad on the fifth of July, 1910.

(Vance lighted another Régie.)

Y' know, Markham, my sympathies are all with Beckert. He did a noble and thorough piece of work. He spent almost two years concocting a perfect crime. Really, he should have succeeded . . . No, I fear that I shall never go in for murder. The fickle goddess of chance . . .

The perfect crime! Yes, yes. The cards were stacked against the unfortunate Wilhelm. Most distressin', eh what?

. . . . . .

"Yes, very distressin'," mocked Markham. Then: "There have been curious parallels of the Beckert case in America. There was the H. H. Holmes case, for instance, and the Udderzook case—both attempted insurance swindles."

"Oh, quite," Vance returned indolently. "Criminals are not original. Circumstances, don't y' know. There are parallelisms in most crimes, human nature bein' what it is. Especially is this true of *crimes passionnels*. They're based on the caressin' theory that one woman differs from another. Silly notion, what?

"Regard our own Snyder-Gray case. Lovers eliminatin' a husband. Very sad. And yet, lovers have been eliminatin' husbands since time immemorial. I shall never be a husband, Markham. Much too dangerous."

Two weeks later, when we were again gathered together in the lounge room of the old Stuyvesant Club, some mention was made of the Snyder-Gray case; and Vance dismissed it with a wave of the hand.

Reproached by Markham for his effete attitude, Vance told us of the famous Hilde Hanika case in Czecho-Slovakia in 1923—a case which had many amazing parallels with the Snyder-Gray case.

In my next report I shall try to set forth—as nearly as possible in Vance's own words—the record of this astounding passional murder.

Sinners *by Kathleen Norris* (*Continued from page 51*)

mornin'—it shows how little trust we put in Providence. Seems we never know what's comin'!"

She sat heavily silent, watching him anxiously.

"I take this very kindly of you, Emma," he said, considering.

"It's like a dream to me that I've found you, Lucas, and you aren't dead, and I can maybe make up the hundredth part of what I done to you!"

"We ain't responsible for what we do as children."

"No, but we can pay for it, Lucas. I've been payin' for forty years."

"Sho!" he said, distressed.

"If they'd sent you to the chair, then I would have spoke!" she burst out miserably. "There wasn't ever any doubt in my mind about that! But there were extenuatin' circumstances, and you was only tried for manslaughter. And meanwhile, they were all makin' a fuss about me—reporters and court—everyone. I kept tryin', after I saw how terrible a lie I'd told—I kept tryin' to cut it down, and they'd praise me for that, too.

"My folks moved away, but I made a girl back home promise she'd let me know what happened to you. But she never wrote me. And after that I tried to put you out of my mind and to forget the whole thing.

"But I couldn't. It rode me day and night. It come between me and everything right and sweet about my marriage and my children. There wasn't one of 'em born but I didn't look down at his little face and say to myself, 'I wonder if some hysterical girl of thirteen is goin' to swear *your* good name and your future away!'

"You spent sixteen years in jail for a crime you didn't commit. But I've been forty years in torment, Lucas. I used to pray that the Lord would make it up to you and punish me. But I never had the courage to come out and confess. No livin' soul ever knew what you and I know. I was afraid."

"I don't know but what I've had the best of it, Emma. I haven't ever be'n much of a success," the man said. "But I don't know's I've ever be'n afraid, either. You mustn't feel too bad."

"I want you to come and live in comfort and independence on my place," she said. "If I'm ever to have another moment of peace, it'll be due to you. It's been burnin' in my soul for ten years that that was my way out."

"Well, you certainly are a good woman," he said slowly.

"I'm not a good woman at all. I'm the murderer, not you. I hardly knew you, and I did to you what a savage wouldn't do to his worst enemy. There's no happiness I could give you that'd clear me, I know that. But if putterin' about the farm and feelin' that you were a free man, with something put by in the bank, in case I was suddenly took—if that'd mean anything to you, Lucas, late as it is now to make amends, why, it'd be a charity to me to let me do it!"

He blinked with wet, smiling eyes. But he spoke sturdily. "If it'd mean anything! Why, Emma, I don't know as folks realize just what this kind of a place is like, eatin' amongst a lot of paupers and beggars and fellers that aren't mentally straight. If I ask for a shirt or a sweater or a pair of pants, she unlocks the wardrobe and hands me out the first one she sees—I don't blame her, she's not got any reason to respec' me—but I haven't stopped respectin' myself, just the same. I don't know as you appreciate just how hard it is. A man likes a little peace and privacy," he explained simply.

"I'm alone now," the woman said. "My husband was a good man, but he was hard. He died awhile back; my boy died in the 'flu year. The little feller died when he wasn't but four, and my girl married a missionary and lives in China. But I'm well fixed. I'm not complainin'.

"Only, there hasn't been a day of my life I haven't thought of you. I don't know that there's been an hour when I haven't remembered that hot Easter Sunday, back home, when Kane Madison was murdered, and when I, a smug little girl with long curls, stood up and lied away your life!"

"You wasn't nothing but a kid, Emma."

"I knew better'n that, though."

"I certainly would enjoy livin' on a farm again," he said. "I'm country-bred, and trees and fields seem to say something to me."

She was looking at him wistfully; there was something of humble entreaty, something of admiration, in her dull look. "There's just one thing more to say," she began abruptly. "I want you to understand that the obligation in this matter isn't on your side. It seems to me you've already done more for me, Lucas, than I'm ever goin' to be able to do for you!"

Six weeks later she walked down to the barn, on a hot March morning, to tell him that luncheon was ready. Supper was never anything but warmed-over biscuits and tea and fruit sauce and such nursery fare, but luncheon was a daily triumph for Emma, who was a master

hand with chicken tapioca gravy and asparagus omelet.

The air was blue and singing, this morning, and all about the white farmhouse the lilacs were in flower. The yard was pleasantly littered with ropes and planks and odds and ends; a bridal wreath had burst like a pop-corn ball under the low window of Lucas' kitchen chamber, and up the slope of the hillside plum trees were white masses of bloom against a celestial sky.

The barn stood in a slight depression too shallow to be called a canyon; mighty oaks were scattered among the shabby old buildings; the windmill was flanked by towering, tasseled eucalyptus trees. A calf was blatting somewhere out of sight; chickens were talking and picking near the line of whitewashed farm buildings.

Lucas was sitting on a backless chair, mending something with a neat leather thong. The spring sunlight fell graciously upon his comfortable relaxed old figure in its muddy corduroys and thick sweater; he was whistling to himself as he worked, an Airedale attentive and adoring at his knee.

"If you aren't whitewashin' something, you're mendin' it!" Emma commented, with an air of dryness.

"That Portygee broke his milkin'-stool strap," Lucas explained.

"You're a great hand for jobs," she said, smiling.

His delight in the little farm had made her see it with new eyes. Joe Huggett had been a sufficiently satisfied rancher, but there had been no romance in his attitude. Lucas, a broken old jailbird from the poorhouse, saw enchantment everywhere. The place seemed to gain an entity, a personal fascination, under his eager care.

Since Joe's death Emma had tossed her weekly copy of Farm and Orchard unopened upon a heap on the desk in the dining room. Lucas had fed upon these hungrily, had drawn her into discussions of pruning and henhouses.

He wanted to try a hive one of these days; he had theories about acacia honey. He was already "Uncle Luke" to the Portuguese who worked intermittently on the place; Carolina, the kitchenmaid, adored him.

He was happy, and Emma Huggett, watching him wistfully as he expanded in this new atmosphere of comfort and liberty, felt in her own sore heart a certain satisfaction that was somewhat like happiness, too. The old car was a Cinderella coach to him; he worked over it, tinkered with it, kept it shining. His own books and lamp, his coffee cup with the pink roses on it, the instant allegiance of the dog, these were things in which he took untiring delight.

"Lunch time?" he said, when she had inspected the milking stool.

"If you're goin' to be a real farmer, Lucas, you ought to call it dinner."

"Well, that's right, too." He walked along beside her through opened gates and corrals. "This feels more like June than March!" he said. And then suddenly, "Say, listen—listen. I've got a bone to pick with you. What's all this about?"

He drew from his pocket an envelope, a typewritten letter, a small brown book.

Her sad face brightened only a shade. "Oh, yes!" she said. "Yesterday was the first. I put some money—fifty dollars—to your account."

"I don't need money!" he protested. "I've got some of that check you sent the superintendent. I haven't no more use for money here than Captain has!"

The dog leaped at the kindly old hand that dropped to his shaggy head.

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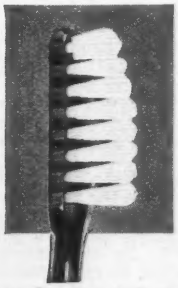
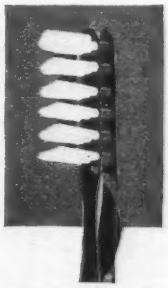


Left. Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for smaller-than-average dental arches.

Right. "Masso" Pro-phy-lac-tic—for gums that need special massage.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Radio Program—WEAF Network—Every Tuesday 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

"I'd pay a foreman more'n that, Lucas."

"Why, but sho!" he said. "I eat my weight in butter and eggs every day."

"You don't eat much," she said quietly.

"It'll just accumulate there at the bank," he said stubbornly.

"It's a good place for it."

"I want to tell you something that may make you feel good, Emma," the man said suddenly. "I've kinder wanted to say it for some time, and I may's well say it now. I'd live the life I've lived all over again, to have it come out like it has now."

"There isn't any money in the bank that could buy your sayin' that," she said simply.

"We don't know what governs our destinies," he went on. "What I'd have be'n without them long years of incarceration, who can say? I was destined to endure 'em, and you destined to eat your heart out with regret. But we don't know but what all's for the best." He stopped, innocently pleased with his own oratory.

She sighed deeply, frowned. "You've got a sweeter nature than I have, Lucas."

"It don't take a very sweet nature to appreciate havin' health and liberty and some work to do," he suggested.

"Remorse is the thing that ages you and eats into your night's rest," the woman observed, in her hopeless way. "You might well forgive and forget because you're innocent. But I keep goin' over and over it. Ma and gran'ma were in the kitchen when I got home that Easter afternoon, and I'll never forget Ma's holdin' out the paper to me. 'See about Susan Clute, and her folks sendin' her East for violin lessons?' she says. Sue'd always had everything I wanted.

"It kinder made me sick, the rest of that afternoon. I changed my dress and bathed my face and took a good long drink of water out at the pump, I remember, but I was just shakin', inside.

"About six o'clock Mrs. Tenney came runnin' over, and she told Ma about Kane Madison bein' murdered. 'I'd like to know where Lucas Rippey was this afternoon,' she says, in a scared sort of whisper, 'because everyone knows he and Kane were both after Thelma Cass.'

"Then I spoke up. Right out of a clear sky I says, 'Why, I saw Lucas Rippey up near the Madison place this afternoon!' I says. The minute I said it I knew I was done for. They both turned to me.

"'Then you know where poor Kane was found?' Mrs. Tenney says.

"'It must have been somewhere near the house,' I says, at random, not knowin' whether she'd know I was lyin' then and there, and say that the body was down near the railroad tracks or something. But no, she just looked scareder than ever, and she says, 'Yes. He was layin' right across the doorsill.'

"After that I went on. As different neighbors came in, I'd tell it all afresh. And when Judge Robbins come, the next day, I was as easy as an old shoe with the details about how you spoke to me, and how you were buryin' something and asked me not to say I'd seen you. I was crazy, that's the only explanation."

They had halted in the shadow of the barn at the dooryard fence. The lilac blossoms near them moved in a soft breath of wind, and were still.

"I thought we was goin' to forget all this, Emma."

She laughed a brief troubled laugh, with a note of shame and gratitude in it. "Yes, that's the sensible thing to do."

"I don't know as it matters much what you do with your life long's you end it right," Lucas said thoughtfully.

"I know. But as if there wasn't trouble enough in the world, to send an innocent man to prison! Lucas," she added abruptly, in a quickened voice, "who did kill Kane Madison?"

"I don't know. We had a fight at the livery stable, all right, him and me," the old man said, "like it was proved in court. We fought over Thelma—she'd got into trouble, and he was sorter laughin' at me about it. I don't know when I've got so mad—all of a sudden.

"But that wa'n't all the score betwixt Kane Madison and me. Ever since I'd be'n a little feller in grade school he'd be'n bullyin' me. He used to twist my wrists. Sometimes my wrists would be sore for weeks, but I never dast to tell anybody. I hated him, all right; I *would* have killed him fast enough!

"This afternoon he come into Lenhart's stable while I was tendin' it for Len Lenhart, and he begun to ask me if I would like a message from Thelma. I wasn't never a regular beau of Thelma's, but she seemed awful sweet and pretty to me, and I couldn't bear to think of her bein' in trouble.

"He backed me up to the loft ladder, and he begun forcin' me up, and I struck at him with the broom handle—like they brought out in court—and I yelled at him that I'd kill him, all right. The lady in the cottage next door told all that true enough, and that I run out after him.

"He run across the fields towards home. But I never followed him. I went up into the woods and laid down on the grass all afternoon, hatin' him."

"But then, who did kill him, Lucas?"

"Mysteries of the missin'!" he said cheerfully.

He admitted himself that he was "great" on mystery stories. But then, Emma would muse a little enviously, he was "great" on everything. She was well past her half-century mark, but she had never met anyone like Lucas before—unless an occasional vital enthusiastic child were like him.

Everything delighted him, every waking, every breakfast, every hour of his busy puttering day was a separate delight. He discussed the chickens as if they had been human entities; the old plow horses came over to the corral fence, and rested their great shaggy heads there, when Lucas was busy in the farmyard; the Airedale crushed his hairy length against Lucas' porch door at night, and whined and muttered from time to time in a very ecstasy of love.

She regarded the sunshiny old face wistfully, painfully. "Nothing hasn't ever embittered you, Lucas."

"No," he agreed, considering. "Don't know's it has."

"But weren't you thunderstruck when I, the minister's niece, come out with all that rigmarole?"

"Yes, I was, as I recall it. I was real surprised."

"It was my evidence that done it, Lucas."

"Emma, can't you forgive and forget?"

Emma laughed in desperation, seeing the sympathetic look upon his kindly, rosy old face.

"I tell you there's many a millionaire of sixty-five that'd change places with me!" he assured her over and over again.

One hot July noon he and she were alone on the shabby, shadowy side porch. The sky was whitish-blue, the fig-tree shadows seemed to pulsate with a green light. In the orderly dooryard pepper plumes hung motionless, filling the air with pungent scent. Chickens were fluffing and complaining in the shadow of the stable lane; the windmill wheel was lifeless. Now and then the dog sighed and moaned faintly in his sleep.

Emma, always restlessly active, was stringing beans with quick expert movements of knife and fingers. Lucas was tinkering patiently with a flytrap, bending the wire gauze carefully, whistling under his breath.

He glanced at his companion now and then; stopped whistling. "Heat's given ye kinder a headache, has it, Emma?"

She raised heavy eyes. "No, I don't know as my head aches," she said slowly.

He worked on again in silence, and again gave her an uneasy look. "Emma," he said suddenly, "there's something I want to say to you."

She glanced up expectantly; his tone was odd. Her hands were still.

"I've had this on my mind for some time," Lucas began again. His old face had reddened painfully. He hesitated, looking at her doubtfully. "This may make kind of a difference——" he said, and stopped.

"What ever on earth are you talkin' about, Lucas?"

"You've be'n very kind to me," the old man resumed, forcing himself on. "And it's only right you should know."

"Know what?" she asked, nervous and impatient.

"Emma," he said, "would it surprise you to know that I done it?"

She looked at him blankly, heavily, not in the least understanding.

"I mean, that you was right about Kane Madison?" Lucas said.

The burning, difficult color of middle age spread to her own face. Her eyes not leaving his, she automatically put aside her panful of beans and raised her fingers to press her throat.

"Yessir, I done it," Lucas then stated flatly in an expressionless voice.

"Y-you," she stammered, and swallowed with a dry throat. "You—why, Lucas Rippey," she added sharply, "you don't know what you're sayin'!"

"Yes, I do, Emma," he persisted simply.

For a long moment she watched him steadily, almost fearfully. "You wasn't anywheres near the Madison place!" she whispered at last.

"Becuz Kane Madison wa'n't killed at his own place. He was killed at Lenhart's barn, and he run all the way home."

Her eyes flashed as she considered this. "'Twa'n't possible," she breathed, still watching him as if fascinated.

"That's the way it was, though, Emma."

"Oh, my Lord!" she murmured, looking away. Her hand was clutching her heart now.

"I hit him with a pipe in Lenhart's," Lucas resumed. "He backed me up the ladder and he was ta'ntin' me about Thelma. I useter go kinder crazy whenever anyone ta'nted me like that. I useter go crazy even before I left the orphanage. The matron knew it. 'Don't get Lucas in a tantrum,' she useter say."

"Lucas, you never killed Kane Madison!"

"I say I did."

"You hit him on the head?"

"Down at Lenhart's, that Sunday afternoon. He run out the side door and went streakin' up through the medder. I run after him for a piece, yellin' at him that he couldn't talk to me that way, that I'd kill him. Then I come back, and I was scared. I knelt down and prayed, right there in the middle of the stable, that he wouldn't die."

"But the mallet, Lucas? The mallet they found in the Madison kitchen, that had blood on it?"

"Well, maybe it was ackshally used to

hammer a steak with, like old Gran'ma Madison said. Anyway, I knew I'd hurt him considerable. There was blood on the pipe, all right.

"I got up from my knees scared to death, and I says, out loud, 'I've got to get out of here! I've got to get away,' I says. And then it sort of come to me that no, better hang around and act innocent. So I went out and washed the gas pipe at the troft and threw it down in the sun on the dry grass."

"Your sleeves was wet when they took you!" she whispered, struck.

"Yes, from washin' the pipe. I washed my hands good, too, and then I prayed some more. My mother had be'n a great believer, and I says, 'I'll believe, too, if You get me out of this!' Well, I've come to believe!" he ended, with his sunny old smile. "But I had a long way to go before I found God."

"Lucas," the woman said, and her own voice was like a prayer, "do you tell me you killed Kane Madison?"

"Emma, if it meant goin' back to the town farm, I'd have to tell you."

"Oh, let that go!" she exclaimed. "Just tell me—tell me that you done it!"

"I do tell you I done it!"

"You killed him, only he got home before he fell?"

"He run across the medder, Emma, holdin' onto his head."

"They never thought of that!" she said, remembering.

"They never thought of that."

"Then my lie," she began, ending a short silence—"my lie wasn't all a lie, Lucas?"

"No. I got"—he cleared his throat—"I got what was comin' to me!" he admitted.

"Oh, no," she muttered, shaking her head. "No, it wasn't right. It wasn't right to give a little feller of twenty-two a life term, no matter what he done! And you from the orphanage, too, and delicate—like we all knew you were.

"But oh, Lucas," she gasped, "I'm so grateful to you for havin' told me! I'm so grateful to you! I'm grateful to God!" Her hands were over her face again. "My God, I thank Thee!" he heard her say. "I thank Thee!"

When he looked at her after a time, her arms were dangling limply at her sides and her cheeks were wet.

"Don't mind me, Lucas," she said, in an infinitely exhausted and gentle voice, with an unsteady smile. "Them's tears of joy. I'm happy. I don't know as I've been so happy since that Easter Day."

"It's be'n on my mind to tell you."

"And I thank you, Lucas. You never did a kinder thing in your life."

"I wanted you to know."

"Mind you," she said, with sudden vigor, "it don't lessen my wickedness in lyin' about you! No, it don't do away with that. But at least I didn't send an innocent boy to sixteen years in prison and ruin his life."

"You must of knew, Emma."

"No, I didn't, Lucas. I told them lies out of whole cloth!"

A long silence, hot and still all over the burning world that was beginning to smell of dusty apples and of Isabella grapes.

Emma was breathing like a spent runner. "The relief of it, Lucas!"

"It's goin' to make you feel different to me, Emma; that's what I'm kinder afraid of."

She had closed her eyes, her head flung back. Now she opened them. A smile suddenly brightened her face. She did not speak, but she extended a brown, hard hand, and his fingers caught hers.

"You don't feel—hard toward me, Emma?"

"Hard?" she echoed, with trembling

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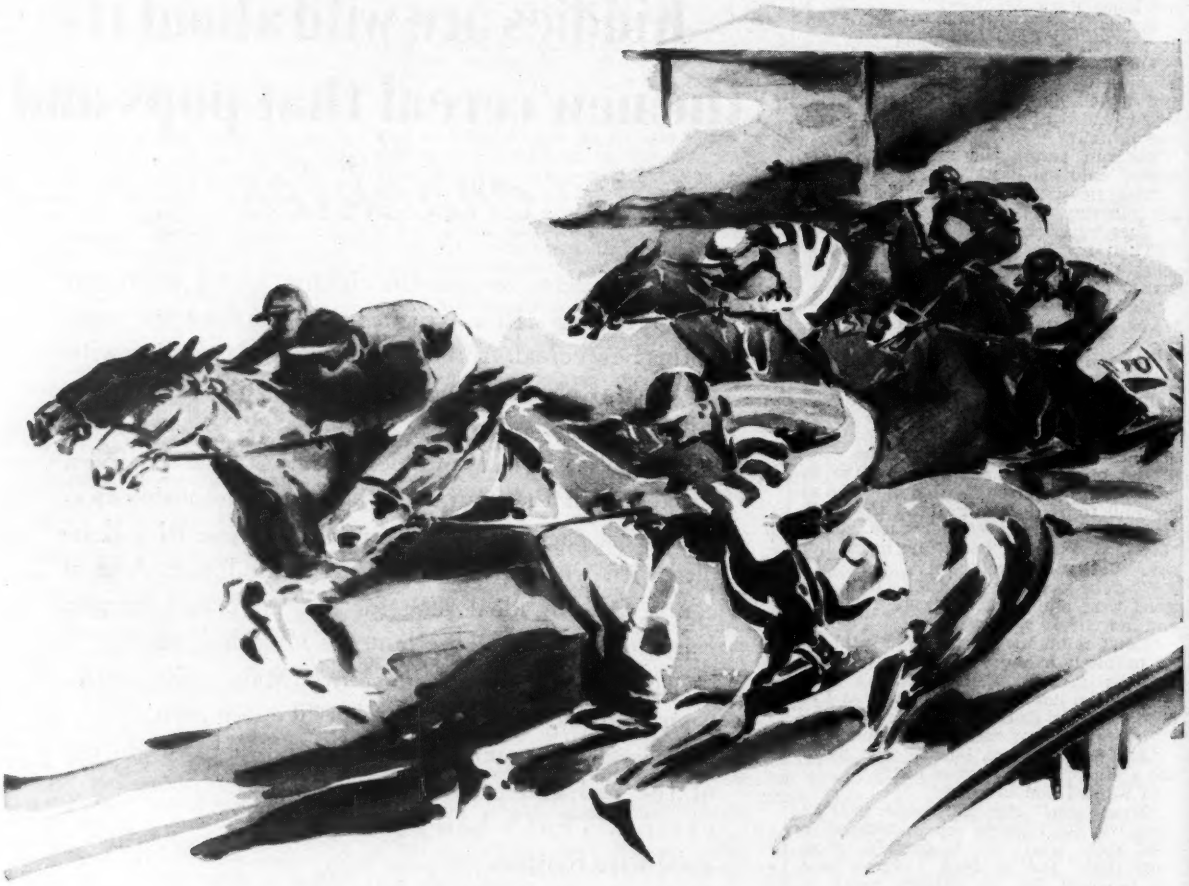

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....not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD...
and yet
...THEY SATISFY

lips. "Lucas," she said, "I'm never goin' to feel hard again toward nobody!"

"I'm a criminal," he reminded her simply.

"Yes, but you paid. While I——" she was beginning. "But no, I've paid, too," she amended it, under her breath. "We both done wrong, Lucas. But through the infinite goodness of God we've found each other and forgiven each other, and that's all there is to it. You've done more for me this afternoon than I could do for you if I made you the King of England!"

Blinking, swallowing, her hands still shaking, she began to gather up her pans.

"Well, there, I haven't felt like this in dear knows when!" she said, laughing and crying at once. "I'm goin' in to wash my face and hands and brush my hair, and get my bearin's. It seems to me like a new world, and I shouldn't wonder if 'twas a pretty good one, like you're always tellin' me."

The screen door banged behind her lightly; he heard the clink of the pans in the kitchen, and then her heavy step mounting the inside stairs.

Lucas sat on, on the shady side porch, tinkering with his flytrap. He began to whistle softly again as he worked. Once he spoke to the drowsing dog, who immediately rose, whimpered affectionately and pawed at the rough brown corduroy knee.

The old man smiled. He looked away, through a pattern of grape leaves, at the eternal hills, transparent and delicate today as opal-colored gauze.

There was peace, there was content, there might even have been a trace of wise and subtle humor in his eyes.

Green—as in Envy *by Forrest Wilson* (*Continued from page 91*)

her love affairs or her Russian wolfhounds.

Pastré gave her vaporous coiffure his usual inspired ministry, saying nothing to her, however, about his projected desertion of Paris. It was only when the ashen cloud was all that art could make it in the indefiniteness of its outlines, and when the suspicion of violet in its depths had been craftily restored—when the temperamental lady was ready for the street, in fact, that the great Pastré led her into the outer vestibule to dismiss her there in the presence of his daughter and, incidentally, of Georgette.

"Madame," he began his devastating announcement, "Pastré regrets it excessively, but tonight he must leave to see his clientele in Madrid and Vienna."

He stepped back a pace to observe the impact of this blow upon its lovely victim. She, however, seemed merely interested.

"For long-time, Monsieur?" she asked calmly.

"Who knows?" Pastré answered. "Three weeks—a month."

"Well, good voyage!" the actress cheered him. "Good success!"

"But Madame, I do not understand."

"That one should give you one's best vows for a voyage? Fie then, Monsieur!"

"But other times, Madame, when Pastré had announced a voyage, always you have had the crisis of nerves."

"No, no," denied the lady skeptically. "It is not possible!"

"But yes, Madame. I recall myself of it that when I was in train of departing for the America, you have sworn you would accompany me—that you would not live in a country with no Pastré for your hair."

"Have I sworn that?" recollected the blond Gaby. "Well, perhaps. But fortunately I did not execute that menace, for otherwise I should not have known how perfectly you take precautions for your clients."

"You wish to say, Madame?"

"Your new hairdresser, of course—that young man. Monsieur Something—Monsieur Jacques."

"What! You find him a replacement for Pastré?"

"Not all in fact, you comprehend. But nevertheless agreeable."

"Well," exclaimed the master tragically, "when Lascaud accepts a débutant to substitute for Pastré, then it is time for Pastré to rest always in Madrid and Vienna, where his art is not misprized."

"No, no, my dear friend," the famous beauty soothed him. "Paris must always have her Pastré. You have not understood. It was only to thank you for providing a suchly good replacement as that young Monsieur Jacques. Me, I find his hands well consoling."

The actress departed. Without a glance at his daughter, Pastré turned and walked in dazed fashion back into the salon. There was a queer look on France's face, but the black eyes of Georgette shone with malicious satisfaction.

So comforting was the admiration he received in Spain and Austria that Pastré the Great tarried in those countries longer than he had predicted. Six weeks passed before the Rue Boissy-d'Anglas saw his portly figure again; and then it was Paris' Grand Week—those seven days and nights of summer festivities which end with the Ball of the Grand Prix and provide the fashionable hairdresser with his briskest commerce of the year.

Pastré's first act upon his return was to transfer his daughter to the manicure salon, as he had promised.

For the rest of that week the great Pastré was too occupied with his own affairs to give any more thought to the girl. Every day the world of fashion flocked to Longchamp, to Bagatelle, to Auteuil; and the *chic* shuttled between Pastré's cabinets and their own public appearances.

But with all this Pastré was not so busy that his mind could not brood lovingly upon a plan which he had formulated during his late travels abroad. He kept licking his lips as he thought of it. As panteth the hart after the water-brooks, so panted the wounded feelings of Pastré after revenge. And now he had his plan, infallible, perfect—a bit of drama to restore his own prestige a hundredfold and provide a poetic punishment for the fickle Gaby Lascaud.

Following its custom, the Maison Pastré kept open on Sunday, the day of the Grand Prix. At the ball that night, if ever in the year in Paris, one's coiffure had to be perfect. As early as nine in the morning ladies began coming to the House of Pastré for their hairdressing.

The afternoon had worn on into evening, one by one the staff had gone out to dinner and had returned, and still Madame Gaby Lascaud had not appeared. But Pastré was not uneasy. The whimsical Gaby was one of those indulged clients who might come at the last moment and be sure of her sitting.

In fact, that was the way she would come—had always come. From Pastré's hands she would go directly to her boudoir, and from there directly to the Opéra. Thus she could know that she would be without reproach. Gaby Lascaud annually set fashion at the Ball of the Grand Prix. Half the world attended that function primarily to observe her.

Pastré had dismissed a client and was awaiting another when the girl Georgette suddenly slipped into his room.

"Not yet departed, my dear?" Pastré inquired mildly.

"Monsieur," began the girl, "do you know where is your daughter now?"

"In the salon of manicure, one supposes," answered Pastré.

"And why has she chosen the salon of manicure for her midst?"

"Because, my dear infant, she has not loved you, it appears."

"She has had reason!" cried Georgette bitterly. "That salon of manicure—bah! It is only because its door is beside the door of the room of Monsieur Jacques. She is a minx, that daughter of yours, Monsieur. She has stolen my lover, or the one who would have been my lover if she had not come."

"You are insane, Mademoiselle. The daughter of Pastré——"

"You desire the proof, Monsieur? Think you that your daughter is in the salon of manicure? It arrives that I know that she is in the room with Monsieur Jacques."

Pastré strode down the cloister to the end door and flung it open. There, balanced against the sitter's chair, stood Monsieur Jacques and France. Her two hands clutched at the linen lapels of his spotless working jacket. His arm was half around her, tenderly, and they were gazing tragically into each other's eyes.

"Hah!" breathed the great Pastré.

Monsieur Jacques held up his free arm. "It is my fault, Monsieur," he called out. "I had proposed myself to speak to you before, but I was too occupied."

"To speak—to me?" swallowed Pastré.

"That we have the envy to marry ourselves," supplemented France. "That we love the one the other."

"I sleep. I dream," Pastré choked.

"We had accorded ourselves to speak tonight," said Monsieur Jacques. "France had just come to tell me good courage—not to have fear—that thou hast always of indulgence for her."

"What? Is this serious?" gasped the master. "A miserable barber proposing himself to espouse the daughter of Pastré, the artist?"

"It is true I have not of silver, Monsieur," said Monsieur Jacques with dignity; "but me also, I hope to become an artist."

Pastré came to his senses with a roar. "What art thou doing there?" he demanded of France, who was still shrinking against the white jacket of her young man.

"We attend thy response, Papa, Jacques and me."

"There is no response," thundered Pastré. "All simply, this affair has never existed. Come thou with me, my pullet."

"But I have told thee, Papa, I love Jacques."

"What dost thou know of such things—thou, yet a baby? Come."

He stepped forward and grasped her by the arm, but she clung the tighter to Monsieur Jacques.

"Oh, say me, dear Papa, that thou dost not wish to say that," she pleaded. "Never hast thou refused me one thing. Truly, I love him—truly. How can I leave him like this? Oh, when am I going to see thee again, my cherished?"

"Never!" roared her heartless papa. "It is finished. Thou art going at once

in the car to the house to rest there for thy naughtiness until one can decide what to do with thee. As for you"—he turned upon the stricken young man—"I will agitate myself of your bad faith tomorrow."

He pulled France away and began dragging her to the door.

"No, no, Monsieur!" Monsieur Jacques protested. "My bad faith? No. It was only that you were on voyage——"

But Pastré paid no attention to him.

"One can lock me up—one can enchain me," wailed France over her shoulder, "but never can one make me forget thee, my loved—never!"

No sooner had Pastré (under the gloating eyes of Georgette) deposited his daughter in the automobile and returned, still a volcano of pent fury, to his gleaming den than Madame Gaby Lascaud made a gay entrance for that annual masterpiece of hairdressing which was her right and her Paris' felicity.

"Dear, dear Pastré," she cried, coming toward the great man with both arms outstretched, "tonight your incomparable hands can again one time more display their mastery."

Pastré's lava had frozen to stone. "Not with your coiffure, Madame, they cannot," he replied stiffly.

The lady laughed joyously. "Always the flatterer!" she bantered him. "My hair is so pretty by nature, you wish to say, that even your art cannot embellish it?"

"I wish to say," answered Pastré brutally, "that my art is not going to attempt it—not this evening, at least."

Much of the happiness fled from the lady's face. Her mouth fell open. "How?"

"Madame," proclaimed the great hairdresser, "not even Gaby Lascaud can abase Pastré and not live to regret it!"

"But I do not understand, Monsieur."

"Let me recount the little history," begged Pastré. "When I have announced my departure for Spain, have you made the scandal, all as habitude? Not at all, Madame. On the contrary, you have vaunted yourself of discovering an agreeable replacement for Pastré."

"But naturally only as a temporary expedient," the blond Gaby defended herself. "To make you more tranquil in leaving your clients."

"Pastré counsels you to search that expedient now," said the master.

A light of understanding came into the actress' eyes. "My dear friend," she conciliated him, "I conceive that I have given you offense, though without the spirit of it. Nevertheless, I demand your pardon. And now let's go there, because one has not too much of time."

"Pastré is not retaining you, Madame. A rendezvous has expressly made itself for you at about this hour with your Monsieur—ah—Jacques."

"That is not very amiable of you, Monsieur," pouted Madame Gaby, "since one has already made some excuses for one's crime."

"Permit, Madame," Pastré interrupted her coldly. "My client comes to enter."

"A client?" spoke the lady dangerously. "Well, Pastré, that is pushing the pleasantry a little too far."

"You doubt it?" gloated Pastré.

He beckoned to the new customer to enter his cubicle.

"No, no!" protested the actress in anguish. "Monsieur, it will be too late then. I appear in the first tableau."

"Without doubt your Monsieur Jacques attends you at every moment," Pastré reminded her.

"Impossible!" cried the famous beauty. "For the Grand Prix? Only Pastré will suffice. And I have some new projects for this evening—of a sensation."

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Pastré was adamant. "Your Monsieur Jacques will agitate himself of those."

With a terrible cry Gaby Lascaud dropped to the floor, weeping. "Oh no, oh no," she moaned. "I will not believe it. You are not capable of such infamy."

"Madame," called down Pastré from the heights of his enjoyment, "you are making the scandal."

"Dear Pastré," pleaded the prostrate woman, "think of the clients I have brought you, of the successes I have made for you, of the success we can all the two of us have tonight!"

"Demand your Monsieur Jacques to think of that."

The actress leaped to her feet, a foaming tigress. "Strongly well, Monsieur!" she cried, making for the door. "I go there. But you, Pastré, you are going to regret this to your bed of death."

"And why, Madame?" asked Pastré, keeping pace with her and gesticulating as he walked.

"Never will I sit in your chair again."

"What other will you find, Madame?"

"There will be some other, Monsieur. Meanwhile, that of Monsieur Jacques."

"You have my permission, Madame."

"I do not demand you your permission, Monsieur. I demand you only for the return of the silver I have paid as honorarium of advance."

"If Pastré was worth an honorarium of advance, Madame, his successor must have been even more worth it."

THEY reached the door of Monsieur Jacques' cell simultaneously. That young man was slumped down in his sitter's chair, his back to them, his head drooped disconsolately over one shoulder; but at the sound of their voices he jumped up and faced the door defiantly.

"You!" called out Pastré rudely. "See here your favorite client. Do your possible and find out if you can equal the art of Pastré."

The marvelous hands of Pastré the Great could work almost automatically. Yet even those hands almost made some fatal slip when, half an hour later, the scented temple vibrated with a voice—a voice that had often thrilled the audiences at the Vaudeville.

"Pastré! To the rescue!"

Pastré abandoned his client and sped with surprising agility to the cabinet of Monsieur Jacques. Once before that afternoon he had looked in there upon a spectacle that upset him, but this was one to shatter the stoutest nervous system.

Monsieur Jacques himself leaned half fainting against the mosaic wall. The drying helmet had been lifted from Madame Gaby's head, revealing in the white light that the famous gray-gold hair with its mauve suggestion had become green—a light, delicate green, to be sure, but—green. The actress could only point speechlessly at her reflection in the mirror, her face a comedy mask of horror.

Monsieur Jacques stumbled supplicatingly toward his employer. "Monsieur," he cried brokenly, "I have made a fault of some species, I do not know what. I was—distraught——"

Pastré brushed him aside and went to the suffering actress. "My poor Gaby," he whimpered, "Pastré is crushed. Pastré has carried his revenge too far. He is come now to thee. All will go well. Thou art saved."

He began mixing swiftly a fresh hair-wash in the basin. Monsieur Jacques had groped his way to the glass cabinet containing his bottles. Suddenly he stared, transfixed, at one of them, took it out with a trembling hand and dropped it into a little satchel he carried back and forth from work. He closed this, picked it up and edged toward the door.

"You—where are you going?" Pastré snapped at him.

"To my house," faltered the frightened boy. "One supposed——"

"Rest there and regard how an artist works."

Just the wetting in the new bath seemed to remove most of the green from the hair, and the henna wash which followed appeared to do the rest. Indeed, when the damp locks of the now hopeful Gaby were arranged for drying, they were their usual pale gold, though darkened a little now by their moisture.

Pastré adjusted the drying-cap and turned on the warm-air blower. "Two minutes, my dear," he said to the actress. "I go to console my other client, but I reenter at once. Attend."

He was back even sooner and stood, watch in hand, timing the drying. At the exact moment he lifted the helmet from the expectant Gaby's head. The famous halo unfurled itself once more, but verdant as ever.

"Heavens, it is permanent!" gasped Pastré.

"Gross pig," screamed Gaby, as she caught the first glimpse of herself in the mirror, "you are as maladroit as your stupid subaltern!"

"Dear Madame," pleaded Pastré, "I am going to try one time still."

"No!" she forbade him. "It is not worth the pain, since it is too late for another treatment. Oh, you have ruined the life, the career, of Gaby Lascaud. One can imagine himself the damages interests one will have to pay for that."

"Not the verbal process, Madame," implored Pastré desperately. "Me, I will pay you voluntarily all that which you demand."

"Silver?" scorned the outraged lady. "You think to evade yourself of the followings of this crime all simply by the payment of silver? No," she cried, jumping from the chair; "I have a better project. Revenge! My hat! My fox!"

"Where do you go, Madame?"

"To the ball."

"Like that?"

"Even like this."

"But all the world will find out——"

"Naturally, since I shall give myself of the pains to inform them."

The great Pastré dropped to his knees. "No, no, my dear, dear friend," he supplicated her. "Think you of all the successes I have made for you. I will pay you, it imports not what. I will give you the daily treatments. Without doubt in a week I can make the reparation. But do not betray your Pastré. It would be annihilation, bankruptcy."

"Esteem yourself bankrupt then in this moment," declaimed Lascaud passionately, "since within one hour even from the stage of the Opéra I shall be pointing to this—this salad and saying to all the world, 'Regard what arrives in the Maison Pastré when the villain toad Pastré turns over his clients to his ignorant subalterns.'"

And before Pastré could restrain her or even get to his feet, she had gone.

The great hairdresser turned upon the shrinking Monsieur Jacques, visibly swelling. "Animal! Great turkey!" he croaked. "To the door!"

"The door—me?" cried Monsieur Jacques. "Monsieur, my career!"

"To the door!" repeated Pastré. "While I can still retain myself from assassinating you!"

"You have done that already, Monsieur," said Monsieur Jacques bitterly. "First you shatter my love affair, then my career. You will regret your inhumanity, Monsieur, and perhaps more soon than you think. If something should arrive of this, Monsieur, my blood will be on your hands."

He spoke to the fragrant air, for the great Pastré was gone. Monsieur Jacques packed up his possessions and left the establishment with bowed head, the most deeply disgraced young man in Paris.

Pastré the Great did not reach his modernized temple next day until noon. This was an extraordinary event, but one excuse for the master hairdresser was that he had had a hard night. He had spent most of it arguing with France.

That most tractable child in the world had suddenly become the most obstinate. She loved her Jacques, some day she would marry him, and nothing that her papa could do would prevent it.

Noon as it was, it was only a morbid attraction that drew Pastré to the scene of his downfall even at that hour. He had not dared look at the morning newspapers. Disgrace would come to him quickly enough, without going forward to meet it.

He rather fancied that he might find the place in the Rue Boissy-d'Anglas sacked during the night by the indignant élite issuing from the Opéra. Instead, however, the street was more crowded than usual with parked motor cars.

As Pastré passed into the vestibule, he became aware of an unwonted moaning sound coming from the basilica beyond. He threw open the door and a clamor of female mourning fairly smote his ears. On the scarlet chairs in the salon sat perhaps a dozen smartly dressed women, awaiting their turns and looking, most of them, rather alarmed; while from the whole central portion of the cloister emanated cries and other manifestations of grief.

"Name of a pipe!" Pastré bellowed above the din. "What has it there?"

At his voice Josèphe, the head hairdresser, staggered from his cell and came distractedly toward the master.

"Oh, Monsieur," he cried out, "you were not here. One has attended you until eleven hours, but then the clientele has insisted, and we have attempted it, Monsieur, without your science."

"Science of what?" demanded Pastré.

"The green coiffure, Monsieur. All the world is exacting it of us—twenty clients here now, and already forty strokes of the telephone in more for future rendezvous. You were not here, Monsieur. What to do? So one has tried it with dyes, Monsieur, and what results! What results! Regard, Monsieur."

One by one he opened the doors of the cloister for Pastré to peer in. With the hair of each sitter the respective barber had indeed attained a certain verdancy, but never one, evidently, pleasing to its recipient. As to the cubicle of Josèphe, that presented a scene which made even Pastré, man of steel, quail. That client's hair had taken the shade the pelt of a rather light-colored liver spaniel might show if dipped into an olive-green wash.

IF THIS kept on, there would be danger of a panic—scandal. What to do? The wit of Pastré the Great met the occasion.

"Mesdames," he addressed the clients, stepping out into the middle of the speckled room, "Pastré is with you now. One has not need to have fear. For the love of heaven silence yourself a moment, Madame. Mesdames, this green coiffure is only a passing folly. Will you renounce yourselves of that ambition, if Pastré assures you that——"

The outer door opened, and the scented zephyr seemed to waft into the temple a vision of ecstatic happiness. It was Gaby Lascaud.

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"Dear Pastré," she chanted, "dear master, I come even at the good hour to offer thee my felicitations. What triumph! The most grand success of my career!" She snatched off her hat, and the green hair floated about her head like a viridescent cloud touched with light. "And that dear Monsieur Jacques," she babbled on, "where is he? I have not yet slept. I could not until I had embraced that young man for my gratitude."

Pastré gulped for an answer.

"*Tiens*, Pastré," the delirious Gaby chided him playfully. "Be not so jealous, thou. I made the honor for the new coiffure to thee personally at the Opéra, just as I have promised thee. Show me that young man. No? Then I go to search him myself."

Pastré held up a restraining hand. "He is not there, Madame," he said.

"Ill?" asked Gaby anxiously.

"Who knows?"

The actress gave Pastré a curious appraisal. "Then you have shown him to the door?" she asked disbelievingly.

"Naturally, Madame."

"What an imbecile!" exclaimed the beauty. "To give dismissal to genius! Well, then, tell me his address."

Josèphe started for his employment book.

"I forbid it," Pastré halted him.

All the gay comradeship went out of the temperamental Gaby's manner.

"You forbid it, eh, Pastré?" she said; and if Gaby Lascaud could be imagined to snarl, she snarled then. "And to what purpose? In some minutes every bureau of private police in Paris will be searching for him—for me. Me, I will not sleep. By night I shall have found him. And tomorrow—tomorrow, Pastré, he will found his own house of hairdressing—with my money. He will give me his recipe for the green coiffure—for me alone. I will be his first client, and all the world will follow me there."

She picked up her hat and made for the door. But she was too much the actress to be content with such an exit. In the doorway she turned.

"Pastré is dead; live Monsieur Jacques!" She flourished her hand above her green head, and was gone, followed by envious eyes.

It was in such emergencies that Pastré showed his greatness. "Send my car for my daughter, and quickly," he commanded Josèphe.

It went quickly, for in thirty minutes it was back. In ten more Pastré and France were knocking at the door of Monsieur Jacques' little apartment in Montmartre.

"Enter!" a voice called weakly.

They found the young man, pale and hollow-eyed, sitting in pajamas and silk house robe beside his table. France ran forward and embraced him.

"It was not for making the court that I brought thee," her papa scolded her, "but only to entreat Monsieur Jacques to return to the House of Pastré."

"It is too late for that now," said the young man hollowly.

France stared at his drawn features. "Oh, my chocolate, my doll, my little end of cabbage," she wept, "thou hast suicided thyself!"

"Poison?" gasped Pastré.

"The same thing," whispered Monsieur Jacques with an effort. "I have bathed."

"But what is it that it is?" demanded Pastré insistently.

"I have eaten well for lunch and then bathed."

"Fatal!" pronounced Pastré, awestruck.

"Death comes now at each moment," Monsieur Jacques confirmed him faintly.

"My poor infant," Pastré pleaded with him, "my son—for thou couldst have married my France if thou hadst lived—tell thine almost papa the secret of the green coiffure before thou passest on."

"The green coiffure?" shuddered the unfortunate boy.

"All the world exacts it of me today," elucidated Pastré.

"No. It shall die with me," decided his victim.

"Say not that," begged Pastré. "Come, France, let us search a doctor at once. His life may be saved yet. In the America I have heard that the people were careless about such things and still survived. But meanwhile, my Jacques, write down the recipe—as thy legacy to thy France—in case thou art dead when we return."

"Me, I rest here with my well loved until the end," said France.

Pastré dashed out. In a few minutes he was back with the local pharmacist, to whom the case was explained.

"Absurdity!" said that near doctor. "A superstition!"

The color returned to Monsieur Jacques' lips. "Then I will not die today?"

"Not unless you are careless in crossing the streets," said the pharmacist.

Monsieur Jacques stood up. "Then we have your consentment, Monsieur, to marry ourselves, France and me?" he asked the great hairdresser.

"Well, naturally," hedged Pastré, "one had supposed that you were moribund when one spoke like that. But for the recipe you can have a partnership——"

"If you will excuse me now, cherished and Monsieur," said Monsieur Jacques.

"Where do you go?" asked Pastré.

"To habilitate myself. After that to found my own house of hairdressing."

"I cede to it," responded Pastré promptly. "Thou canst have all for the secret—France, a partnership."

"It is well simple," explained the boy. "One is excited, and one seizes by fault the nitrate of silver for the water of silver. After that, the henna, the heat—it is all."

"The simplicity of genius!" marveled Pastré. "Pastré, he is an artist, one hopes, and therefore quick to recognize talent in another. But dispatch thyself, my son. The world attends to be greened."

But the young couple were locked in their first licit embrace. France turned a rosy face to her father.

"He is better than a thousand crown princes, my papa."

"At least, he is better than one," philosophized the great man. "He is the replacement of Pastré, and what crown prince can claim to be that?"

Tagati *by Cynthia Stockley* (*Continued from page 41*)

greeting her also as "cousin," though she was no such thing except in an umpteenth degree by marriage. Neither was the countess his cousin, for that matter, but she detested the term "aunt," especially from her numerous and good-looking nephews, and as they all nursed expectations of her ninety thousand pounds, they were willing enough to humor her in this mildest of her demands.

"Come on, Cousin Letty," Dick conjured her briskly, as if she, not he, had been late for the rendezvous. "I've got the car waiting, and rooms engaged at the best pub. We've had the annual Agricultural Show on here today. Terrible business. People from all over the country, and everyone off to the ball tonight . . . You wouldn't like to go to the ball, by the way, would you?"

"Ball!" snorted the countess. "Bed's what I want, my dear boy, and some decent food on a tray."

Felicia also disclaimed any desire to attend a ball that night.

"That's all right, then," said Dick, much relieved. "They'll fix you up, 'like one John Smith,' at the pub, and we'll start off for the farm when you're ready tomorrow."

Felicia liked his good-tempered air and his high-pitched voice, but she still found time to query to herself: "Can this possibly be handsome Dick?"

On that dimly lighted platform it was difficult to detect anything more distinguished about him than a powerful smell of whisky, and even that she soon discovered was no distinction in Rhodesia. But in the glare of the big lamp at the station entrance they saw him more fully, and the countess fell off her mental perch for a second at the sight. She said little but as usual made that little snappy.

"Surely, Dick, you are purpler and have more in front than I remember!"

Poor Dick. She had flicked him on his tenderest spot, but that was ever her particular gift, and no one knew it better than he. It was true, too. He had got a good deal in front for a man of thirty-seven or so, and the prevailing tone of his complexion was indeed royal.

It was easy enough to see, at all events, that Dick Cardross once had been strikingly handsome, for the fine features were still there, the English eyes, the stamp of race. But he was now far too jowly, his neck had thickened, his eyes were bloodshot.

Felicia wondered what Stella had thought of him after their post-war separation—lovely, secret Stella, slender as a bird, bright-skinned and sleek! She remembered the gay cocktail and bridge parties for which Mrs. Cardross' London apartment had been renowned, the endless round of dancing, racing and theaters, while ever on the hostess' lips had fluttered plaintively the faint protest: "I really must be going back to Rhodesia soon!"

But three years flew by before she went, and three years is a goodish space to leave a man alone on the veld. A Rhodesian woman once told Felicia that all husbands left alone on the veld for any time are liable to come unstuck. And there was a phrase in one of Stella's letters home to the effect that it was high time for her return, as she found Dick had taken to eating his food all mixed up together on his plate like a bran mash, and hanging his pajamas up in a tree!

It was sufficiently clear anyway that he must have come quite a good deal unstuck, not only since the war but since marriage. Felicia couldn't imagine such a man as he now was, ever having enchained the subtle and captious Stella. Stella was ambitious, too, but, Dick's eye registered no ambition save to be kind and jolly, and that's not much good to a worldly woman!

Yet, in an odd way, it was understandable that he should be Letitia Karamine's pet nephew and hot favorite for the eventual stake of her considerable fortune. Whatever he wore, even khaki slacks that barely met round the waist and a belt at bursting point, no one could mistake him. He had the undeniable stamp of race on him, and his

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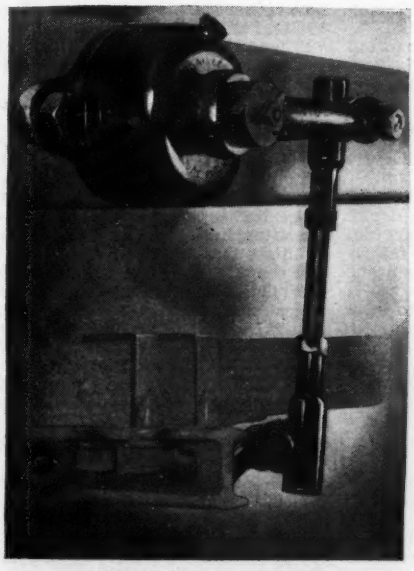

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curiously high-pitched voice was a "bred" voice.

Moreover, there was something extremely taking about the reddened blue eyes, and his childlike smile was winning, though Felicia was not at all sure he didn't know it. Especially when he was trying to win the countess into overlooking Stella's absence. She, it seemed, would not even be at the hotel to greet her illustrious guest. She had gone to the ball.

"Simply had to," explained her husband. "Everybody has to. Governor's down, you know, and all that. We're strong on social etiquette in this dorp, I can tell you."

Rhodesians refuse union with the Dutch and are opposed to bilingualism in the schools. Nevertheless, they make use of Dutch when it suits their purposes, and the nearest town to them is always jeeringly described as the dorp.

"You look it, darling boy," said the countess, who had been gazing grimly at his baggy shirt and shirty bags. Dick grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, I don't count. Never go to balls and things nowadays. Can't get into my dress clothes any more. Stella has to do it all. And of course, if the infernal train had only been in on time she would have been here to meet you—as it is, she will slip across from the drill hall during the evening to see you."

"She won't see *me*," averred the countess dryly. "But I dare say Shonnie'll be about."

"Of course," said Shonnie, blithe as a bird at escape from the train and full of excitement at being back in Rhodesia, which she had not seen since she was a child.

She was hungry, too, and sat down contentedly enough in the hotel dining room. Half a dozen people still lingered over their coffee, but one look at them had been enough to make the countess loudly reaffirm her intention of dining in the privacy of her own room. This decision suited Dick and Felicia perfectly.

Apparently not quite all the population had gone to the ball, for besides those in the dining room a number of people loitered in the adjoining lounge, taking a restless interest in Cardross and his companion. There was a smattering of women, but nothing exciting.

Felicia thought to herself: "Stella must shine rather brightly in this *galère*, but then it is Stella's joy to shine more brightly than her surroundings, perhaps because her mother named her 'Star'!"

THE percentage of men was pretty large, but not pretty to look at, for their complexions ranged mostly from lavender to magenta, and from magenta to the fashionable shade of deep purple. Felicia, who had a cultivated eye, could scarcely have borne these vivid scenic effects but for a few healthily tanned faces thrown in.

One, especially arresting, appeared for a moment in the archway behind Dick, and stood there looking at her. A tall sinewy man with a powerful face, extraordinarily brown; but the searching, dissatisfied eyes set above that insolent coppery-brown nose were sea-blue and indubitably British.

Whatever it was he sought on land or sea, he appeared to postpone the quest for a moment when his glance fell on her, and no one could be surprised at that, for in her gray-green kasha dress and soft crushed-on hat, she looked less like a girl than a lovely spray of apple blossom in a green vase. The man in the doorway seemed to think so, too, for he muttered to himself some lines he had known for a long time without considering any occasion worth their application:

"Stranger, from my old home you come
And all its beauties you can name.
Oh, tell me, has the winter plum
Yet blossomed o'er the windowpane?"

Either from absent-mindedness, inadvertence or deliberate intent, he uttered the last two lines aloud. Dick did not hear, but Felicia did, and being a poetry lover recognized them as "from the Chinese," also that they were plainly meant for her. Over Dick's head she looked at the speaker.

A quick glance informed her that his eyes had darkened hollows beneath them such as are seen under the eyes of men who have gone hungry many days or suffered in hospital from painful illness. Yet he looked in the pink of condition. What was the matter with him?

All this she saw in a swift glance which seemed to contain nothing but cool unconcern, and which, after meeting his steadily, passed deliberately on. Immediately he turned from the doorway and disappeared. Cool unconcern, or the affectation of it, faded instantly from Felicia. She felt as if some object extraordinarily valuable and interesting had been held out for a moment's inspection, then withdrawn, leaving her with a curious sense of forsakenness.

She wondered what it was he was looking for with those searching eyes. They reminded her of sailors' eyes. Something clean and honest in them, yet something of torment, too. A Galahad led astray from his quest might have had such eyes. At any rate, it was consoling to think that perhaps there were one or two men in the country who looked something like the heroes supposed to inhabit it.

Meanwhile Dick was proving heavy in the hand. One could scarcely, she thought, describe him as a brilliant talker. For him, Sydney Smith's bitter comment on Macaulay that he had "some splendid flashes of silence" might easily have been inverted, but he used his eyes well and seemed to find refreshment for them in the sight of her.

Men are fascinated, without knowing what it is that causes them to fix that rabbit-at-snake gaze upon a woman who has the right clothes and knows how to wear them. Suddenly he shocked her by one of his splendid flashes of speech:

"Funny Stella never told me how lovely you are!"

Not funny at all, thought Felicia, who knew a good deal about women and quite enough about Stella. Naturally, she did not say this. Her cheeks warmed faintly under the brazen compliment but she dealt with it coolly.

It was not at all in her plans to have purple Dick being silly about her. A man who has grown a jowl and handed over his complexion and figure to the devil hardly could expect to raise romantic echoes in the breast of *femme* twenty-one. She merely sharpened one of the blades of a little knife she carried about with her for such purposes.

"Stella is far better-looking than I am, Dick, but I have noticed that middle-aged married men often become unobservant where their wives are concerned, seeing only the beauty of others—usually flappers."

He went about three shades purpler. "By Jove! You haven't come to Rhodesia unarmed," he commented stiffly.

"Perhaps because I want to go back unharmed," she retorted sweetly, then relented, thinking that perhaps she had wronged him after all.

Only she nearly always found it salutary to rub men's noses in the dust at the beginning. Often such drastic treatment formed a basis for real friendship instead of stupid flirtation, and in this case she hoped it might, for she had taken a great liking to Dick spite of his outrageous complexion and figure. Seeing that she had really hurt him, she proceeded to soften the blow by a conciliating smile.

"I am really too sophisticated for that kind of compliment, Dick. Besides, it isn't true. My loveliness, if I have any, consists of youth's vitality and coloring —*beauté du diable*—plus an intelligent taste for all that is most simple, but alas! most costly in clothes. To give the illusion that I am beautiful I have to be perfectly dressed, but your Stella could go about London in a Salvation Army blue serge and bonnet without being able to hide her fairness, her grace and that wonderful primrose-colored hair. I always think brown-eyed yellow-haired women have such an allure."

ALL untrue, of course, but she owed him some reparation, and besides, you should always magnify a woman's charms when talking of her to her husband. It never does any harm and might do some good.

In the present instance it salved Dick's smart and incidentally unfolded his secret to her. All men, like all women, have one special secret that is their solace and their bane. Dick's was that he adored his lovely, heartless Stella. Felicia read it by the fires her praises lighted in his eyes, by the odd movement of a muscle in his cheek and the slight huskiness of his otherwise clear high voice when he spoke at last, though he had only one phrase to utter and that not a grammatical one.

"She *is* a stunner, ain't she?" Dick Cardross always said "ain't."

Nevertheless, Felicia decided that when the man she would some day love and marry uttered such a phrase about her, joyousness must be its predominating element. In Dick's case it certainly was not. Having said his say he relapsed into rather somber meditation. But with the end of dinner he brisked up.

"Come on! Let's have our coffee in the lounge. A lot of them will be over from the ball soon. They've all heard of the fascinating Shonnie Lissell, of course, and will want to verify."

Felicia since childhood had been as used to flattery as to the nickname Shonnie and neither meant anything to her, but she was always willing to enlarge her experience of men and dorps, so, after first assuring herself that the countess had at least some of the things she thought she needed and was safe for the night in the anointing hands of Pagg, she returned to the comfortable chair Dick had provided for her in a corner, and waited upon events. Meanwhile they talked of Dick's farm whither they were all bound on the morrow, and laughed about the countess' Memoirs.

The countess planned to finish her Memoirs in Rhodesia, and six months was the usual period she allotted to the task. But these same Memoirs had been in the making for so many years that her relatives had grounds for hope that by the time they were published all the famous people libeled in them would be too dead to take action.

As for Dick and Felicia, both had seen that tempestuous woman setting out for dozens of places in which to finish the Memoirs. For years her life had been one continual bustling exit from England to Switzerland, Spain, Holland, New York, Kamchatka and Timbuktu, from all of which she returned (well under the six months) empty of Memoirs, but full

of scorn and contempt for the country visited and viperous abuse of the inhabitants thereof. Also, fuller than ever of sciatica.

The one illusion she still retained about life was that somewhere there existed the perfect place, with perfect people in it, who would let her stay calmly among them, writing when she felt inclined and being entertained by them when she did not.

A very nice people and country indeed! But unfortunately "there an't no sech," as Betsy Prig remarked to Sairey Gamp.

The whole truth was that, in spite of being racked by sciatica, she was still extremely fond of life, especially of travel, and since she possessed an outsize income and could afford to hunt the snark of the unobtainable it was highly likely that she would be on the move until Death some day surprised her with a single ticket for the Unknown.

What Dick thought of her descent upon his veld fastness he did not confide to Felicia, but she got the impression that he was uneasy. The Rhodesian farm had been bought for him with the countess' money immediately after the war, when he and the whole world were sick of the business of fighting.

Of course, he knew absolutely nothing of farming, having gone straight from Sandhurst into a crack regiment. But what did that matter? He had rightly surmised that Rhodesia was just the country for him.

So here he had been ever since and content to remain, but whether he could have managed it without occasional fat checks from Cousin Letty was another pair of shoes altogether. And whether she would go on handing out checks after seeing the farm and perhaps realizing the unlikelihood of its ever paying any dividend on her bounty was also extremely problematical.

However, the great thing was to keep her in a contented frame of mind and hope for the best. Personally he was fond of her; she had been good to him. Besides, she amused him. She could be amazingly generous and amazingly mean: give away a check for £1,000 with one hand and grudge a half-crown tip from the other. He found both these idiosyncrasies amusing.

The only thing that worried him was how she and Stella would get along together at close quarters. One thing to the good was the fact of this topping girl, Shonnie, being with her. That would ease things up a bit. Make things jollier for Stella, too. Thus ran the thoughts of the guileless Dick. A man who always would be liked by women, but never would understand them!

He proceeded to give the topping girl some vague details about his farm. Fairveld was its official name on the government map, but Mañana it had been dubbed, and the nickname clung.

"Thanks to a Catholic padre who goes about rechristening our farms, whether we like it or not," said Dick, entirely without resentment, "and Mañana it now is to everybody in the country. The idea being that I never do today what I can put off till tomorrow. Rank libel, of course. I work just as hard as the next man—if that's saying anything.

"There are a lot of us out that way. Not very close together, as most of the farms run to about ten thousand acres, but even that's too close for some of 'em, though," he added lugubriously, "of course you find an occasional dud here, as elsewhere."

"No doubt," laughed Felicia; "but at least you don't find the 'fossils, fat bishops and drowsy deans' that predominate if you live in the country in England."

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"No, by George! Thank the Lord we are alive out here, even if it's only to get into debt, quarrel with each other, curse the country, drink too much, and kid ourselves that we are farmers and shall some day make enough money to clear out. I am speaking purely for the men, of course. The women——" He halted, and finished rather abruptly: "The women have a lot to put up with. Ah, here's Stella!"

She came in, radiant in yellow to match her yellow hair, and by her side a leanish, thirty-fivish man, whose handsome Irish face included a whimsical smile and hot brown eyes that lighted up like a grass fire at sight of Felicia Lissell. He stood there, burning her with his glance, while the two women greeted each other.

"Hello, Stella! How're you?"

"Hello, Shonnie! You got here, then?"

THEIR cordiality went no deeper than the surface and was entirely for social purposes. They never had cared much for each other. This visit was the countess' affair, and they both understood that it "let them out" as far as any obligation was concerned, but letting the world into the matter was quite another thing. Neither of them intended to do that. Felicia for the reason that Stella stood in the position of hostess to her—Stella in case people should think her jealous of the other's youth and beauty.

She herself was beautiful; not really tall, but giving the illusion of height because of her long neck and the little head above it crowned with primrose curls. Though not so young as Felicia, she would look and *be* girlishly attractive until her yellow puffball curls turned snowy.

She had not the rarity and distinction of Felicia, that fragrant bloom of youth that caught at the heart, nor that look of crystalline pride and race. Nevertheless, she possessed a soft feline allure, quite indescribable but infinitely potent.

"What about Cousin Letty?" she asked, and when told, shrugged her shoulders in mock despair at having been obliged to miss meeting her guest.

At last she introduced the man at her side. He had neither stirred nor made any sign of impatience but had not, since entering, removed his eyes from Felicia.

"This is Colonel Vyner—one of our greatest friends—isn't he, Dick?"

"Rather," agreed Dick glowingly; "him and Pat."

"Why drag in Pat?" complained Paget Vyner in his Irish voice, warm as his eyes. "I like things to myself." He added with whimsical menace: "You will see quite a lot of me, Miss Lissell."

"Get me something to drink, please, Padge," said Stella, in a soft appealing voice.

Dick had turned to greet other comers and bring them forward in turn to be introduced; in fact, the room seemed suddenly to have filled up with gayly dressed dancers from across the way. Felicia gathered that the ball refreshment department had proved shamefully inadequate to Rhodesian thirst. Also, that the members of the show committee were a lot of rotters, the show itself the worst known in umpteen years, and the ball an absolute washout.

But everyone seemed to be perfectly happy about it, and both men and women smoked like chimneys and chattered like magpies. It might have been supposed from their eager greetings and gabblings that they had not met for years, instead of living in each other's pockets. But this is merely the Rhodesian fashion of concealing worry.

Selections from such society as the dorp could boast, together with "pickings" from other big towns and surrounding districts, were making use of this dancing interval to come over to the hotel, and Felicia could not but surmise that her presence there had something to do with the influx, for they all bided their time for an introduction to her and, when not addressing her, raked her fore and aft with glances more searching than benign. They had, of course, the advantage of being in evening dress while she still wore traveling kit, but her little three-piece suit was a masterpiece in lichen-gray and woodnymph green, and therefore it scarcely could be expected that these women would fall upon her with rapture.

She, on her part, had needed only one lightning glance round to recognize that there could be no hairdresser worthy of the name in the dorp, for all shingles and bingles were bungles, and attempts at Eton crops barbarous rather than of the barber! Furthermore, shoes had heels and straps of a shape already discarded by fashion; skirts were too brief or too ample. A score of such solecisms as only women recognize hit the eye immediately.

In fact, no matter what they had on they just "missed it" all round. Stella Cardross was the only woman of whom it could be said that she was not *démodée* in one or every item of her attire. She had soon disappeared, taking her fascinating Irishman with her.

Still, some women seemed pleasantly inclined, if wary; willing to be friendly if the newcomer showed herself simple and kind, but with all their bristles ready if she began to put on airs. One or two of them had lived long enough in Africa to absorb some of its vastness. With these the girl soon found herself on happy terms.

Of the men, the usual hard-bitten, highly colored lot, most of them seemed to be owned and well under control. Here and there Felicia met an eye with an adventurous light; but though such men seized her interest for a moment, they could not keep it.

They looked slack, soft, drinkish, townish, not the kind she had consorted with while trekking the earth with her father. She had always met the people who did things, and that had spoiled her for men of ordinary kidney.

She told herself that if this was all Rhodesia had to offer she might as well have stayed in England where at least the type was well turned out! Still, it must not be forgotten that she had seen two faces, if only briefly, that had caught at her imagination; and, at a late hour, when people were saying good-by, packing themselves into cars at the door, she met a third person, who both interested and amused her—a Catholic priest, with the soft beguiling accent that only one country in the world can produce.

Father Drago's hazel eyes under heavy lids were shrewd and kindly; experience rather than age had grizzled his thick curly hair; and he owned a nose that might have been classical before it was spread by a brick at Ypres. He was evidently a mind reader, too.

"I hope you've not already weighed the Rhodesian hero and found him wanting?" were his first words.

At which she smiled faintly, a shade of disdain on her lips. Certainly there had been nothing arresting so far, bar those blue disenchanted eyes in a doorway, and the grass fire of welcome lighted by the Irishman, and this seemed to her rather short allowance after a journey of eight thousand miles or so by land and sea.

"You've been to Africa before, I think?"

"Oh, yes; I know it well. In fact, I was born while my father and mother were camping in the Karoo. You've heard of my father, perhaps?"

"Who hasn't?" said Father Drago. "Sir John Lissell was a great and famous man."

"I was very young when I last visited Rhodesia, but I met all the pioneering men who came up with, or in the wake of Rhodes and Doctor Jim."

"Yes, indeed, there were some 'reg'la' fellas up here," the priest agreed, and his eyes twinkled upon her reflectively.

He knew that John Lissell was a man made of the same stuff as Richard Burton and Livingstone: as fearlessly unconventional, and with the same taste for life on the outposts. He could well imagine what racy desert fare had been the portion of such a man's daughter and companion.

While other girls were eating schoolroom bread and butter, she had tasted of the wild fig and the olive; while they laid foundations of friendship with young men of the English public-school pattern, she had been in touch with wanderers, black sheep, exiles and expatriates, weathered as old sandstone, some of them, others young but weathered, too; bitter, blithe, careless, hard livers, hard drinkers, often rank adventurers, but always with some unforgettable quality predominant in them.

She would have been too young for them to make love to, he thought, looking at her computingly. Couldn't have been more than sixteen when her father died four or five years ago—but they would have given a lovely young creature like that their friendship, their confidence and their understanding.

In fact, they would have spoiled her taste utterly, if ever she had possessed any, for the ordinary conventional type of man to be met with in English social life. No wonder she was out here with that look of disdain in her eyes!

"All the same," said Father Drago, "we still have a few fellas up here." He added slowly: "One, at least, whom it would be a feat for a woman to reclaim."

She looked at him with gay insouciance. "Blackguards are more interesting unreclaimed, I always think, Father."

"He's not a blackguard," said Father Drago. And that was as far as the matter went, for Dick came up with more people to be introduced.

Mrs. Amery, youngish, prettyish, and full of kittenish graces, but with something sharp about her voice and nose suggesting claws; amusing, therefore, to find her called Kitty. While her husband, a round, red, beaming retired naval officer, responded to the name of Felix!

THEY had left the ball. Fed up with it. Were on their way home to their bungalow in the suburbs. Really, things went from bad to worse in this dorp, they said. Fancy Smithers-Corbett, who was due to open the show, not turning up for his fixture! They seemed to take the dorp and its functions seriously. Not so Dick Cardross.

"Old Smithers-Corbett's either on the tear again or on the tack, I suppose," he commented cheerfully, and Felicia's inquiry into this cryptic phrase brought forth the illuminating fact that an addiction to *ponjola* (liquor) somewhat interfered with the career of the gentleman under discussion—a Cabinet Minister of brilliant repute!

"Every four weeks or so," she was informed gayly, "he is off on the tear. Gets chattering drunk. Bounces about all over the country from club to club and pub to pub, chattering like a magpie. This cheery period is followed by an owl-like reserve which signifies that

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NOW that they are so small and helpless, the time when they'll be venturing out into the big, bewildering world all by themselves seems far, far away.

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he is getting back on the tack. A few days later he resumes politics."

"And then certain people at home go about making speeches to the effect that no one drinks in this country!" sneered Felix Amery.

"Instead of its being the country's chief occupation," jeered Dick.

"Nonsense, Dick," said Kitty Amery. "We aren't all like you and old Smithers-Corbett." She frowned at him severely. "Are you coming back with us in the car, or getting a lift later?" Without awaiting his answer she turned to explain to Felicia: "He is spending the night on the divan in my sitting room. For of course this priceless hotel is full to the lid and boiling over. Always is during show week. And do let me warn you, Miss Lissell, that everything you say in your room can be heard in at least three other rooms, as well as by eavesdroppers in the corridor."

"And may be used in evidence against you," warned Father Drago solemnly.

"But how dreadful!" cried Felicia. "Not that I have anyone to say things to at this late hour."

"Not only are the walls thin, but each door has a fanlight over it to make things easier. I can assure you that every scandal in the midlands can be traced back to this hotel."

"That's why it is so priceless," murmured Father Drago, as if to himself.

"Don't frighten my cousin off our dorp," protested Dick. "Bulawayo and Salisbury hotels are just as bad during show week."

"But why show week?"

"Everybody on a randan in show week," he replied, and they had to laugh at his gravely wagging head.

It was after midnight then, and high time, Felicia decided, for her to seek her much maligned bedroom. She rather wondered where Stella was, but did not care to ask. Her curiosity was appeased, however, by a remark from Mrs. Amery.

"Your wife has her usual room here, I suppose? She always stipulates for the best one in the balcony on these occasions."

"She's still dancing away," said Amery, "and will be till the end, you bet."

"Yes; no use my waiting to say good night to her," said Dick rather dully. "I'll just see my cousin upstairs and then come along with you people. Jolly good of you to put me up, Mrs. Amery."

There were general good nights, Felicia refusing Dick's offer, since she already knew the way to her room. Everyone had disappeared except a few sleepy-eyed colored boys waiting to let in last-comers.

UPSTAIRS too all was quiet, though here and there lights shone out brightly from the fanlights. It was a two-story hotel, with rooms running along each side of a long corridor, the back ones being quietest, but the front ones having French windows giving onto a wide balcony.

Felicia's had one of these windows, and though it was pleasant to have a door opening to the coolness of the night she soon realized that this also entailed listening to the strains of dance music across the way. However, she had a good many things to do, and when at last she got into bed, an interesting book to read. Just as well, too, for it was about then that the last revelers began to return.

For some time the house echoed with footsteps on stair and corridor, banging doors, laughter and scraps of conversation. Felicia wondered how the countess was standing it and expected any moment to hear those autocratic tones mingling with the racket.

Once, far down the corridor, there sounded an echo of Stella's silver laugh and a soft good night to someone of deeper voice. Outside in the street, too, there was a tremendous chorus of greeting and farewell mixed with tootling of motor horns, grinding of brakes and shouted injunctions.

At last all was still and with a sigh Felicia reached out for the electric switch. Only to find to her disgust that it was over by the balcony door! That entailed getting out again. Once there, with the switch off, she stood looking out into the lovely peace of the night no longer desecrated by humanity.

Presently fumbling her way back she got into bed once more and hopefully closed her eyes. Alas, a new chorus immediately tuned up. Mosquitoes!

She was one of those who find a mosquito net intolerable and had pushed hers back soon after entering. Someone had told her the mosquitoes were not bad here; that the allowance, in fact, was only one mosquito per bedroom.

At any rate, hers was a sufficiently active one to keep her busy, first furiously flicking at it with a towel, then smoking cigarets in the hope of stupefying it. No good.

She decided to extinguish the light again and go out to the balcony. Perhaps, she told herself, almost giggling with weariness and impatience, the mosquito would get tired of waiting and go elsewhere. But she was careful to be noiseless in putting on slippers and dressing gown, for she did not wish to disturb others.

Out on the balcony she looked down into the silent street. It must have been somewhere near morning. Perhaps that little hour just before dawn, supposed to be the darkest. The whole town seemed wrapped in silence.

A far-off melancholy bellowing of confined cattle and the barking of a dog served only to accentuate the absence of human sounds. The empty street below, broad as a boulevard, was dimly lighted by widely spaced electric standards, but neither their beams nor the pale rays of an aged moon penetrated the balcony's dimness, because of a row of giant gums thrusting great branches across the openings and mysteriously rustling their aromatic leaves.

It seemed as if she were the one human being in the hotel, perhaps in the whole of this Rhodesian town, who still stayed awake and afoot. The thought soothed her. She slid to one of the canvas deck chairs, and presently dozed a little. But not for long. It was chilly out there, and she decided sleepily to give bed another chance.

Standing up and yawning a little, she idly counted the doors to ascertain which was hers. Yes, that was it—fourth from the end. Stealing back down the long wooden stretch, her feet in their soft slippers of Algerian leather made no sound, and when she got inside she did not even turn up the light for fear of disturbing some sleeping neighbor in this intimate hotel.

Standing near the bed, she started to kick off her slippers. One had just gone slurring across the bare boards to some far corner, with the other about to follow, when every movement of her body was suspended and her heart seemed to stop, arrested by a sound from the bed—a murmur, scarcely more than a whisper, but dramatically clear:

"Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play the game?"

"Oh! The wrong room!" The words escaped from her in a gasp of frozen dismay as she realized the truth and spun for the door, while behind her the stifled voice from the bed, scarcely less horrified than her own, muttered:

"Good Lord!"

What a ghastly *contretemps!* Even when safe within her own room with the light full on and the door firmly closed, she continued to tremble at the ghastliness of it. Not only for herself, but for *him*, whoever he was.

Her mistake was natural enough, after all, in a strange hotel, and with all those doors open; besides, she had retrieved it instantly, in a way that could leave him under no misapprehension as to the innocence of her position. But he! How he must be cursing her for having surprised him into that betrayal—the fatal utterance of another woman's name in such a connection. And such an utterance!

OF ALL that the episode signified she was not going to let herself think. Her mind deliberately withdrew from the question of its meaning, or of the man's identity (certainly it was not Dick Cardross, and the moment she admitted that, she hastened to insist that there must be other Stellas in Rhodesia than the one she knew), but even while firmly dismissing the consideration of these things from her mind she knew that never, never could she forget the quality of that exclamation whispered in the darkness of the room, its full content of irony, weariness, even contempt, yet tenderness—of a sort!

How could any woman put herself into the position of being spoken to like that? How ghastly!

Sitting on the side of her bed and staring furiously at her bare foot, she reflected that, as well as garnering this beastly memory which she must carry for the rest of her life, she had probably spoiled a perfectly good pair of slippers. Not ordinary slippers either, but soft scarlet leather ones with gay tassels of gold, bought in Algeria during the dear days of roaming.

She could not bear to lose one of them. Yet how retrieve the one she had kicked so nonchalantly across the room of the strange man? Impossible.

On the other hand, how awful if it were found there! The only thing, if she couldn't get it back, would be to burn the remaining one. No, she couldn't bring herself to do that either. She would hide it, lock it away, even as this hateful episode must be hidden, locked away and utterly repudiated.

It was the sort of thing that *could not possibly happen* to a girl like her, detesting intrigue as she did, loathing and shrinking from any kind of dishonesty and dishonor . . . Oh, how hateful! How ghastly!

At last she lay with her face to the wall in the darkness, trying with all her will to sleep, but not succeeding. Thinking instead of that man lying in the next room. Was he sleepless too? Cursing her, abominating her, wondering who she was and whether she would give him away?

She wished she could reassure him on that point, for if he was an honorable man he must be in torment at having betrayed the woman he loved. For of course it must be a woman he loved—spite of his tone of irony and contempt.

She shuddered at her own thought, and began to try to say her prayers, but her mind reverted to him. Could he possibly guess who she was? And would she ever be likely to meet him? Awful thought! He might even be one of those she already had met. She had no way of identifying him, not even by voice, for his had been merely a loud whisper (evidence enough that he was

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By a Modern Girl

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FROSTILLA

FOR EXPOSED AND IRRITATED SKIN

no stranger to the acoustic properties of the hotel!), while she in her panic had spoken aloud.

How horrible if that had been heard by anyone else, and the story got about. She would deny it of course, but would that do any good? Did it ever do any good for people to deny scandal about themselves? Of course not. But that line of argument was too distracting, and she hastily thrust it out of her brain.

After all, was it likely that she had been overheard at this unearthly hour, with everyone wrapped in slumber? No. At worst it was a secret shared by them alone. Bad enough, but at least both wished it kept secret. Only too evident that he did, by his exclamation of horror at his mistake.

There was something reassuring to her in the remembrance of the words he had spoken. He was an honorable man whom it irked and infuriated that *she,* the woman he mistook her for, could not "play the game." Ergo, he himself was one who played the game. Oh, how blessed, how comforting was that conviction to Felicia Lissell.

Yet, other thoughts would push themselves forward; the name "Stella" filled her with confusion and dismay; the words he had used, and his manner of speaking them implied so much that was illicit, clandestine, repugnant to her. She lay there white and worried until the first streak of dawn pierced the dimness of the room.

With it her neighbor was instantly up and doing, but with a pantherlike stealth. So cautious, so silent, were his movements that had she not been awake, listening intently, they would certainly not have disturbed her. He seemed to be putting his things together hurriedly.

His toilet did not detain him long, and within a few minutes he was at the door —the one opening on the corridor. If he had used the balcony exit she might at least have seen his silhouette passing, and evidently he was taking no chances!

As he closed the door with the utmost gentleness and padded softly past, she remembered with dismay that her shoes stood outside her door to give her away if he had not already guessed her identity. She had placed them there for Pagg's morning ministrations.

Pray heaven he was not one of those who had met her during the evening, and noted her ensemble of gray and green; otherwise he could not fail to identify the walking brogues of soft gray antelope. She desired, oh, how greatly she desired not to be identified by that man so plainly accustomed to midnight intrigue—even while repudiating it! As she listened to the sound of his light, swift feet going along the corridor and down the stairs, she prayed that he was also going out of her life.

It was after ten A. M. before the Cardross ménage gave sign of life; then a note from Dick recalled Felicia's attention to their world. He wrote that he would be round with the car about eleven o'clock to "tool" them out to the farm; and further, to her astonishment, that Stella already had left in a friend's car so as to be at home in readiness to receive her guests.

This seemed remarkable consideration on the part of Stella, usually so casual, and certainly Felicia had never dreamed that her hostess would be among those "departees" whose matutinal energy had almost exceeded their nocturnal vivacity. The bustle and fuss of baggage and departing cars had been only minor items in the fine concerto commencing at seven with thumps on bedroom doors and shouts of "Tea, missis," and "Korfee, sah!" swelling later into a grand chorus of rattling crockery, hot-water cans and bell-ringing.

However, a certain amount of peace eventually had supervened, and Felicia (having for that express purpose breakfasted in her room) was able at last to revisit, unwitnessed, the scene of her unpleasant adventure. But this patient plotting in the hope of retrieving her slipper was vain. The room stood empty, and it took only one glance about the pale uncarpeted boards to discover that her property was no longer there!

Now she had ascertained by most careful listening that no one had entered the room since its evacuation by the late occupant. The inevitable conclusion was that the damning evidence had been removed by the only person who knew of it. The fellow had gone off with her slipper. She had to swallow and digest this disconcerting knowledge as best she was able, and she found it an uneasy process.

The Countess Karamine meanwhile had livened things up by sending for the management, one by one, in order to present them with her full and free opinion of their hotel. At a quarter to eleven she was still busily strafing whosoever was unwise enough to come within her radius.

Pagg having outraged the domestic staff by accusing a bedroom boy of stealing one of the spotty giraffes, all hands had disappeared from the scene, and she was constrained to get the baggage downstairs without assistance. Felicia, therefore, on hearing that Dick Cardross was below, went alone to greet him and to gaze in awe upon the vehicle which in conveying them the night before had been concealed by darkness.

In color it was a sort of dingy piebald —the tan being represented by rust, the black by dirt. Its age might have been computed at anything between ten and twenty wet seasons. Its khaki-covered seats were tattered and torn. One of its doors was hermetically sealed; the other kept closed by a helpful loop of wire.

On inquiring the name and make of this mechanical contrivance, Felicia received the information that it was an "Underseas Model Number 5," not, as some wit had suggested after helping to pull it out of a swollen river, a U-boat of unknown number and fame. She was further informed (in case she might not have noticed!) that it was "secondhand," and but recently acquired as a great bargain.

Here the Countess Karamine appeared upon the stoep, very pink of cheek and glittering of eye after her final set-to, while Pagg brought up the rear, clutching the spotty giraffe to her bosom. The lost treasure had been found on the muck heap at the back of the hotel.

Dick set to work at once stowing them in. The heavy luggage was to be fetched by Scotch-car next day, and a good thing too, thought Felicia, for the Underseas Model looked to her already well beyond the Plimsoll line, being heavily laden with what were apparently stern necessities of life—a pumpkin, a bag of meal, a tin of paraffin, four bottles (contents discreetly veiled by straw covers), many assorted cans of bully beef and conserved fruits, a large tin of cattle-dip and a bundle of young fruit trees done up in a wet sack. How this miscellany of articles would ultimately mix and meddle with the countess' impedimenta and general comfort was a matter for time to prove.

Felicia was not worrying about this, but merely thankful that she had nothing except a dressing case to stow away. She was conceded the seat next the driver, since its springs were so

indecently exposed that the countess said she would as soon think of sitting on a mantrap. The first sight of the car had stricken that noble lady dumb, but once settled among her packages in the body, with Pagg beside her, she showed signs of recovery.

"Can this possibly be the car I sent you last year, Dick?" she asked faintly.

But Dick was too busy to reply. After seating himself and seizing the wheel he discovered that the self-starter refused to do its job.

From the way the crank-handle lay ready to hand it might have been surmised that this was no new experience. However, the Underseas' owner managed to assume, as he briskly descended, an air of surprise that might have taken in some people but did not deceive Felicia.

A generous effort with the crank caused him to perspire freely, turn a shade purpler and converse animatedly with the car, but the engine remained dumb. Later, two boys lounging on the stoep were commanded to continue the cranking movement while the owner of the car popped into the bar, no doubt to see a man about a dog.

Number-one boy responded cheerfully, but the engine did not. While number-two was having a go, Dick returned, wiping his lips.

"Is it possible, Dick," repeated his Cousin Letty, "that this is the car I sent you last year?"

"Not at all," returned Dick lightly, his spirits raised by canine information received indoors; "that got smashed about three months later, crossing a bad drift. Never saw a worse muck-up. So of course I had to get this thing off a swindler I know."

A fresh boy was now busily cranking away, and by this time a number of spectators had rolled up and taken seats on the stoep as if for a circus.

"Do get a move on, Dick," murmured Felicia urgently, knowing only too well the uncertain fluctuation of the countess' temper.

The third boy having dropped exhausted at the post, Dick hoofed him out of the way and amid the giggles of the populace applied himself once more, muttering many, many bad words and turning the handle so vigorously that a friend on the stoep facetiously inquired whether he was practicing to become an organ grinder. Whereupon he left off abruptly and marched away, disappearing among some iron buildings on the other side of the road.

He had not, however, deserted, as Felicia feared, but returned a few minutes later with half a dozen boys to whom he gave instructions in Sindebele that might have paled her cheek had she understood them. Fortunately she did not.

Under these burning and highly colored animadversions upon their birth, breeding and ability, the boys slowly got the car turned downhill, the engine began to purr sluggishly, and with all hands shoving and pushing behind, they were off at last. The crowd on the stoep cheered lustily.

"No stopping now till we get home!" panted Dick into Felicia's ear. "If we do, by Jove, we may never start again."

"Cheerful thought," she chuckled, too amused to care much what happened, while the countess, ignorant of possibilities, was already occupied in acute observation of the surroundings. As they dashed along, the car rattling and banging like a pantechnicon full of empty milk cans, she spied on the outskirts of the town a large iron building which bore emblazoned across its roof the mystic words, "Cotton Ginnery,"

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and leaning forward shrieked an inquiry.

"Is that where you get your cotton spun, Dick?" Her nephew's bitterly amused laugh rang out above the rattle and clank of the car.

"Cotton's gone bung. Ginnery's being turned into a 'baccy shop now."

"What?" screamed the astonished countess. "I thought you were all going to make your fortunes out of cotton and entirely cut out the American industry! I recall a phrase from one of your letters last year—'Heaven help the United States once we get going.'"

Dick laughed again, somewhat sheepishly, but roared back: "Oh, that was more or less a gibe uttered when passing an acre or two of frowsty cotton bolls wilting on their stems and eaten up by grubs. We all tried it, but what with drought and frosts and pests, we soon decided that this was no cotton country. Tobacco is really what's going to be the salvation of us all."

"Indeed?" The countess' shriek had become caustic. "I suppose then it will be, 'Heaven help the American tobacco industry!'"

She certainly had a right to be facetious, considering the thousand pounds advanced by her towards his cotton venture, of whose fate these were her first tidings. It was by no means the first good-sized sum, either, that had gone towards one venture and another on the farm. But Dick bore her gibes like a man.

"Oh, well," he yelled conciliatingly, "tobacco's different. Honestly we've got hold of something good this time. Why, a feller near Bulawayo is supposed to have made three thousand pounds out of only ten acres last season."

He bellowed the statement with such confidence that Felicia grinning beside him almost visioned (as perhaps he did) another thousand gliding out of Cousin Letty's bank into his own.

"That sounds marvelous!" commented the countess. "How many acres is it that your farm runs to, Dick—twelve thousand?"

"About twelve thousand, yes."

"At that rate, darling boy"—her voice came with piercing sweetness—"you ought to be making about three million six hundred thousand a year, shortly."

There didn't seem to be any answer to this. The vision of the extra thousand pounds fading, Dick's eye took on a baited look. Fortunately both disputants were too exhausted to continue the ear-splitting debate, and for a long time there was peace while they whizzed along, raising clouds of dust from a road which seemed composed entirely of that element except for innumerable tree stumps and boulders.

"Is there any time of the year, Dick, when this road is good?" inquired Felicia through a mouthful of dust. He answered savagely:

"No—rotten all the year round, and particularly in the wet season—mud up to the axles—rarely get to town without a span of oxen to tow you in."

"Lively!" she commented. "Still, you have these lovely kopjes to look at. That short tinted grass on them gives the illusion of a delicate pink mist such as never was on land or sea."

"That's a *rooi* grass, and this is called red veld on account of it—splendid feed for cattle."

He pointed out a largish hill called Tagati Mountain, famous in the days of Lobengula for terrible smelling-out orgies held there by witch doctors when scores of men died to make a Matabele holiday.

"Tagati means magic, and two fellers—Fenn and Vyner—have a mine just the other side that they call Tagati Mine, one of the richest little properties in the country. They are two of my best pals. You met Vyner last night, and probably they'll both be at the farm this morning . . . Oh, blast, another gate!"

These so-called gates were dilapidated constructions composed of bits of loose ant-eaten wood attached to several strands of barbed wire and slung loosely across the road between posts which were also ant-eaten.

"Why these perpetual obstructions, Dick, that would keep out neither man nor beast?"

"My dear cousin, these are armorial-bearing barriers separating one man's estates from another's—the white ant rampant is about the only crest any of us can boast."

"And where are the mansions of these estates?"

Dick grinned, pointing to a tattered shanty perched on a hill at the left side of the road. Its lopsided thatch gave it the air of a skew-eyed witch leering under a straw hat, a broken harrow lay before it, and a few dejected fowls scratched optimistically in the dust.

"That's Cholmondeley; belonging to Jacky the murderer—feller who shot another feller for running away with his wife. Got off, though—good old Jacky! No white man has ever been hanged in this country, thank heaven! Strong feeling against it."

"Especially on the part of the murderer, I presume! And what is that property called?" indicating a further collection of what resembled large beehives, more broken-down farming implements and a dog tied to a post. "Is that Beauchamp, by any chance, or Marjoribanks?"

But irony was wasted; Dick only grinned the wider.

"No; that's Bijou—Compton Minerver and Charlie Hone's place. It used to be full of stink ants, and when they got rid of them, or said they did, the Padre rechristened it 'Non Olet.' Good chap, Father Drago, but he *will* go about rechristening farms instead of confining himself to christening his natives."

When not passing through armorial gates and vast Rhodesian estates the car tore perpetually down precarious gorges which Dick called drifts, but which the countess proclaimed to be veritable dips into Avernus, and to judge by the lively concerto of moans and lamentations from the rear, every dip meant fresh trouble with the bag of meal and other assorted comestibles among which the passengers were wedged.

"How much farther, Dick?" a voice came faintly.

"Only about five miles," was the cheerful response. "We're more than halfway now."

"Damme! I can't bearrrrrrrr it," groaned the countess. "Our sardine tin is too small for us, and has too many other things in it."

Fortunately relief was in sight, or rather in sound, with the advent of another car coming up behind. Dick looking back pronounced it to be Amery's, carrying only three people, so that pressure could be relieved for the rest of the journey. The cars drew up at parleying distance and greetings ensued.

Amery, who had a fat farmer and a pointer beside him in front, suggested that the countess might be more comfortable at his side, and there was a reshuffle and cut for fresh partners.

Dick got the burly farmer, and Commander Amery fell to the countess. Pagg was left where she was, and Felicia sat with Father Drago in the tonneau of

Amery's car. As they drove along Father Drago found plenty to say on that mythic vocation, "farming" in Rhodesia.

"Farming anywhere is a toss-up," he declared in his racy idiom, "even with climate and experience in your favor, but in this country with about fifty per-cent more than the usual allowance of pests and climatic Acts of God against you, it should only be undertaken by men who can afford to lose their money. Whereas we are full of men who love the life but haven't the money to develop their land, and if they had, would only lose it, being mostly ex-fighting men who know as much about farming as my foot."

Felicia listened, evidently less depressed than she was intended to be by this news. As an Englishwoman whose people had always been in one service or the other she found life more natural with a few soldiers and sailors scattered about, even if they did call themselves farmers.

"Cardross, for instance," the priest pursued; "as good a fellow as you'd meet anywhere, and with, I suppose, a small settled income that he is anxious to augment, and ready to break his neck trying to do it out of the land. But he never will, because farming needs a life-time of experience. It is much better for such men to go in for mining.

"They know nothing about that either, but there's always a chance of striking it lucky. Gold is like a good hand at bridge—you fluke on it. And getting it out of the earth afterwards needs far less horse sense than getting out cotton, tobacco or even good old mealies."

Having now skirted Tagati Mountain they came suddenly in sight of a distant mass of fantastic timbering and machinery reared high against the sky. Clumped in the foreground were mounds of earth, great cyanide tanks and the singularly hideous constructions that always cluster about a mine head. Father Drago indicated this with his elbow as a case in point.

"Tagati Mine. Owned by a soldier and a sailor who came out here seeking fortune after the war. Knew nothing of mining. Just tumbled on the place by accident after it had been turned down by competent and experienced miners. What do you say to that?"

"I say, there is evidently such a thing as luck. Do they deserve theirs?"

He glanced at her consideringly. "I wonder what you'll make of them. I've heard the opinion expressed that a Catholic Englishman or a Protestant Irishman is no good to anyone. Patrick Fenn, all English except his name, is one of us—Holy Romans as they call us in Rhodesia—while Vyner, Irish as a shamrock and from the south too, is as black a Prod as you'd find in Ulster." He paused for a moment, then added drolly, in broad Irish, "An' the pair of them as thick as thieves, if you plaise."

"It sounds interesting," said Felicia rather absently.

She was wondering if either of these hearties was the special blackguard allotted to her ministration, but she did not intend to ask, especially as she noted the thought-reading twinkle in her companion's eye. Instead, she complained of the drastic changes that had overtaken the country since she saw it last.

"All these dorps—and the lovely veld cut up into 'estates'—Cholmondeley and Bijou!" She laughed ruefully. "By the way, Father, it is you, I understand, who go about rechristening farms in Latin and Spanish!"

He smiled deprecatingly. "Well, if you could read a list of the original—save the mark—names set down in the official

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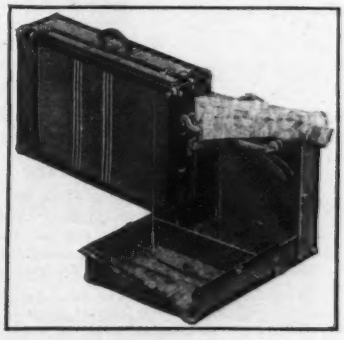

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ordnance map you would not be surprised at any effort to improve matters. Imagine beginning with Avondale, ending with Zoë, and including such stunners as you've mentioned—Bijou—usually pronounced by its owner 'By joe!'—Staines, Chertsey, Arcadia, Browndale, Lovedale; Ruby Ranch where there are no rubies; and Daisy Field where there are no daisies. Can you think of anything less appropriate to a few thousand acres of wild grass and bush than Sunnyside, Bon Accord, Sandwich, Ally Sloper, Belle Vue?"

"Don't!" cried Felicia. "It breaketh the heart in twain!"

"It certainly doth," replied Father Drago. "Especially in a country reeking with poetical native expressions, as well as heroic episodes of the pioneers and early settlers. Many people of course resent these trivial titles, but as you perhaps know there's an old superstition that it's unlucky to move a sundial or change the name of a place, and the feeling is that any farm in Rhodesia is unlucky enough without willfully adding to its burden of fatefulness."

"What a lot you seem to know about them," laughed the girl, and couldn't help remembering Dick's wish that he'd confine his attentions to christening his natives.

"All Rhodesians know practically everything," replied Father Drago gravely, "but they rarely apply their profound wisdom."

Here Felix Amery's voice in colloquy with the countess broke in upon their attention. Indicating with a contemptuous gesture the adorable pinkish mist Felicia had so admired upon the kopjes, he muttered bitterly, "That stinking red grass, how I hate it! Rank poison to the cattle!"

Felicia turned in bewilderment to Father Drago. "Dick's just told me it is splendid for cattle! Which am I to believe?"

The answer was accompanied by a grin. "Both. What did I tell you about Rhodesians? They know everything and all of them are right all the time."

In the midst of their laughter the car scudded down one last fearsome drift, and presently emerged from the dry bed of the Ngamo River upon the scene of their destination.

Love and intrigue play their parts on the veld as well as in cities—and life grows amazingly complex when Felicia incurs her hostess' enmity by attracting one of the Tagati men—in Cynthia Stockley's August Installment

Driftwood *by Gouverneur Morris* (Cont. from page 75)

somewhat nettled, "resembles that of a magpie. You have yet to learn what only your heart can teach you. You wouldn't be the first gypsy girl to fall in love with a Spaniard and find that the way to virtue is filled with sorrow and despair."

"Well," said Estrella, "let us hope that it is only the Spaniards who fall in love with me."

"But," said Domingo, "suppose that this person should fall a prey to temptation and sell you for a large sum of money to a rich man?"

"He would wish," said Estrella, "that he had taken home with him a mad wolf. Therefore, the oftener you sell me the better."

Estrella tried to exchange smiles with her brother, but met with no response. Astron was thinking that if ever one of his sisters got to carrying on with an alien, it would be his duty to stick a knife in her. Being fond of his sister, he was wondering if he would have the heart to do it.

In the party from the hotel there were eight men, and one bony woman who wore gold pinch-nose glasses and made notes in a book. Five of the men were English, one was a Russian and two were Americans. The Russian was a little blue man, exceptionally hairy. The Americans were young and mischievous. They had flown for France and had been hurt and were convalescing in Spain. They were afraid of nothing, except being bored. And while their money lasted there seemed to be little danger of that.

There was a table full of peasants in from the country to spend their savings, and other tables were occupied by Granadinos of both sexes and of somewhat doubtful respectability.

A corner of the large square room was cut off by a platform which could be closed to view by pulling together two dark curtains. On the platform were some chairs and an upright piano.

The performers hired for the occasion were all gypsies. One—a fat woman, almost as black as a negress—enjoyed considerable local celebrity. She had a rich throaty voice, resembling a man's tenor, perfect poise and assurance, and a repertory of songs which appeared to afford infinite amusement to those in the audience who could understand Spanish slang.

While she was singing her first group of songs, she selected the two Americans as likely contributors to her exchequer, and when she had come down from the platform, she walked straight across the room and stood looking at them with her right hand on her hip.

The two Americans rose to their feet as if she had been a duchess, and begged her to be seated. But she only stared, first at the one and then at the other, and then she thrust out her left hand palm up, and said to the darker of the two: "Cross my palm with silver, darling little sir, and I will tell your fortune."

"What is she saying?" asked the American.

"She says that she'll tell your fortune if you'll give her a piece of silver," said one of the Englishmen.

The American said, "Oh!" and at once placed a *duro* in the gypsy's hand. And the gypsy began at once to tell his fortune; but after each prediction, she muttered something to herself in gypsy which nobody at the tourist table was able to understand.

"You will be very rich," she said, "(may the money choke you). When you wish for a beautiful woman you will only have to turn your head and choose from among those who are following you (may she stick a red-hot knife into your entrails and twist it). Your wife will have black eyes and yellow hair (may her eyes wither in her head and may her hair turn into poisonous serpents in your hands). She will bear you twelve children—eight sons and four daughters (may the sons be born humpbacks and club-footed, and may the daughters grow up without shame)."

When all but the interpolations had been translated to the American, the gypsy told his companion's fortune, and accepting a glass of wine in addition to the silver, drank their health.

"May you live forever (in hell), darling little Señors."

And she turned on her heel and walked indolently and superbly to a table in a far corner, where her husband was conversing with Roberto Santiago, the celebrated painter.

Immediately after this piece of insolent fortune telling, the curtains of the corner stage were rasped aside, and Astron appeared seated on a kitchen chair, his legs crossed and his guitar in position. At once he began to play, and the wise ones in the audience knew that to the rhythms of Spain he had added something wonderful of his own, of himself.

In Spain the guitar is not, as in other countries, an instrument upon which chords are thrummed in support of other instruments or of human voices. It is a solo instrument which, like the violin, gives itself completely to virtuosity.

To appreciate the Spanish guitar one should hear Spanish dances at once fiery and stately; one should hear the astounding accompaniments to Flamenco singing, and should listen while babies are being lullabied to sleep. It is an instrument which can be made to talk.

Astron's eyes looked at nothing. He might have been blind. He was a past master of the gypsy stare. The expression on his face was cold and contemptuous. And he played like one possessed.

The ordinary youth of talent making a first public appearance would have elected to play some classic composition to which he had given unnumbered hours of practice. But Astron was not an ordinary youth. And with that daring and self-confidence which were characteristic of him, he had chosen to improvise.

The two Americans exchanged glances in which eyebrows were raised and the corners of mouths turned down. Their faces expressed at once derision and disillusionment. But the derision was not for Astron. It was for each other.

Kemp had played the guitar on his college glee club, and Sayres was one of those gifted mortals who can play acceptably on any instrument. As musicians and camp entertainers they had begun to take themselves seriously. But a comparison of what they could do with what Astron was doing made them feel humble and modest.

Suddenly in the midst of Astron's wild preluding, castanets crackled and Estrella appeared, slight, aloof, beautiful and contemptuous. To the furiously swift music she danced, with a kind of nightmarish slowness, an ancient gypsy number whose rhythms, however numerous or subtle, synchronized perfectly with those of Astron's guitar. With her inscrutable gypsy stare she looked into the eyes of her audience, pair by pair, and very briefly. When she looked into Kemp's eyes, he blushed to the roots of his hair.

Upon Sayres she had the opposite effect; he grew pale.

To the black gypsy who had told fortunes Roberto Santiago whispered: "Tell me, darling friend, has that girl a lover?"

"And will *not* have one of your age and blood."

"But who is she?"

"She is Estrella, a daughter of Domingo del Antro and Perfección, his wife."

"Del Antro—Del Antro," thought Santiago, and then he remembered the small American boy in the Generalife garden, and he remembered also the name Gostibelza as that of a family on the Sacred Mount whom the Del Antros were visiting. And he resolved that he, too, would soon be paying a visit to that family.

"I will make her famous," he thought. "She shall have pearls and diamonds. At the same age Augustina herself was not more beautiful or more Greek."

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There was present no great impresario to pronounce upon Estrella's future, or to make her a fabulous offer for appearances in the capital. But Santiago, an artist to his finger tips, was an excellent judge not only of beauty but, like most Spaniards, of music and of those austere, stately and passionate dances derived from the Moors. And he believed that in the great firmament of Spanish art a new star had risen.

And when Estrella had finished her first number, and acknowledged the applause with contemptuous indifference, he hurried forward to tell her so.

SCENTING a lucrative proposition of some kind, and wishing to be known as the father and teacher of the prodigy, Domingo del Antro also hurried forward.

Santiago would have preferred to address himself directly to Estrella, but was not averse to making friends with her father. So when the latter, pushing close and puffing with pride, exclaimed in Spanish: "This person is the father of both the children," he bowed courteously, and said in Gypsy: "In that case there is nothing miraculous about the children. They are the exact product which was to be expected of so talented a man as Señor Domingo del Antro."

"He has even acquired this person's name!" exclaimed Domingo in rapture.

"There is nothing extraordinary about that," said Santiago, "and I could tell you many things about yourself. Of your hospitality, for instance, to little strangers washed up on the beaches of the sea."

"How is that?" said Domingo hurriedly. "This person does not understand."

"Well, *this* person does," smiled Santiago, "but a little special knowledge among friends is no affair of the police. What are you planning to do with these babies?"

But he was not really interested in what Domingo would have to say to that, and turning his eyes upon Estrella, he seemed to seek the answer from her.

"The Señor speaks our language perfectly," she said. "Perhaps there is a little gypsy blood in his veins."

"I should be very proud if that should prove to be the case. In the meanwhile you have danced and I have looked on, and that which flows in my veins is half tenderness and half fire. Never in my whole life have I fallen so suddenly and completely in love."

"The Señor," said Estrella, "has learned courteous speeches from the King of Spain himself. It cannot be otherwise. And doubtless he has learned to be witty at the expense of poor little dancing girls by reading the immortal works of Don Miguel Cervantes."

Here Domingo thrust himself into the conversation. "In all seriousness, Señor," he said, "has the child a future?"

"In all seriousness, Señor," Santiago answered, "she has. But if you will take the advice of one who wishes her well, you will not sign any papers in a hurry. If an impresario were present he would make you an offer. It would be best to wait."

"The Señor undoubtedly," said Domingo, "is a *caballero* of great experience and wisdom, and this person would listen with genuine attention to his reasons."

"Spain," said Santiago, "is like a large family of which each member is curious about the other members. Let it come out gradually, by hearsay and the enthusiastic gossiping of individuals, that there is in the family such a talented little sister as the Señorita Estrella, and her eventual welcome in the theater of Madrid will have been solidly and affectionately prepared. She will dance and sing before audiences of which each member will be saying to the other members, 'Isn't she wonderful? What did I tell you?' "

Domingo appeared to be weighing these reasons, and Santiago continued. "In Madrid," said he, "in the course of time all the grandees and all other men of importance in the government and in the arts and in society pay visits to my studio. Sometimes our king, Don Alfonso, takes it into his head to see what I am doing. Give me a month's time and I will arouse so much curiosity concerning the Señorita, your daughter, that busy and influential men will be taking long journeys to see her dance, to find out if I have told the truth about her."

Domingo nodded approval. It was his nature to practice indirect methods. "The Señor," he said, "will be our friend?"

Santiago looked directly into Estrella's eyes, and said: "If I were younger, it would not be safe for me to be your friend."

And Estrella smiled mischievously and said: "When kindness comes hand in hand with wisdom, it is more to be feared than youth."

"There is no adage," said Domingo, "which she has not memorized."

"May I give another piece of advice? It has been rumored that later on the Señorita has agreed to retire to another room and do a special dance——"

Estrella interrupted. "But I have decided that it will not be necessary."

"There would be no great harm done, but my advice is against that dance. As you have said, it is not necessary."

"The Señor," said Domingo, "along all lines of conduct gives very sound advice, but if the exact opposite of the Señor's advice were followed, the immediate inflow of cash would be greater."

"That is true," said Santiago. "Are you in real need? How much were you to have received for the private dance? Twenty *duros*? That is not much. Listen. It would be well if I had a portrait of the Señorita to show. Will you pose for me, beautiful darling? Other beauties pay me thousands of *duros* to paint their portraits, but I will paint you for the love of art, and I will pay you a hundred *duros* into the bargain."

Estrella looked at Domingo, who nodded eagerly.

"Tomorrow," said Santiago, "I will come to the cave of the Señor Gostibelza, and we shall arrange about the sittings."

There were sounds of impatience, a pounding upon tables with the handles of knives and forks, a stamping of feet.

"Go, my darling," said Domingo; "they are the first to acclaim you. Give them good measure."

Roberto Santiago returned to his table and thereafter watched Estrella with a proprietary air. But if he had asked himself what his exact intentions concerning her were, he could not have answered. He did not know. At least he could paint a portrait of her.

Santiago had a house in Madrid, another in Salamanca, a collection of granite farmhouses on the strong Galician coast near Vigo, and in Granada a house which hundreds of years before had belonged to a family of gentle Moors.

It stood near the top of the hill above the Chapiz house, and from its little loggia of three horseshoe arches supported on delicate marble columns could be seen the dramatic red towers and the green forest of the Alhambra. The house was built about a patio no more than twelve feet square, in which were some groups of flowering plants in pots, roses and heliotropes, and a marble wellhead deeply grooved by generations of water-drawing. When there was neither conversation nor music in the patio, one always could hear a sound of bubbling water, a soothing, cooling sound in hot weather.

The studio was on the second story—a long, narrow, high room with an intricate ceiling of painted wood. Except for a low and broad divan covered with a fine Spanish rug of red and yellow, the room was bare, austere and workmanlike. There was a heavy easel upon rollers, a painting table with a glass top, and three Talavera pitchers containing small forests of brushes. Many canvases stood with their faces to the walls. The room contained nothing by which one could judge the quality of Roberto Santiago as a painter.

To this house and studio, on the second morning after she had danced in Peralta's place, came Estrella to have her portrait painted. With her came her entire family and some of the Gostibelza family as well. The older persons were full of chatter, and in order to get rid of them Santiago found it necessary to open several bottles of wine.

In spite of the fact that Estrella had her gypsy principles and a long sharp knife, Domingo did not wish to leave his daughter alone with the celebrated painter, and he advanced various ingenious and flattering reasons for not doing so, but Estrella herself eventually pushed him out of the studio.

But Buzo, to whom Santiago had taken a real fancy, was allowed to remain. "The child," he explained, "has either a talent for art or an impulse toward it. He will learn a little from watching me, and I shall teach him how to wash brushes and mix colors."

He did more than this. He pinned some large sheets of coarse paper to a drawing board, gave Buzo a stick of charcoal, and told him to make a portrait of Estrella too.

From time to time he looked over the child's shoulder, and made him rub out what he had done, and showed him how to hunt out the long balanced lines on which the poise of the human body depends—showed him with lightning-swift illustratings how much more important are these main lines than the most impeccable accuracy of details.

"Suppose," he said, "that you were on the top of one hill and far off on the top of another hill you saw Estrella. How could you know that she was Estrella? Surely not by the shape of her nose or the tilt of her eyebrows, which at that distance you could not see at all."

TO ANYONE familiar with Santiago's methods, the merciless speed with which he disposed of those vain American women who paid him huge sums to paint scathing portraits of them, it would have seemed that, for reasons of his own, he was in no great hurry to get on with the portrait of Estrella.

But as a matter of fact he burned with impatience to get the thing done. He believed that the time was ripe for him to produce a masterpiece. But he was also patiently determined to achieve this highest possible product of his genius by taking infinite pains and leaving nothing to chance.

He placed Estrella in various positions and morning after morning made many charcoal drawings of her lovely supple body. And he covered many sheets of paper with drawings of her eyes, her ears, her mouth, her head, her hands and her exquisite little gypsy feet.

At first Estrella enjoyed the enthusiasm which her beauty aroused in the painter, and posed with great patience. But she came of a race in which the instinct to do exactly as one pleases is very strong, and she began to make difficulties and to

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complain of fatigue. It is possible that she felt a certain pique in the fact that the expression in Santiago's eyes when he looked at her became less and less the expression of an ardent man looking at a beautiful woman, and more and more that of a calculating and austere artist.

One morning Buzo came to the studio alone, and explained that Estrella was too tired to work.

Santiago swore and then smiled. "There's not much that we can do without our model, is there?" he said. "Are you disappointed too? You have made some progress. If I could have charge of you for six or seven years, I could make a draftsman of you. But times have changed. Masters no longer have pupils. There is no longer any continuity in anything.

"But I wish that Estrella would not behave like this. This morning I had planned to begin the final drawing. The longer I think about this portrait the surer I am that it should be completely simple. She must have the delicate strength and beauty of a marble column without the stiffness or the rigidity. She must be just as she is—supremely light, graceful, beautiful, tender and insolent. But perhaps I have chosen to try something that cannot be done . . . Now tell me, have you made some sketches with the sepia and the cobalt?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"And what seems to be the trouble with them?"

Buzo hesitated, to find the right word. Then he said: "They are dirty, Señor."

The painter laughed. "So were my first water colors," he said, "and so are everybody's. But come, how would you like to sit in the loggia and draw one of the Alhambra towers in color?"

Buzo del Antro spent a vastly happy morning with a first-class sheet of paper, a perfect brush, a palette enlarged by the addition of yellow ocher and light red. And he achieved a drawing which resembled the chosen tower of the Alhambra, both in shape and color. It was true that the great shadow of the tower got muddy in one corner, and that the white clouds in the sky seemed to be directly over it instead of beyond it, but on the whole, both the pupil and the master were pleased.

And Santiago said, "I have seen worse. I have made worse." Then he pinched Buzo's ears and told him to run along.

The actual painting of Estrella's portrait seemed a simple matter. Santiago knew exactly what he had to do and exactly how to do it. And at the end of two long mornings, during which Estrella posed with unusual patience, Santiago suddenly stepped back from his canvas, gave it one quick critical look, handed his brushes to Buzo, clapped his hands, and said: "There, my precious darling, I have finished—come and see!"

Estrella was most beautiful when she walked about without any clothes on. She moved with easy, smooth, modest grace, and she was without self-consciousness of any kind.

She came and stood beside Santiago and looked at the portrait which he had made of her, and for the first time in her life saw herself as others saw her.

"Am I like that?" she asked. "Truly?" And her eyes shone with delight.

But before he answered, Santiago turned to Buzo and said: "Take the brushes to the kitchen and wash them. Clean them very carefully because they will not be needed again for some time."

When Buzo had trotted off Santiago said: "Yes, you are like that."

Then he was silent for a little because, knowing that he had painted a genuine masterpiece, Greek in its simplicity and Spanish in its reticence, he was deeply moved.

"I have been a bad *niña*," said Estrella, "a bad little girl. If I had known that it was to be like this, I should have been patient. But standing about for so long at a time, one does get the aches and the fidgets, doesn't one?"

Santiago smiled. "And what," he asked, "have you done with that long knife of yours?"

"I soon saw that it would not be needed."

"That was when I was an artist. But now I am finished with being an artist. What do you think of that, Estrella?"

Estrella shrugged her shoulders, walked over to the chair across which she had laid her clothes, and began to put them on. Santiago followed her.

"Listen, Estrella," he said. "I know how you gypsies feel about outsiders. But am I an outsider? I speak your language—several of its dialects. I am rich both by inheritance and because women and magnates are vain. If you had a lover it would be different. At first your people might be angry, but I would protect you from them."

"Is the Señor asking me to be his wife?"

Santiago hesitated. Then he said: "Why not? You are the last wish of my heart. There will never be another."

"It is perhaps true," said Estrella, "that you could protect me from my people. But how could I protect you from yours?"

"In all this wide beautiful world," said Santiago, "I need nobody but you. And as for my friends, those who do not stand by me will at least envy me."

"And at the end of ten years," said Estrella, "I shall still be young, and some think beautiful, and you, Señor?"

"What I shall be in ten years is of no consequence, Estrella. At this moment I am ten times as strong as you, and I am between you and the door."

Estrella simply finished with her dressing, and speaking as calmly as if no threat had been made, she said: "What you have offered me is very tempting. You have offered me a life of wonderful ease and perhaps happiness. But if I accepted, I don't say that I couldn't pay you back if I wanted to. Yes, I could make you think what you had given me was nothing—nothing. But there is nothing which you could take from me by force, Señor, which would be worth a pinch of dust to you."

But at the moment Santiago was not sure of that.

"If you want me so much," continued Estrella, "why not speak to my father about it? Often when I have been a naughty girl, he has said that he would sell me to a Busno."

"And if your father consents, Estrella, will you try to love me?"

"Oh," she said quickly, and her words left him trembling with delight, "it wouldn't be hard to love you, Señor."

She moved toward the door and he did not try to oppose her, and she went on down the worn stairs, smiling to herself.

"I am going to be a great success," she thought. "When I feel the need of a lover I shall only have to turn my head and choose from among those who are following me. There will be painters and musicians, and millionaires from America and grandees of Spain, and eventually I shall pick on some handsome young man of my own race, and give myself to him under the stars, and bear him one dozen children, and die in rags . . . But it will be worth it!"

Upon reaching the Gostibelza cave, Estrella's father asked her his usual

question: "Well, did the Señor make love to you?"

And this time she answered: "Yes. He is wild about me. He wishes me to be his wife."

"That is only a trick," said Domingo. "In previous times, when his passions were not under control, this person once made the same offer to a young woman who was not to be won in the ordinary way."

"I am not sure," said Estrella, "but I think that the Señor meant what he said."

"And what answer did you make?"

"Buzo had gone downstairs to the kitchen to wash the Señor's brushes. I was alone with the Señor and only half dressed, so I played for time. I told him that he would have to ask you."

"You did well."

"What shall you say to him?"

"This person," said Domingo, "will also play for time. The Señor must be told that you are very young, and that whereas you are strongly drawn toward him, you cannot be expected to know your own mind. In this way, the Señor's impulses may be drawn out to cover a long space of time."

"If he were a gypsy," said Estrella, "I would marry him tomorrow. It would not be hard for me to be a good wife to a kind rich man like that. Furthermore, he is very handsome, and not too old."

"Tomorrow," said Domingo, "we shall take the road. It is necessary for you to be seen in Seville during Holy Week. And this proposal of the Señor Santiago will not be the only one which we shall have to consider."

She passed on into the cave with the pleasant familiar smells. Half a dozen women, including Perfección and the Señora Gostibelza, were gathered to pass the time of day. They were talking of clothes and cooking and love.

Estrella listened for a time; then she laughed suddenly and said: "You see before you the apple of a rich man's eye. Ladies, if I chose I could live in four fine houses and be waited on by servants. But I prefer this."

It was vastly pleasant to be on the road again. And the comparisons which the Del Antros were able to make between a fixed and a roving life were strongly in favor of the latter.

Nevertheless, the caravan traveled rapidly so as to reach Seville in time to find convenient quarters and to make lucrative engagements before the beginning of Holy Week. But the two who were in the greatest hurry to reach Seville were Astron and Concha Bambito, for Domingo and Perfección had determined that they had earned the right to be married.

"They are good children," Domingo had concluded. "They have respected each other, and us. Astron has demonstrated his ability to keep a wife. For heaven's sake, then, let them marry and put an end to all their sighs and ogles. More than once this person has been wakened in the night from well-deserved sleep by a smell of smoke. And it has turned out to be Astron and Concha burning for each other."

And Estrella was eager to reach Seville because she had tasted applause and was hungry for more. She wished also to have more adventures with the Señor Roberto Santiago.

The two American aviators were also to be in Seville, and she had allowed each to believe that she wished ardently to see him again. And there were persons whom Estrella really wished to see. She wished to see the King and the Queen close to, as may easily happen during Holy Week, and the thought that she

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might be asked to dance before them made her wild with ambitious dreams.

And Cuchillo and Buzo were also looking forward to Seville, for there many of their secret wishes would have fulfillment. They would be able to hang about the bull ring and at night they could go to fields where young bulls were pastured and practice fighting them. Perhaps Astron would be given a chance to fight a three-year-old bull. People usually gave Astron what he asked for.

And Buzo intended to visit all the churches and the provincial museums, because Santiago had told him to do this.

"In Seville," Santiago had said, "there are many great works of art, paintings strong, reticent and austere. But do not be carried away by the creations of Murillo. Study rather the works of Zurbarán and Ribera. And remember, if you are ever unhappy with the Del Antros you are to tell me. But I myself shall be in Seville."

It must not be supposed that at this time the wish to paint was an obsession with Buzo. It would be time enough to become a great painter like the Señor Santiago after he had been a great bullfighter; and in the meanwhile he could not afford to give all his valuable time to the art of bullfighting. There was a slaughterhouse across the river to which he and Cuchillo and Bastante were often and immensely drawn. One learned all about what animals had inside of them, and many other things both delicate and indelicate, and came away in triumph, sometimes with a couple of fine pig bladders to blow into and fly at the end of a string like the colored balloons which nurse girls purchase at fairs for the children of the rich.

Then there were cigaret butts to be collected and made over into fresh cigarets, for the boys had grown to be incessant smokers, and there was gossip to be picked up while shining shoes in the clubs and cafés of the Sierpes, that snailing, twisting street which has no sidewalk and in which no vehicles are allowed so that there always may be room for tables and chairs.

Shining shoes in the Sierpes and keeping one's ears open, one learned much about bulls and bullfights, and love affairs. And one might have learned something about literature and music and philosophy. Only somehow one didn't.

Then one had to go with other boys, great and small, to swim or paddle in the brown water of the Guadalquivir, or to stalk some party of girls who were bathing without anything on, and to screech obscenities at them.

It was a beautiful life, and full.

Seville was all yellow sunlight and white moonlight and pastel-colored houses, and flowers and music and augmenting crowds, for Holy Week was about to begin.

By this time, because it was the fashion in their set, Buzo and Cuchillo had each selected a sweetheart. The two young misses were slightly older than the boys, but not old enough to have real lovers, and they played the game of being sweethearts with great gusto. This game as it is played in Spain is pretty and innocent, and as is said of certain automobiles, fool-proof.

When night comes and the girl knows that the boy is in the street in front of her house, she comes down to a dark room on the ground floor, and looks out at him through an iron grille. And he, leaning as gracefully as may be against his side of the grille, looks in at her. Usually some older person is within hearing, and this knowledge helps to confine the boy to highly proper and poetic language.

But the street had its serious love affairs as well, and one night a young man with a long, pale, serious face tapped Buzo on the shoulder and asked if he might have a word with him. Buzo withdrew from the grille against which he had been leaning, and scenting a financial benefit, listened politely to what the serious young man had to say.

"It is merely," said this one, "a case of getting a firm grip of the drainpipe which unfortunately has been broken off just out of my reach. But if you would have the courtesy to kneel and let me step on your back, I could make it. If you will do that and say nothing to anybody, though I am poor you will not regret it."

Buzo said that, reward or no reward, it would give him pleasure to kneel and thereafter hold his tongue. And he ran back to his grille for a moment to explain to the apple of his eye and the felicity of his heart that, owing to a sudden distress of others, there would have to be a five- or ten-minute recess from love-making. Then he went around the corner with the stranger and into a narrow alleyway. They came quietly to the broken drainpipe, and the young man stepped lightly on Buzo's back, tested the strength of the drainpipe, and then went lightly up it hand over hand.

Having reached a dark and narrow window at the top of the house, he threw a leg across the sill, searched his trousers' pockets, and turning, waved his acknowledgment to Buzo and dropped a piece of silver into the street. And Buzo, who had promised to be silent, rushed back to his sweetheart, gave her a smaller piece of money than the one which he had actually received, and in eager whispers told her all about everything.

"He was so impatient," he said, "that even our own Señor Cochino could not have gone up more quickly."

"If we were older, Buzo, and you wished very much to see me, would you risk your life on a rotten old pipe?"

"All the way to the moon. And if both Americas were mine, I would give them to you."

She came nearer to her side of the grille. She had a charming mischievous face with immense eyes in which passion would some day burn like coals.

"My mother," she said, "has fallen asleep in her chair." And she pressed her face against the grille so that Buzo could kiss it.

The rust came off the grille and left telltale marks on Pequeña's face, so that before she went to bed, she was well spanked, and when Buzo came to court her the next night, he was greeted with a whole pailful of slops.

His eyes smarting from the slops, and his whole being from surprise and humiliation, Buzo turned and saw running toward him the swift diminutive figure of his first friend on Spanish soil—Mosca, the Fly. If Mosca had laughed, Buzo might have grown up to be a woman hater, but instead she murmured in pity and alarm, and tried to reach his face with the skirt of her little dress so that she could wipe it clean.

Thereafter, they had a satisfying night of prowling, of giggling at lovers, of peering into patios where music and dancing and drinking were going on.

It seemed that in Seville, at that season of the year, nobody actually went to bed. It is true that a person might say good night, and start home, but on the way something pleasant was sure to distract that person into staying up longer.

At half past nine at night it was pleasant to watch the handsomely dressed crowds come pouring out from the hotels. But they had not been dining. They had been having afternoon tea, and they were dispersing to dress for dinner. They would dine at ten or half past with much leisureliness and those who were for the theater would see the curtain for the first act go up about midnight. Daylight saw crowds of good-natured and reasonably sober merrymakers still going about the business of being merry. It was often seven in the morning before the more famous Flamenco singers could be persuaded to begin singing.

"It is doubtful," said Domingo on one occasion, "if the Spaniards are people, because they turn night into day as is customary among owls. Being an owl is like having smallpox. It is a disease which the sedate, sober and sleep-loving gypsy people have caught from the Spaniards. But in Seville it is true that the nights are especially worthy of attention. It is only in Seville that there is no difference between the sky at night and a fine piece of velvet."

It was a busy and on the whole a triumphant season for the Del Antros. It was true that the wedding of Astron and Concha, with its feastings and visitings and drives in the park and drinking bouts, had lasted for three days and had cost Domingo every penny of cash and credit that he had in the world, but after the wedding a steady flow of money started in the other direction, and at the end of Holy Week the profligate father's purse was again well lined.

But it is not really fair to call Domingo profligate. Among the gypsies, weddings are the greatest of all ceremonies, because more than any other race they hold virginity and continence in esteem.

So far as anyone knew, Concha and Astron had behaved themselves throughout the great temptations of propinquity and opportunity with the utmost circumspection, and it was only fitting that their start in married life should be ruinously expensive. In no other way could sufficient honor be done to it.

At the end of a passageway on the second story of the warrenlike lodgings which Domingo had rented, a room, which would have been wet in the rainy season, had been set aside for Concha and Astron. Perfección and Domingo had a room to themselves on the ground floor. The mules, Brasa the camel and Señor Cochino lived in the courtyard. Concepción and Mosca slept together, as did Cuchillo and Buzo.

Estrella had the best room in the house. It was on the second story and had a balcony on which she could sit and show herself, and bask in the elaborate compliments and fiery proposals of strangers.

Roberto Santiago had made a short, well-paid engagement for her at a theater in the Sierpes. A lady who showed trained cockatoos and parrots had been taken ill, and her place in the program was given to Estrella.

But it was evident after the first performance that her place would have to be carried several numbers forward on the program. She had the whole city talking. A new star had risen in Spain, and naturally in Seville (so said the Sevillanos), where most of the great stars of literature, painting and the stage usually appeared. If she wasn't more beautiful than Augustina, she was not less beautiful. That great painter upon whose shoulders had descended the mantles of Velasquez and Goya had chosen to paint her portrait. He was mad about her. He had begged her to marry him, and she was teasing him along, gypsy fashion, and laughing at him in her sleeve.

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There had been so much talk of Holy Week that Buzo's curiosity became greatly exercised, and one afternoon when the whole family happened to be loafing in the shadows of their courtyard, he could contain it no longer. He touched Domingo's knee, and said: *"Mi padre,* just what is Holy Week?"

Domingo considered for a moment. Then he said: "It is well that you should ask the question of this person rather than of some other person. It is doubtful if any head in Spain, unless that of the Archbishop of Toledo, or of his sublime reverence, the Papal Nuncio, is more packed with facts concerning the nature of Holy Week than this head.

"In Seville Holy Week commemorates at once the immoral practices of the ancient Romans and the death upon the cross, and the resurrection from the dead, of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"It is a time of universal rejoicing. It affords infinite opportunities to those who are inclined toward sin as well as to those whose inclinations are pious. It is a time of rejoicing because persons of short memories are reminded that the world has been saved, and consequently that there is nothing to worry about. It is a time of peculiar rejoicing to those who, like this person, have had the good fortune to lead blameless lives. To such it is a time of well-being and contemplation.

"This person will take in all the bullfights and processions. He will see the contents of entire museums go nodding by. He will observe the excessive drinking and the notorious love-making of others, and make calm preparations to face the difficulties and perplexities which in Spain more than in other countries confront the responsible heads of families."

Perfección smiled to herself. She did not believe that when it came to excessive drinking and notorious love-making, Domingo would confine himself to observation. Skins of wine had always attracted him, and he himself had always been attractive to women. But because she understood human nature and because he did not spend any money on such women, she forgave him.

Astron, with Concha languishing in the hollow of his arm, now spoke from the deep shadow behind the wellhead.

"It is all settled," he said. "On Saturday I am to substitute for Bambito."

At once Perfección and Domingo were filled with pride and alarm; the rest with excitement.

"But what," inquired Domingo, "has happened to Bambito?"

"At an early hour this morning," said Astron in his calm grave way, "Bambito was found lying in the street in front of a certain house under a certain window with a length of tin drainpipe in his hands and the bones of his head badly crushed, if not broken."

"And when the pipe broke," asked Domingo, "was he on his way up or on his way down? Upon the answer to this question depends the virtue of a woman."

"Dolores Sanchez, a daughter of the house, alleges that he was on his way up. And for the first time."

"Perhaps she is telling the truth," said Domingo, "and perhaps time itself will answer differently. Will Bambito die?"

"It is not known. His mother has told me that I may wear the clothes that he would have worn."

"I shall not go to the *corrida,*" said Concha. "I shall be in the chapel praying."

"And I," said Perfección.

"The ladies," Astron smiled, "have no confidence in me."

"Tell me," cried Cuchillo, "to whom will you dedicate the bull?"

"To Concha, of course," said Astron. And he did not know that his mother had hoped he would dedicate his first bull to her, and that she was hurt. Nobody ever knew when she was hurt.

"Will there be tickets for all of us?" asked Domingo.

"There will be tickets. They will be on the sunny side. But that cannot be helped. The president himself said that it could not be helped."

"To this person," said Domingo, "it seems ridiculous that anyone should prefer prayer in a whitewashed chapel to a good seat at the ring side. Nevertheless, long experience has taught this person that it is impossible to account for different tastes. There will be two extra tickets and this person knows of two beautiful ladies who will be happy to use them and sit on either side of him."

"But," said Astron, "I wish that my wife and my mother should be present at my first fight. I should be too proud to disgrace myself in their eyes, and their mere presence would be more useful to me than prayer."

"There are times," said Domingo, "when prayer is an excellent thing. For instance, when one is alone in bed, or locked up in a jail. At such times one is best able to concentrate upon that which one most desires, and the most reverent way of obtaining it.

"But the knowledge that a bullfight was going on would scatter even the Pope's wits, and it is well known that the prayers which go up from scattered wits are offensive to the Holy Family. It would be a fine thing if the prayers offered by this person's wife and by his daughter-in-law should, through being diluted with other emotions, work harm rather than good. But it is for them to say. It is their responsibility."

Then and there Concha and Perfección gave up the idea of praying in the bullfighter's chapel.

"There is no danger," said Domingo. "This person has taught Astron well, and if he will only stick to the rules which this person has laid down——"

"Astron will stick to the rules," smiled Astron, "but how about the bull?"

"On the morning of the *corrida,*" said Domingo, "and when it is known which bull you are to fight, this person will say a few words to that bull. The influence which this person has always been able to exercise upon a bull from which he is separated by a strong high fence is enormous."

Everybody laughed at this. But Domingo frowned and said: "Though no two bullfights are exactly alike, all are covered by one general rule. You face the bull and the bull faces you. The bull moves and you move. If you don't move, the bull moves you, and there you are."

Astron stretched himself and yawned. Already that horrible anticipatory nervousness from which all bullfighters suffer was beginning to worry him. Was he afraid? No. He was afraid of being afraid. He was not afraid of wounds or even of death. He was afraid that he might make false clumsy moves and be hooted out of the ring.

Upon the glory which would be his own if he did well, Astron could not concentrate. But warm visions of the comforts which would accrue to Concha and Perfección entered at times into the journeyings of his thoughts and made them smooth and pleasant. It is true that he loved the cave in the wild Mediterranean mountains in which he had been born, but a fine house in Seville was not to be sneezed at.

Such a house, unfurnished, was to be had for a few songs. There would be many fine rooms with thick stone walls, centering about a patio. Perfección would be the housekeeper giving orders to many servants. She would wear silk always, with a high comb in her hair and a lace mantilla falling gracefully from it. She would never have to worry about money. She would even have diamond earrings. Concha would wear bright colors, a string of pearls, and pearls in her ears, the golden-colored pearls which against the gypsy skin almost make music.

And here his thoughts tarried a while with Concha, who was resting in the hollow of his arm. He would buy an enormous bed for her with a counterpane of real lace. Their room should be a room apart. Nobody would be able to overhear what they had to say to each other. For it was doubtful whether any other persons had ever loved as they loved.

Somehow he did not see Estrella in the picture. She would be proud of his success, but independent of it. But Concepión was a pretty girl too, and she would stay at home and receive an education. Mosca must also have teachers. Cuchillo and Buzo would be bullfighters, of course. As for Domingo—well, Astron could not help smiling when he thought of Domingo. For Domingo would be sure to wear velvet, and do a lot of boasting, and take the entire credit for the success of the family to himself.

"The hours," said Domingo, "which precede a first appearance of any kind are even more difficult than those which follow a first appearance that has been a failure. But unpleasant as are the thoughts of the young bullfighter who is about to make his first bow to the public, they are exceeded in unpleasantness by the thoughts of his father, if he is so fortunate as to have one."

"That is perhaps true, my father," said Astron, "but you can always take something for it, whereas I have to keep myself in the best condition possible. At a time like that a man needs all the strength of his head and of his body."

"Only last night," said Domingo, "this person looked into some wine which had been spilled and saw a bright future for everybody connected with him. He saw the names of all his children in large letters upon posters three meters high. He saw Estrella in the act of being presented to the Queen Mother and of dancing a tango with Don Alfonso himself."

"Did you happen to see my future husband in the spilled wine?"

Domingo looked at her out of narrowed eyes, and said: "It so happened."

"Was he handsome?"

"He was handsome enough, but neither young nor a Gitano."

"And I was married to him, and I still lived?"

"You were about to become a mother by him, and yet no man of your family had seen fit to punish you."

"To stick a knife into someone you love is a miserable business," said Astron, "but there are times, I suppose, when it simply has to be done."

"Tell more," said Estrella. "Was my husband someone we all know?"

"A gentleman by whom we have all been used with great courtesy."

"But you told me that if I ever went with a Spaniard——"

"Yes. This person has told you——"

"Father, have you sold me to Señor Santiago?"

"He would have moved a heart composed of granite and cast iron. And he

has agreed to become a gypsy by the ceremony of blood."

Estrella looked for some time into her father's eyes, but could not learn anything by their expression. He might be in earnest; he might be joking. She temporized.

"Of course," she said, "if Don Roberto were really a Gitano, I could hardly refuse him."

"Of course not," said Domingo.

"I wish I knew something," said Estrella.

"Knew what?"

"What you would do if I came to you with Don Roberto's ring on my finger and told you that we were married."

"Try it and see."

Again she could not read his expression, and Astron said: "It would not be the first time in history that an alien had turned gypsy for a pair of bright eyes, and there had been feasting and merrymaking and forgiveness all around."

"*You* wouldn't stick a knife into me, Astron, *would* you?"

"Nobody is going to stick a knife into you," said Domingo. "Old ideas are changing. This person has had conversation with all and sundry, and it has been concluded that if Don Roberto chooses to become a Gitano by the ceremony of blood, he is a suitable husband for you. It is for you to decide."

"Is there any hurry about it?"

"Rich marriages do not grow on every bush."

"Neither does true love grow out of every rich marriage."

"You are not in love with him?"

"No."

"Well, why not have said so in the beginning? For that is precisely what this person is trying to find out."

On the last day before the week of real bullfighting by famous masters, six growing young men, one of whom was Astron, were given a try-out with three-year-old bulls, and the Sevillanos, who love to discover new talent, attended in full force. And with one exception all the notables who were assembled in Seville at that time attended also. But that exception was the most notable notable of them all. It was Don Alfonso, the King.

"Don Alfonso," Domingo explained, "does not enjoy bullfighting, and it is doubtful if even in early childhood he ever aspired to be a bullfighter."

"Why doesn't he like bullfighting?" asked Buzo.

"He is a great lover of horses," said Domingo. "He cannot bear to see them hurt."

"If I were king," said Buzo, "I would give orders not to have horses take part in the *corridas*."

"It is possible," said Domingo, "to tire a bull by hand until he is in a condition to be honorably dispatched; but it takes a long time. It might take the whole of a valuable afternoon to tire one four-year-old, and the crowd which has paid its money to see at least six bulls killed would go mad with impatience."

Buzo had no answer to this; but he asked another question. "How do the horses manage to tire the bulls so quickly?"

"The bull," said Domingo, "rushes out of a dark pen into the bright sunlight of the bull ring with his head high. A bull's defenses are his horns. To kill him according to law, the matador must not go around these defenses; but directly at them and over them. Otherwise the kill will not count. While the bull carries his defenses high, brandishing and tossing them, it is not possible to go over them, and drive the *espada* between

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his shoulders with a descending thrust. Therefore, before the final thrust can be attempted, it is necessary to bring down the bull's head, until the breath of his nostrils stirs the sands of the arena. To bring down his head, it is necessary to tire the long muscles of his neck and shoulders which hold it up. And the quickest and surest way of doing this is to give your bull a few horses to toss. And that is what Don Alfonso hates to see, hates even to think about."

"Those Americanos in Granada," put in Estrella, "went to the *corrida*. And they told me that it made them sick."

"Upon the English and the Americans and other races which because of too much religion and alcohol have weak stomachs, the *corrida* has often the effect of a strong emetic. And they go back to their own countries with loud accounts of Spanish cruelty."

"But isn't it true," said Astron, "that the Spaniard is more cruel than other men?"

"The contrary," said Domingo, "is the truth. Whatever he may have been in the beginning, the Spaniard through long association with the gypsy people, and an earnest effort to model himself after them, has become the softest and most tolerant of men. This person is a great lover of horses. But that which is offered to the bull in the arena is no longer a horse. In any event it would be killed for the glue in its bones, as is the custom in other countries, and neither more nor less painfully."

"Nevertheless," persisted Astron, "I have been told many times that because of the bullfight the Spaniard is despised by other nations."

"That is perhaps true," admitted Domingo. "He is most especially despised by those nations who at this moment are conducting the most cruel war that has ever raged upon earth. This person was told in Granada by an eminent professor of mathematics that in the Great War the life of a horse is just seven minutes."

"But," said Astron, "even if Don Alfonso doesn't like the *corrida*, he is the most popular man in Spain."

"That," said Domingo, "is because he is a man in whom there is neither meanness nor fear."

Astron rose suddenly and stretched. "It is time to go to the ring," he said.

"True," said Domingo. "It is necessary to get acquainted with the bull which you are to fight."

But Perfección and Concha would not go to see the bulls. The afternoon of that day promised them sufficient terrors. So in the end only the men of the family went, and these returned with enthusiastic accounts of the bull which Astron was to fight.

He was a black bull, it seemed, large for his age, and with steady eyes, in which there was no guile or trickery.

"He will give the boy nothing but straight charges," said Domingo, "and plenty of them. For he is not only a well-mannered bull, but a brave one. This person now feels relieved of all anxieties. Tonight the name Astron del Antro will be in every mouth. And kisses will have been blown to him from every pair of lovely lips in Seville."

"Darling," said Concha suddenly, "you'll come *straight* home from the bull ring, won't you?" And everybody laughed.

The prophecies which Domingo made concerning Astron's first fight could not have been bettered by the famous oracle at Delphi.

From the first Astron's beautiful body and quiet, reserved expression made a favorable impression on the audience. There was something about the boy which caused even strangers to wish passionately for his success. And his first passes, though leaving a little something to be desired, were received with storms of applause.

But as Astron warmed to his work, the diffidence visible in those first passes vanished, and he fought like a great master. You might have thought that he and his bull had rehearsed every beautiful step and pass for weeks on end, and when the last pass had become a piece of triumphant ring history, and they faced each other, by a miracle in perfect position for giving and receiving the death stroke, and a great hush had come over the crowd, Astron could be heard speaking to the bull and praising him to his face.

His last words to the bull were these: "Good, brave bull . . . I am sorry!"

And then he lunged with all his young strength and weight, and buried his bright sword in the bull's shoulder to the hilt, and had the good luck to pierce the bull's hot tired heart, and to drop him stone-dead in his tracks.

"It seemed," commented one of the newspapers, "as if the bull had been struck by lightning."

Through blinding tears the entire family of the young matador saw the blue sky of Seville darkened by flying hats and skins of little pigs containing wine, and the young matador himself running lightly about the ring, laughing with happiness and skimming an occasional hat back to its owner, and touching his lips to an occasional skin of wine.

The Del Antros with divers friends and acquaintances awaited the homecoming of the young master in the patio of their house; bottled wine was sent for and there was a great preparing of food, and by Domingo there was incessant boasting.

Nevertheless, Domingo looked forward to Astron's coming with mixed feelings, for something told him that the headship of the family was about to pass into younger hands.

Astron arrived suddenly and just at a moment when nobody was expecting him. He was much out of breath, having escaped from the crowds only by running, and he looked white and sick.

Perfección and Concha screamed and made a rush for him.

"Careful! Careful!" he cried, but they misunderstood and flung themselves upon him and embraced him, and then redoubled their screams at finding that he had fainted in their arms. A doctor was found and fetched, and when this one had examined Astron he shook his head, as if before a miracle.

"I saw the fight," he said, "and I could take my oath that the bull never touched him, and yet his whole body is turning black and blue and two of his ribs are broken."

Astron held up his right hand. It was badly swollen. "The hilt of the *espada*," he said, "when I lunged."

The doctor examined the hand, but did not think that any bones were broken. He pulled Astron's ears affectionately and predicted a great future for him.

Late that night at his club, the doctor gossiped about the case.

"It was the boy's first fight," he said. "He has the most beautiful eyes and body that I ever saw, and a character, I should say, full of kindness and strength."

"Are the injuries serious?"

"Not in themselves; but they are the first of a long series which will kill him while he is still young and beautiful and in love with life. It is pitiable. So many brave, beautiful young men!"

"Almost, doctor, you make us feel as if you would like to abolish bullfighting."

"Now heaven forbid!" exclaimed the doctor. "Not I. When the laws of my

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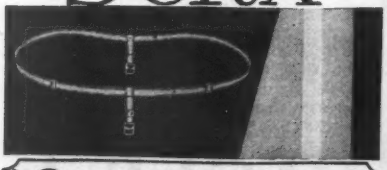

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country forbid her young men to risk their lives for beauty's sake, I shall know how to end a life which will no longer be worth living. It is true that Spain has lost the whole world—the material world; but she has saved her soul . . ."

Oddly enough, at about the same moment, Domingo, well flushed with wine, was making a speech in his courtyard and saying almost the same thing. But the fact that Spain, in this day and age, still has a soul he attributed to the excellent example which has been set for her by the gypsies who for so many centuries have lived within her borders.

That night Concha conceived a son.

Will Buzo grow up to be a bullfighter like Astron or a painter like Roberto Santiago? Gouverneur Morris tells you in his August Installment

This Madness

(*Continued from page 87*)

gestures. She threw her arms around me and began to cry and to rhapsodize. Us, life, the magic of building a little dream world out of nothing. What else counted?

The stage? Tah! Great actresses came and went. To be sure, it would be wonderful as an addition to this, us, if only in achieving success for herself we could stay together.

Or singing the same. Or painting. But without us—tears so easily and buoyantly filled her eyes—tears of delight, gratitude, I scarcely know what, but moving always.

"But listen, Sidonie, are you truly beginning to waver in this matter of acting? And after all your glorious promise in Chicago! I hope I haven't had anything to do with that. It would be terrible."

"Not a bit, lover! Haven't I just told you? But if I am compelled to wait until I can make the right connection—I've had one failure and certainly another won't help—why shouldn't I paint or cultivate my voice or dance or——"

"Yes, I know, and I wouldn't have a word to say if it weren't for the fact that you get so intensely interested in these other things, and no one can do two, let alone three, things well in the arts. Genuine success usually follows a *single* devotion."

There were perhaps thirty or forty preachments of this character during my days with Sidonie.

Yet in addition to this at least two memorable incidents. We had been out on our canal over the week-end, exploring farther and farther the poetic reaches of that delightful Jersey water as it neared the Delaware Water Gap, and even Scranton, when returning Sunday night, Sidonie laden with wild flowers, she suddenly exclaimed as we neared the studio, and not in terror but rather a sudden ecstasy: "Of all things! Daddy! He's coming to see us! Oh dear, dear, how wonderful!"

And she was off running, throwing the flowers to me as she went, while I, nonpiused and decidedly puzzled as to a mode of procedure, looked about to see where "Daddy" was. At the same time I stiffened, considering ways and means, for while his unexpected arrival might spell unutterable delight for Sidonie, as her voice seemed to indicate, decidedly it held no such significance for me.

And then in the distance, in the shadow, I saw him. A stocky, urban figure, not gray, not more than fifty-odd but conventional and stern. Yet at his side now Sidonie with her arms about

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his neck, pulling his head down to her.

I could even hear her in the still street. "Oh, Daddy, darling! Wherever did you come from? Have you been here long? Have you waited here?"

I stared in a mental maze at this swift, graphic leadership of a situation which could only spell difficulty if not so led. Yet how is this to end, I pondered, for although he may love her and so be intrigued after this fashion, here am I! And with me it will be the same, you may be sure.

And yet I drew near and stood by, apparently unnoticed by either until at last Sidonie turned, exclaiming: "Oh, darling, here's Father! Isn't it wonderful? He was coming to see us. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Indeed! I thought—well, we shall see. At the same time I extended my hand, which Platow somewhat hesitatingly took.

And now more than ever I marveled at the overwhelming vigor of her emotional onslaught, the manner in which to this moment she had, consciously or unconsciously, succeeded in bathing this situation in a wave of feeling for which now, and in spite of himself, Platow was no match. Indeed, to me he looked puzzled, at once retributive and sad, and although momentarily beguiled still desirous of conserving his poise.

But with Sidonie, who could? Repeatedly in connection with some upswelling of emotion in her, gay or sad, I had found myself in precisely this position. And now, to my astonishment, Platow in the same. And after all her waywardness!

And then but a moment later I saw her link arms with him, and pulling him close, usher me into the elevator which rose to our studio. And once there—and since it was nearly ten o'clock—fairly flying from candle to candle with matches, while Platow, at a loss as to how to proceed, I presume, commented on the fact that he had called on Saturday and several times this day.

"But how did you get this address, Daddy?" demanded this incredible daughter. "And isn't it darling of you to come? Oh, I have been wanting so to see you! Have you got all my letters?"

Well, of all things! I exclaimed to myself. This certainly is the last word in interlocked and unravelable emotions. And I merely stared.

In the meantime, and regardless of this emotional sway his daughter appeared to have established in his case, Platow turned to me and said: "But you? What have you to say for yourself? How can you justify this when you know what it must mean to Sidonie in every way—her social as well as her moral future?" His nervous state was intense.

"But why should you blame me alone, Mr. Platow, for Sidonie's actions?" I questioned valiantly, proposing to argue or defend myself as might be from moment to moment. "Certainly she is not exactly a child or an ordinary person either, and I have been as much influenced by her as she has been by me. Besides," I finally added, after weighing the fact and its consequences, and how it might sound to Sidonie or himself, "as you know, I am not the first man she has cared for."

And before I could feel ashamed or sorry, Sidonie had chimed in with: "Yes, Daddy, I told him all about Webb while we were in Chicago."

At this, and with genuine sorrow on my part, I detected a sudden drop in Sire Platow's rising irritation. Color rose to his cheeks, and that determined air which he had turned on me seemed now to evaporate. Whether owing to parental forethought and for Sidonie's sake he had hoped to cause me to feel a sole responsibility in this instance, I do not know, but now I felt, even saw, a sudden sadness overtake him.

"Yes, I know," he now admitted, in a lowered tone. "Sidonie has been a willful girl. I have never been able to do much with her. But I have tried. I had hoped so much for her."

And here his voice fell. There was genuine emotion in it. He turned away from both of us. And at once Sidonie had her arms about him.

"Oh, Daddy, please! You mustn't! It isn't as bad as you think. I dearly love T! Dearly! And I am so happy with him I can't tell you ever. Everything I had hoped to be is joined with him now. He is doing so much for me."

She held him close, smoothing his cheeks and hair. As for myself, I could only remain silent. To suffer so on account of one's daughter! To have such deep illusions in regard to a necessary social order! I rose from my chair to go to him, but Sidonie was still between and remained so. And then Platow spoke again.

"Yes, I know, Sidonie," he replied. "But you are still a child. You do not see all. You cannot. And when he is tired of you, then what? He will turn you into the street just as he would any other girl who threw herself away in this fashion."

He paused, lachrymose and obviously a little resentful. On my part I was not only irritated but a little reduced by this simple, homely and somewhat old-fashioned view of the fate of the wayward girl.

Yet, as I immediately commented to myself—and most helpfully from a defensive point of view—Sidonie turned out! But to what? Material or spiritual failure? Ridiculous! She was as likely to leave me in due course as I her. I even half smiled as I began formulating a reply, but Sidonie was before me with a defense of her own.

"Turned out! Oh, nonsense, Daddy! As though I couldn't take care of myself!"

She went on with a description of the many things she could and would do. Besides, she was not interested in the old conventional order—could not and would not marry just for social position and support—had never wanted to.

He must understand also that she wanted to make her own way, working with someone who was seeking to make his own way, sharing everything in love, and only so long as there was love.

It was a quite striking and forceful statement. In fact, I never saw her shine to more advantage than in this hour. But, as I could see, Platow was confused and unhappy. All his solid Chicago possessions and connections, as well as his early conservative training, militated against these wholly modernistic and unconventional notions.

"All I can ask of you," he finally said, turning to me, "is not to be cruel to her. She has always been petted, and she is willful, but her heart is right."

I sensed the loving, conservative parent throughout, and promised. And could but like him for it. Then the trying scene was concluded by Sidonie's persuading him to join us that night in a midnight supper.

And the following morning we breakfasted with him at his hotel. By that time, in so far as I personally was concerned, he had reached a resigned state that permitted him to commend Sidonie to my affectionate protection.

I must see that she tried to make something of herself. And after that there was a regular exchange of letters

between him and his daughter, as well as various financial contributions which kept her in that assured state which lies just this side of necessity—which is probably, from a character or self-establishing point of view, the worst thing that any parent can do for any child.

The second memorable scene which occurred just about this same time concerned young Collins.

In June apparently he had received the letter written by Sidonie at my dictation. And after that, in so far as I knew, there had been silence on his part and hers—or I had hoped so.

But now, of a sudden, and of a hot September afternoon, here he was, fresh, smiling, dapper in a new gray suit and soft light felt hat, at our door.

And how had we been? He had heard from various friends that we were here, and since he had some business in New York he had decided to stop in. And how glad he was to see both of us!

And as to Chicago, it was dull. Apart from the Little Theater, which had various plans for the coming season, there was little to report. But as he talked I noticed that his eyes covered each detail of the place, myself included.

And he was especially curious about Sidonie. How had she been? What was she doing? He had heard that already she had had a small part in a play which failed. Whether mistakenly or not, I thought I detected a strain of repressed criticism.

Also that the kindly feeling he had held toward me in Chicago had in part vanished. He was suave, smiling, but his eyes seemed a little biting.

Personally I was intensely curious as to the real object of his visit. Had he come to reclaim Sidonie? Had there been more clandestine correspondence between them? Some remarks about his probably resigning his position in Chicago presently and moving to New York to do critical work troubled me not a little.

Ha, ha! So that was what was in his mind! He was coming on to try to persuade Sidonie to leave me. And so the battle was not really over—merely beginning. At once, of course, I was irritated and pained. It would not be unlike her, and for all her feverish enthusiasm for me, to return to him in some secret way. I was sure of it.

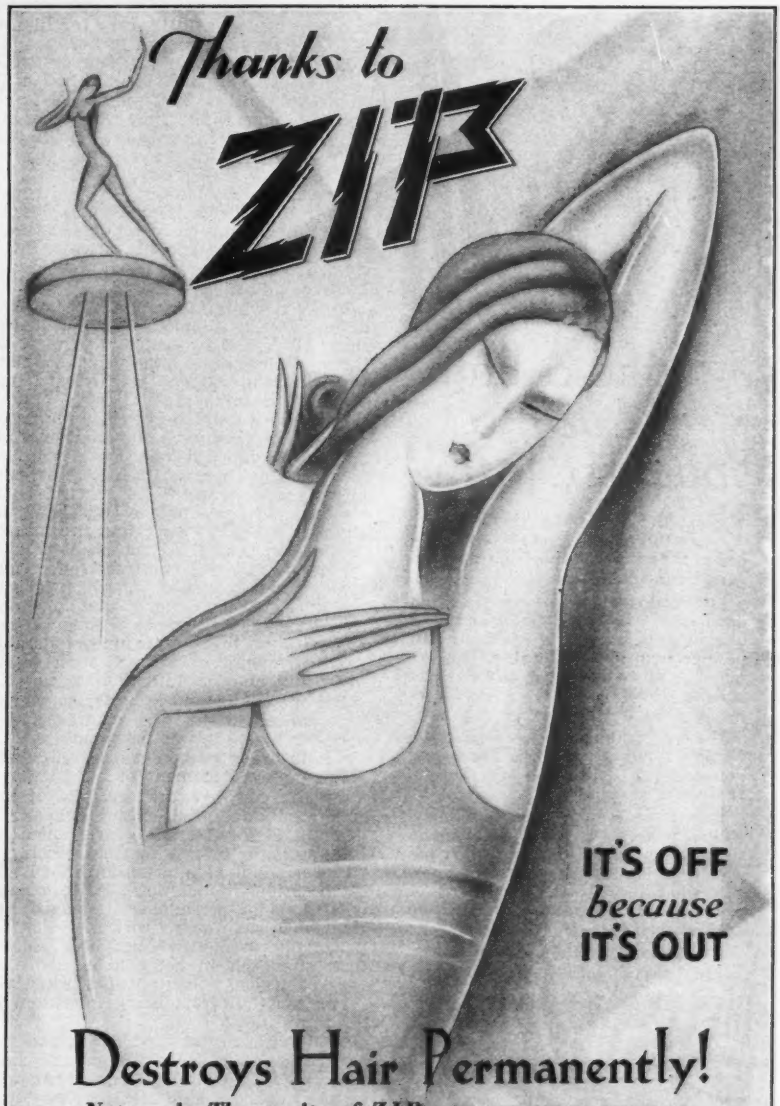
At the same time, Sidonie's attitude interested me greatly. She was so entirely bland, so sweetly serene and genial and pose-y. At once I suspected her of seeking to impress him, and worse, of having followed my letter of dismissal with one of her own perhaps explaining in her own suave way just why she had written it. (The course of true love!)

At the same time, here she sat now, on the colorful divan she had devised, sensuous, gay and playful. And whatever his mood, Webb Collins was destined to observe her so. Some of her most fantastic dress creations for stage and elsewhere lay about her. For all morning, for my delectation—although I was busy in my corner writing—she had been "making costumes"—arraying herself, that is, in different styles of dress so that I might see how varied was her art in connection with herself.

Also about the room, in the corners and on an easel, were the pastels and canvases wherewith she had been disporting herself as painter. Nothing to trouble her, as it were, since he had passed out of her life.

Love, clothes, youth, prospects.

From time to time I gazed at them both, thinking now of her restless and yet diverting ebullience of spirit; then of his feelings if he still cared for her. And



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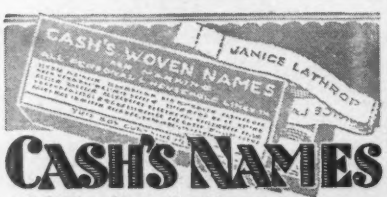

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as jealous and watchful as I was, I could not help feeling a little sorry for him, a little possessive in regard to her.

But presently—after an hour or two—he left. And by then Sidonie had concluded that all was not well between him and his young wife. They were probably going to separate, she said—though just how she sensed this I was not able to surmise.

But in several months this did prove to be true; Collins settled down in Greenwich Village, and there followed various social approaches and pleasures on both sides, harmless enough as far as I ever knew.

Between whiles, for myself, because of Sidonie's serious appeal for me at the time, all but the deathblow to most of those varied and interesting contacts with which previous to her arrival I had been entertaining myself.

Futile to recount here either names or conditions. They were numerous enough, and to one fairly detached as I was before meeting her, satisfying. But now in her presence and under her influence, I seemed to find, for the time being at any rate, all of the emotional and mental stimulation that I needed.

For one thing, I was most effectively diverted by a temperament which for the life of me I could never quite fathom. Her moods as well as her actions were so enigmatic as to be quite undecipherable from any point of view, whether seemingly favorable or unfavorable.

For one thing (and in so far as women were concerned this was a novel experience for me), she was never one to wait about in order to monopolize each spare or unemployed moment of my time.

On the contrary, and in spite of her reiterated and often most emphatically demonstrated affection, she seemed to have so many private matters which engaged her individual attention that I was often curious, if not worse, as to exactly what item or personalities engaged her time when she was not with me. For if I personally, in the past, had been able to interest myself in not one but three or four, even five, women at once, what was to prevent her from being interested in as many men?

True, after anywhere from two to five or six hours' absence, she might come sweeping in, a veritable storm of emotion, or of amusing or enlightening gossip, and appear to want nothing so much as the closest and most affectionate of contacts.

On the other hand, there was always the inquiry or doubt in my mind as to the genuine depth of all this. For only consider—as I then often said to myself—her profoundly affectionate attitude toward her father, which in no way prevented her from disobeying or wounding him, as well as her varying moods toward myself and Collins.

Worse, Sidonie's was a temperament that like mine was truly varietistic. She was too capable of entertaining too many hearty affections at once. Since she had been in New York there had been numerous personalities of whom she talked and of whose interest in her I was either suspicious or jealous, though there had been no particular individual on whom I could fix or to whom I could point.

Nevertheless, she came and went on a thousand errands or compulsions, frequently remaining for all of a morning, afternoon, or evening. Yet throughout, also, I felt and credited her with a genuine if fractional affection which showed itself in innumerable and lovely ways. More, she was continually making definite and enthusiastic sacrifices of herself, her time, her money, for me.

Never a thought but seemed to involve us both—where we would go *together;* what we should do *together* in the future; how all the things which she could possibly contrive or achieve in the future were to concern us both.

Her father was rich; so were a number of her relatives, and some of them most definitely interested in her. And should ever a windfall come her way, at once we were to do this and that. All her efforts at increasing her financial reward through her art or stage work also seemed to concern the result for the two of us, never for herself alone.

And too often, finding me trapped in a financial crevice from which I could not escape save by the most pinchbeck economies, she it was who forgot all of her own plans in order to maintain a wholly delightful domestic arrangement which I personally could not have continued, for the time being anyhow.

Yet in the course of time (so limited is the chemic love charge in all of us), and in the face of all the color and variety with which she filled my days, there grew up in me an irritation based in part, I am sure, on my vague uncertainty as to these various and in themselves interesting artistic attachments of hers which so constantly took her away and left me to employ myself throughout a silent half or whole day at my writing.

How was it now that I had these many free hours in connection with her, and could go as I would? I asked myself.

And how was it that I preferred to wait and work here while she went? The thought struck me not so much as an irritation as a wonder. Certainly I must be deeply engaged with her, or this thing could not be. Yet the wonder and doubt persisted.

Another thing that first troubled and later irritated me was her failure, as I saw it, to take her theatrical art as seriously as I felt she should—to sacrifice for it, even at the expense of myself, if need be, since to me it always seemed her most distinguished gift.

But no, no. At times I was actually saddened by the thought, if not the truth, that she had not the heart for the grueling sacrifices which go with distinguished achievement in any field. Had she been too comfortably reared? I asked myself. But no, I replied, ability was ability and where there was a genuine urge, no early freedom or ease could nullify it.

Just the same, the days and weeks were going by and nothing serious was being accomplished. The time came when I began to think that in her might be a constitutional bias toward variety and change, too little contentment with humdrum and plodding.

Again, I decided that there was nothing wrong with her, only with me a constitutional weakness which required too much of others, too little of myself, and that inevitably provoked such unrest and criticism—a defect or weakness inextricably involved with too great a need of change.

Change, change, change! I have always been a victim of its lure. Too easily satiated. Too easily bored. No matter what the charm, no matter what the original lure, change, change, change, until at last for me there shall be no more change! It was in recognition of this in myself at this very time that I composed an essay on change which much later and in an elaborated form was included in my book, "Hey Rub-a-Dub-Dub!"

Nevertheless, at least two more years in which there prevailed, amid the changing groups that circled about us, a genuine mental and artistic changefulness which provided more of romance,

color, amusement, diversion than previously I had ever found in any one individual.

I can see her now, her arms, neck and shoulders bare and gracefully draped, her black hair circling her young face, making with flowers, candles, cakes, sandwiches, drinks, and deft arrangements of the furnishings, those final preparations for an invited crowd which packed to the doors our limited space.

And betimes, with the easiest grace and a genuine flair, supervising introductions, songs, recitations, even playlets.

And then the whole thing over, the crowd gone, blowing out all but one or two candles and sitting down at the piano to sing, or upon my lap to talk. "Hold me, darling! Oh, wasn't it lovely?" And wasn't So-and-so interesting, and So-and-so silly? And aren't we really happy together? Ah! Ah, yes, indeed, Sidonie, dear.

I have often thought since that perhaps the chief thing that bound me to her for so long, and made varietistic thoughts so troublesome, was a certain genuine emotional sensitivity which brought her into close and enthusiastic relation with all I was doing or seeking to do, and so aided me, for all her prodigal playfulness and wastefulness of her time and herself, in prosecuting various literary ventures which were in hand.

Did I need an amanuensis? She would act as one. Was I in need of a sincere critical opinion? She would concern herself with the matter and furnish me, and quite valuably at times, with a keen understanding of what was needed.

More, as we went about together day after day, I had become more and more impressed with her extreme sensitiveness to all of the lighter and darker shades of the passing comedy or tragedy of life—a sensitiveness which I feared boded no good for her, either socially or materially or financially.

She was too generous and too sympathetic, gave too freely of her money, books, paintings, dresses, decorative powers, what you will, in order to ameliorate the needs or desires or ambitions of many who would certainly never have done as much for her. Again, she brooded almost too deeply over the ills of others, as once when seeing a little girl of thirteen or fourteen killed by a car, she was prostrated physically and had to remain in bed for three days.

I was terribly saddened myself—as much by her misery as by the equally miserable cause of all this—and yet happy in her tenderness.

How sweet to have so genuine a tenderness and understanding! She was too wonderful! And yet I was hours getting her out of her deep depression. For this was that supreme type of emotional response which always felled her as with a blow, while it restored and endeared her to me—that fine poetic agony because of the cruelty that lurks in the heart of all beauty.

But just the same, and regardless of all this, ennui—a certain depressing infiltration of the sense of sameness, which all I have described was in no way sufficient ultimately to offset or defeat.

Actually I might be celebrating to myself the charm and satisfaction of such a singularly gratifying union as ours or the wonders of her temperament.

Ah, the playful, idle, poetic moods of her! The dreaming here and there in the strange corners of the great city, and at all hours! And always in her, life so resurgent, so colorful, so promising!

Ah, why the many lovely things that still change and die? Indeed, I could always think of Sidonie as the most this and the most that. And when she would

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come rushing in, alive with energy, stirred by new and various contacts or warmed by some gay or fired by some really valuable idea, I would welcome her as I would welcome beauty or comfort or illumination in any form.

And in my arms in our rooms, or abroad in idleness, with or without friends, her arm linked in mine, I had invariably—even now have—a sense of delicious adventure, gay security and well-being in her company, in the love of so gifted and enthused and variable a soul.

And yet and notwithstanding, once away from her, walking or working alone, a sense of other personalities and scenes. The figures that passed me. The eyes that looked into mine. Now and then there approached a temperament, not as varied or as colorful or as valuable as Sidonie's perhaps, but which none the less called, and called chemically or psychically, and to which, chemically or psychically, I responded.

THE mystery as well as the misery of it all! As in the past, I found myself debating with myself the absolutely unsolvable problem of loyalty where love or anything else is concerned. What was love? Its laws?

Was it true, as the proverb ran, that all was fair in love? For then as now I had no faith in free will. All the actions and reactions of life to which my eyes were witness were to me either chemical or physical in their nature—and always in some vast sense compulsory.

Somewhere was thundering a giant loom. Over its enormous rolls came pouring life, life—the magic carpet of life, with all its amazing, delirious patterns closely interwoven, and as for us midges of which it was composed—flies, birds, men, trees, sticks, stones—mere chemical and physical combinations and arrangements all of them, which in their turn were dominated by electro-physical tropisms.

The inescapability of the attraction to a given position in the carpet depended merely on how sympathetic were the chemical affinities, how powerful the tropisms of adjacent materials or temperaments, male or female.

Hence, as much as I was fascinated by and as happy as I was with Sidonie, there was this other thought of a whole world of as yet unencountered temperaments, through whom, fate arranging it, one could take a different and therefore always interesting peek at this ever-changing spectacle.

In short, it was as though one could always raise a sail against a distant and most alluring and most mysterious coast.

Ah, the wash of untraversed waters! The rumored delights of unvisited lands and scenes!

I was loyal, yes, to the extent that I was happy and interested; disloyal to the still greater degree that I was ever troublesomely sensitive to these allures over which I had no fixed mental control, and against which even a degree of happiness and much admiration and content were no assurance.

They came—from where? And they went again. Consequently, there were at first moments, then hours, then days in which, due to some temperamental reaction against sameness, my look if not words would actually say: Enough! Or, O for a change from this!

And so on the part of either or both of us, moments of gloom or irritation, for Sidonie was a spirited and sensitive soul—oh, how wise and sensitive!—the least shade of suspected indifference or ennui on my part causing her to flame to anger or yield to paroxysms of grief.

Her tears! Her convulsive, racking griefs at times. And mine.

For it was the same with me on occasion—jealousy based on the fear of loss, coupled with suspicion, a desire for retaliation, the while she, I fear, as well as I—but secretly, of course—turned to others for relief from momentary boredom or anger or despair. Oh, the misery of such states, such days!

For occasionally I heard or imagined that I saw this, that and the other thing. A look or an intended enticement which, in the many hours when she was not with me, might be followed by what?

And once, yet never to her knowledge, I was advised by one of those ambitious as well as jealous females who are part and parcel of every active social group, to be on my guard in regard to ——, an ambitious young movie director of the day, who had organized a studio in New York, where—so it was now hinted to me—Sidonie was frequently to be found of an afternoon or morning.

I had seen the director in question. I knew how really attractive he was. Also, Sidonie had once mentioned him recently as being ambitious and clever.

A chill smote me. Tortured, I agreed that something worth looking into might be here.

Yet would I do any looking? No, not I. And decidedly not now. For what right had I? What real right, after all I had been doing and thinking?

If she were actually retaliating in kind, what had I to say? Had I not been doing as much and more?

Yet the ache for the old days that now suddenly revisualized themselves! The glorious days in Chicago, with Sidonie slipping in with her little books of poems or her modeled clay.

Or as in Boston, whispering how eager she had been to come to me. Or in that tower room in Washington Square, climbing delightfully and garrulously up to it after a buying expedition for breakfast or dinner.

Ah, my heart! The old constriction is with me again, even now. Those days! To do it all over again! To be just as we were at first!

Once I called her back as she was leaving for the afternoon. "Cry-baby, are we not drifting apart?"

"Oh, lover, no, no! Oh, no! Never! I wish I could die when you do—be buried in the same grave!" The arms that held me pulled as taut cords pull. The soft brown eyes before me were wet with tears.

And yet, and not so lengthily after, either, we did separate. First, a road show with which, because she saw nothing else in view at the time, she made a connection. And since I could not go with her for the entire tour, I merely joined her during her longest "stands"—Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh.

Yet even so, with moments in which I dreamed of another whom I had just met. And she? Often I wondered of whom she might be thinking. And grew cold and angry and distant and resentful, the while on the surface I smiled, promising myself soon to leave her forever, confound her!

And then for her a trip to California—some early movies to be done there. And in letters to me from there exquisite word-pictures—they are hidden away somewhere—of a Hollywood bungalow, and the sun and flowers and morning and evening skies and "locations."

But always with the thought in my mind—with whom is she now? That director! Is he not there? (He was.) And what other since he first appeared?

Yet just the same, plenty of the old romance to sustain our letters—lovely, long, eager, sad, resentful, passional letters, shot through here and there with suspicions and reproaches. How some of the pages flamed at times!

This matter of human attractions and repulsions. Of cross-attractions and repulsions. The mixture of affinities. Sometimes I actually paused to ask myself—is love a complete illusion? Is life, for want of an enduring ideal, completely bankrupt? Are self-aggrandizement and self-satiation its only genuine and enduring compulsions?

And abstinence or loyalty in honor of an old ideal or delight—is that sheer and meaningless and ridiculous chivalry? Dare only those with inward and uncontrollable compulsions answer?

Yet immediately, and in the face of this, another thought. The terrible truth—paradox, one might say—that while boredom and weariness inevitably follow long-sustained association and familiarity, yet can there be a real tie between a man and woman without this same familiarity that results so disastrously in boredom?

Must we not endure this satiation and ennui—than which there is nothing more reducing—in order to feel and experience the deeper and more enduring phases of so-called love?

Memories that live forever and yearnings that will not down or die so naturally follow in the path of a boredom that drives one away from their very source.

During one of these absences of Sidonie Bertine appeared. It was one of those swift mental as well as emotional approaches. No doubt, as is so often the case with women, repute had something to do with it—a form of fame-hypnosis not flattering to the essential reality behind the repute.

At any rate, a new personality and representing a growth and past environment as colorful as it was different from Sidonie's. At once I was intrigued by the poverty and romance of the old South. Yet wishing actually to continue with Sidonie.

And yet this California engagement lasting for months. And Bertine, busy with a distasteful financial secretaryship, slipping in and out of my place.

And curious as to Sidonie, whose photographs as well as an interpretive life-size portrait in oils adorned the walls.

Was she really like that? So willowy and so animal-like, so Oriental? I marveled (in thought) over a sudden confrontation by these two of each other here in these rooms—Sidonie the rightful mistress, Bertine dreaming of achieving a union.

And then Sidonie's eventual return. And evenings or noons when Bertine, by wire, by note, by telephone even, sought to entice me to her. And within myself an actual war that went so far as to dismiss Bertine, refuse absolutely to see her for weeks; then, seized by an unaccountable ennui, turning suddenly from Sidonie, thinking only of the unbroken sameness of this relationship, the unsatisfactory and yet somehow (let the heart explain) necessary loyalty.

Why should I be bound to thee,
Oh, my lovely myrtle tree?

AND then—and at last—Sidonie, with character and determination of her own, and whatever the cost, turning on me after one of my, as she described them, "unaccountable moods."

Was I really weary of her? Did I really know whether I wished to be rid of her or not? Would I say, for this could not go on?

And with me assuring her—even though I felt a self-torturing lie in it somewhere—that I was not and that I did not.

And so evading the dread issue for a

day or two or a week or two at the most. Yet some little time later, and in the face of all this and repeated days of renewed bliss, a sudden upwelling of the real or half truth, as you will.

It was, if I recall aright, during or immediately after one of those *alfresco*, and always exquisite, breakfasts which Sidonie could conjure out of a little food—chiefly rumors of delightful things, I used to tell her—and some enticingly designed and arranged dishes and silver.

But just the same with her opposite me, in a dull green dressing gown and red sandals, her black hair loose about her head, her figure and gestures and speech as appealing as ever, really—to others if not to me—an oppressive sense of the sameness even of this. (How truly perverse is the human heart!)

And so, no doubt, a look to that effect in my eyes. Mayhap I made some dull or chill or spiritless comment. At any rate, and of a sudden, Sidonie on her feet, the concentrated glow of her intense brown eyes upon me.

"Lover! You're tired of me, aren't you?" she exclaimed. "You're bored!"

Assume that I replied—I might have, and most likely did, and in an irritated tone into the bargain—"Now what prompts this?"

But the time for evasions, dull or delicate, was over once and forever. Heartbreak itself was involved. I sensed it even as I spoke. For there was in Sidonie's tone finality as well as heartweariness, and she added, and to herself, not me:

"I knew it would come, of course. I have always known it. Oh, it's all too sad. I had hoped . . ."

In her look and attitude at the moment a passionate resentment of the changefulness of life, as well as a touch of resignation. It was all so unescapable.

"'Joy with his fingers ever to his lips bidding adieu.'"

This cut me to the quick. Instantly I was on my feet and had taken hold of her arm, but before I could say anything, she added: "Well, I'll leave you, lover. I'll have to. Don't say I shouldn't. Or that you care. I know. It will do no good to stay."

And though I protested—some passionate argument which delayed matters somewhat—she did go, staying I knew not where. I have often wondered since.

I cannot even vaguely indicate the wretched depths to which my soul fell at this time—the something of physical as well as mental illness that at once descended upon me.

Gone! Sidonie! And after all our perfect days together!

The exquisite passions, moods, dreams, that went with them all! The great fear of this that had always hung over us.

The great illusion of this world is that there is anything apart from mind. That apart from the thought or nervous sensitivity, flesh or matter can suffer.

Piffle! Stuff and nonsense!

Also there is the lunatic illusion that there is no such thing as telepathy or mood or misery transference through space—wireless, unguided.

The hallboys and clerks of science still hold to that insensitive conclusion. Yet only insufficient refinement of nerve plasm can explain such insensitivity to a fact.

For again and again in my life, the grinding misery of one close to me spiritually, yet distant from me in the flesh, has torn me as with pincers or claws.

All the bleeding misery of another registering hour after hour until the power to endure has been all but exhausted. And only until that particular misery was in part healed was I in part healed.

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It has been spoken of as "malicious animal magnetism." There may be, and no doubt is, such. But what of the mental radiation and registration which is not malicious, only inconceivably and destroyingly yearning and despairing? I offer that to the pundits of the world's libraries and laboratories. It is time that the science of mental radioactivity was taken in hand.

But I am wandering beyond the immedicable depression of the time. For weeks thereafter I was completely submerged in a black despair.

Everything we two had ever done together paraded before me.

And then one night, about two weeks after her going, proof! I was lying in my studio trying to sleep. Twelve o'clock, then one, then two. A neighborhood clock in a tower chimed the half-hour between two and three, and I was still thinking of her.

And then I must have dozed, for I was awakened by a tap, tap, tap on one of the windows. But by what? With what? The windows could not be hand-reached from the ground.

Out of some tiring dream I leaped to my feet, not sensing at once what it might mean. And then looked out. In the faint glow of a distant electric street lamp, half in its light, half in shadow, stood Sidonie, a little cane in her hand.

She had been and still was looking up, and oh, so wistfully, so fearsomely maybe that I might not be there. I threw the window wide. It was November. Cold.

"Sidonie, darling! For heaven's sake, come in! I'll run and open the door!" And I took her, whimpering, spiritually racked and aching, into my arms. "Oh, my baby, did you knock long? I was asleep."

"Oh, lover, hold me!" (It was always her cry.)

Close, close, I held her. But then next day—and another day or two or three—a change of heart. How strange these driving internal fires which, in spite of anything we may think we reason, overwhelm reason and set up new rules and compulsions!

For Sidonie was again saying that it was only weakness that had driven her to me. She had come, yes, because she was worn to the breaking point with the lure, the irresistible color and glamour of the old time.

But at that it was futile. It could not cure. It was only because it was so hard to think that it all had to end, so hard, although even now, and though she had come back, she knew that it must.

I would not be faithful to her. I could not. I might wish to, but I could not.

And she—was she so different? Did I not know? Besides, we were too strong—or too weak—to endure unfaithfulness on the part of each other without repaying it in kind. She knew that, too. She had herself to fight as well as me. Had I not known that? (I had.)

And then a recurring sense of what essentially it was that parted us. Ennui—weariness.

And with it the word from Sidonie that she must go. There was some studio work. Too long had she neglected it. And so out, promising (she would call me on the telephone or I might call her) that maybe she would return for dinner.

But evening and no Sidonie. I knew then for certain that the end had come. And then another day, and still no Sidonie. How dark those days!

Black days, wounding days, searing days. And yet, thinking it all over, and as depressed as I was, I knew that she was wise. "Take but do not bind me; love and let me go." She knew life as well as I and innately had more courage.

And yet one night a month later, and when I was at my loneliest, a telephone call from a girl whom I had not seen in months, almost a year. She had returned from a singing and dancing engagement in the West. And how had I been? Had I had my dinner? She was at such and such a number. Would I not come there? Or anywhere?

In a kind of horror of loneliness as well as with a sigh of relief I hurried out to meet her. A dinner with wine and much talk. It was so nice to be together again. There was so much to talk over. Would I not come to her place? Would she not come to mine? Alas, she elected mine.

And this time again, and to my complete and wretched misery, at about the same hour as before, that sad little tap-tap-tapping at my window. My errant spirit froze at the sound of it.

It was Sidonie! Sidonie, out in the dark and cold as before. And now she might not come in.

After looking out in such a way as to be sure of Sidonie without her seeing me, I drew back. That upward, querying, seeking look. I could not wound her by letting her in. But neither could I go out to her without saying why she might not come in. She would know.

After a little while, and once Sidonie had gone, I let my companion out and then went out and walked the night through. But no Sidonie. I knew not where to look for her. She had never let me know.

And then within the half-year, a letter. She was in Chicago again. And about to be married. It was the only way. There was no other. Someone had appeared who could console her spiritually, or so she dreamed at any rate.

I was about to telegraph her to come back, to wait, not to do this sad, wild thing; but instead I paused. Something within me spoke. Do you really know yourself? And will you now, and again, proceed further to torture one who has already suffered too much? And yourself, too?

I did not answer. But my thoughts and many, many sad dark hours since have answered for me.

THE END

Rupert Hughes begins Next Month "Ladies' Man"
—the story of a murder committed before thousands of people, not one of whom saw the murderer

Red Likker *by Irvin S. Cobb* (*Continued from page 97*)

closing, he desired to present, as the first speaker, one of the oldest men in the line, one with a reputation for wisdom in counsel and straightforwardness in behavior, in short, their dean and their nestor, that patriarch of the Bourbon country, that pioneer of the old régime, Colonel Attila Bird, of the Old Blockhouse distillery. (More applause.)

Having, with this mixing of metaphors, been introduced, Colonel Bird took the floor.

"I did not come here to make a speech," he said, without preamble. "But I did come here to say my say. I mean to say it and then leave, because I am convinced that very few of you will care deeply for the tenor of my remarks.

"For, gentlemen, to be frank with you, what I shall say is in part a confession, in part an arraignment, in part an indictment; to which indictment I myself plead guilty in advance.

"All these years, because we disliked the ways of the rectifiers and the wholesalers, we've stood aloof from them, despising their synthetic products, scolding at their lack of ethics, yelling for publicity for their formulas, arguing for laws which would force them to brand their goods for what they were and not for what they pretended they were. Now, when there's trouble on the horizon, you want to line up with the very bunch that we've always condemned and opposed.

"When we realize that the saloon is as good as gone, we say the saloon must go. But when we stood higher in the popular opinion than we seem to stand now, did we do anything to help correct the evils and the abuses and the miseries of the saloon system? We did not.

"When we saw dirty politics getting into the saloon and the saloon getting into dirty politics, did we lift our voices against the gang responsible for it? We did not. Privately we might hate the morals of that gang, but we just reared back on our haunches and watched 'em operate.

"First we sat by without lifting our voices or our hands, while year by year the indecencies of the protected saloon traffic piled higher and higher. And then we continued to sit by and take our dividends, soothing ourselves and our consciences to sleep with hushaby lullabies, while there grew up this cyclone that's as good as swept the saloon off the map and threatens to sweep us into the discard along with it. We were like ostriches with our heads in the sand."

(Another voice: "But we're only a small minority. Even here, the legitimate distillers are making only a fourth of the alleged whisky that goes out of the state.")

"In reply to the gentleman who just spoke, I'll state that a cowardly minority which keeps still merely because it happens to be a minority—and cowardly—is giving encouragement to any majority that happens to be crooked. And if it comes to that, I'm not sure that all of us could show clean hands.

"Gentlemen, you must pardon me if my language seems harshly abrupt. Excuse it, please, on the ground that a testy old codger is singing what probably is his swan song to a senile tune of his own composing. Let me add this: I've been in this business since before most of you were born, but it's only here recently that I got my eyes open to some significant things regarding which I've heretofore been blind—yes, not only blind but deaf and dumb as well.

"I'm not regretting that I've spent my life making likker. I'm proud of it, because it was good likker—stuff to put cheer into men's souls and strength into their bodies—but gentlemen, I've finally reached the conclusion that whisky—even the sort of whisky I make—is a mighty bad thing for some people."

He paused to let that sink in and then tailed on the snapper to his joke:

"Yes, suhs, I repeat it: a bad thing for some people—and a sight too good for a lot of the others! A sight too good for the Pharisee who sets himself up, by his own authority, as his brother's keeper. A sight too good for the fanatic who just naturally craves, without rhyme or reason, to take all the joy out of life so that everybody else will be as miserable as he is. A sight too good for the two-faced pretender who votes to keep his neighbor from taking a nip but goes on taking all the nips he pleases. (Applause.)

Play in the Sun

But *avoid needless torture of* Burning

GAY swimming parties in the glorious bright water! The feel of the sun and wind on bare skin!

But watch out for cruel sunburn. Don't let burning, blistered skin spoil your happy vacation days.

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"Hold on, though: There are some folks different from these who're behind this Prohibition issue; don't overlook them. There's the fellow who's a teetotaler from honest principle. There's the fellow who thinks Prohibition means temperance, which I maintain it does not.

"There's the man in the street and the woman in the home who, in their inarticulate hate for the rottenness of the corner groggery, are ready to tear down, if they can, the whole institution of which we're a part, the good along with the bad. You've got to reckon with them and there must be a good many millions of them—if ballot-box returns prove anything at all.

"Well, they've proved one other thing lately. They've proved that we are in the middle of a mighty bad fix. And so, when things begin to look sort of desperate for us, you're willing to join in with the identical crowd that we've always professed to despise, in the hope that, at the eleventh hour, we may be saved from the consequences of our own criminal neglect, our own blind folly, through all these fat and profitable years that lie behind us."

"I rise to a point of order," broke in a fuming gentleman. "Am I to understand from that, that you decline, suh, to join your associates in this proposed undertaking for the defense of our civil and industrial rights?"

"You are not," Colonel Bird calmly reassured him. "I've merely been stating my views. I now shall state my position:

"I shall contribute my proper share to this fund of yours. I may not altogether indorse the means to be employed but I do indorse the object in view.

"Like the rest of you, I'm fighting for my rights and fighting for common sense, and I'm using such weapons as seem available. But gentlemen, in this connection let me make one final thing clear: I do not see how we can be ruined by the attacks which threaten us. In fact I am morally sure we will not be ruined.

"They'll never be able to put us clear out of business. They'll be stopped before they get that far. They can't do that to us, gentlemen.

"Suhs, I shall not, by my remarks, further retard your deliberations and your proceedings. I concur in what you do; I'm with you, world without end. Suhs, I bid you good day."

And on that somewhat paradoxical wind-up, Colonel Bird took his black slouch hat in one hand and his cane in the other and stumped out of the conference room, leaving it seething and murmuring behind his squared old shoulders and his defiant old backbone.

He was out of their hearing now and a babble of voices arose:

"Not the time to be saying such incendiary and—*hum*—misleading things, even behind closed doors."

"Still"—this from an oldster in a tone of begrudged admiration—"still, you must admit he's got the courage of his convictions."

"Handed out the real stuff at the finish, too, didn't he?"

"You said a mouthful, then, major." This was Mr. Buckingham Braydon, projecting his personality into the symposium. "He may 'a' jammed in a pile of false doctrine, but that there old fossil certainly hit the nail on the head at the last when he said they couldn't never in this world outlaw you gentlemen right spang out of business. Still and even so, you can't jest set back and let this mess straighten itself out. You got to jump in, jest like he says, and hit a power of hard licks for yourselves. That's what I been preachin' to you ever since you called me in.

"And if you want me to run on up to Washington and use my connections, you'd better do something definite about it before this here meetin' is half an hour older. Because I'm a busy man these days, gentlemen."

Mr. Braydon was indeed a busy man these days; had irons in various fires; had subagents in various camps; owned, under cover, a couple of influential country newspapers; trafficked with sundry smart local leaders here and there; saw to it that no untoward legislative mishap befell the Pari-Mutuel Club; privily was laying plans for an alliance—should certain contingencies develop—with that up-and-coming statesman, the Honorable B. Gill Simcox.

Yet at this particular moment the aims of these two would, to the casual eye, seem most widely divergent. It is the wise man who looks ahead while covering up the tracks he leaves behind him.

According to agreement, Mr. Braydon was provided with the sinews of war and went to Washington where, without making any unnecessary noise about it, he labored expertly and prodigiously. Right up to the end he sent back encouraging reports to his principals in the Blue Grass and no matter how gloomy the prospect, the essence of his song was embodied in those heartening words: They can't do that to us!

It was inexplicable, in view of developments, but nevertheless it was the truth, that Mr. Braydon's beleaguered clients believed it. They kept on believing it, some of them, even after the dire decisive blow fell.

They can't do this to us! It had been a refrain and a slogan and a shibboleth. It had been a watchword and a catchword, a rallying cry and a war cry. It would in turn and in time become a death rattle, a funeral dirge, a requiem, an obituary note, an epitaph, an echo from beyond the grave.

They can't do that to us!

To say this here, though, is to anticipate by a few paragraphs the logical and the chronological order of the narrative. Various things, having a bearing upon the shifting of old channel-buoys and the uprooting of old landmarks, kept multiplying in the section where these scenes have been laid.

Gus Leopold, head of Leopold's Beau Ideal Gents' Furnishing Goods Emporium, told a traveling salesman for Sonntagg & Sternberg, fashionable hatters of New York, Paris, London and Waterbury, Connecticut, that he guessed this fall they'd better cut down the regular standing order on slouch hats and shoot along instead a good big stock of them snappy up-to-date curly brimmed Alpine blocks in the favored shades, such as tan, chocolate-brown and pearl-gray.

The General Peake stock farm was sold by the heirs to an amateur thoroughbred fancier who had made his nest-egg millions out of Oklahoma oil and had increased them on the New York Stock Exchange. It was the last sizable stock farm in the county to be divorced from its tribal ownership.

The county veterans of Morgan's Command held what they reluctantly agreed would be their last annual reunion, five infirm and crumbly relics being present.

Another sun-bright and glittering service station designed like a Swiss chalet was contracted for, to stand on the razed site of Galloway's unsightly and unsanitary old wagon yard. There was still one decrepit livery stable left, though, and likewise one blacksmith shop down back of the L. & N. station somewhere.

The Rotary Club started its series of

popular Tuesday luncheons at the new hotel on Main Street. A Kiwanis Club was organized also.

As a personal tribute to the newly elected state president of the W. N. P. L. (Women's National Prohibition League), who was a brilliant and gifted citizeness of the community, the local chapter put on a county-wide membership drive netting more than five hundred names.

Morgan Bird, bringing his little French wife with him, arrived months after most of the other World War veterans returned; and while Morgan was devoting his plodding, heavy-footed talents to the job of trying to untangle as best he could the snarled-up affairs of Bird and Son, Mrs. Morgan devoted hers to the much easier job of making her grandfather-in-law extravagantly fond of her.

The Volstead Act became an accomplished fact and they laid Demon Rum in his grave.

Yes, sir, while large employers of labor applauded and believers in miracles rejoiced and gave thanks for the overnight regeneration of a race, the Volstead Act became an accomplished fact; and one result of this was that quite a number who had been drunk right along began, much against their wills, to be sober, and quite a number who had been sober right along began, with a hearty good will, to be drunk.

Another result, circumscribingly speaking, was as follows: That distinguished native son, the Honorable B. Gill Simcox, no less, saw a great light and after making public profession of the dewy faith that was in him, he climbed aboard the band-wagon or water-cart and came out as a non-partisan candidate for governor on a platform of Strict Enforcement; and by certain devoted factions was thereafter affectionately hailed as the Red Lion of the Knobs and by other factions derisively was dubbed Bone-dry Simmy.

And another result was that Colonel Attila Bird went over to Danville to see his sister, Mrs. Juanita Ringo. For a partial summary of yet other results, consult the press of the time. Or, back files not being available, see, for progressive developments, daily papers. See today's paper. Or yesterday's. Or tomorrow's.

The colonel's trip was made by motor. It was made in a car which Morgan borrowed from an accommodating friend and which Morgan himself drove. There was no car at Bird's Nest yet.

To begin with, the colonel was one of the few men in the community who still went abroad in a buggy—he didn't ride horseback any more. In the second place, since he insisted on keeping house on the same lavish scale of former years, Morgan felt that the household could not afford a car just at present.

With his wife rendering competent aid in that direction, he was doing his best to cut down the expenses here and there. They had to trim and pare discreetly, though; it grievously annoyed the old man to encounter evidences of any curtailment in the budget. He would chafe under it and turn crotchety, and then Ernestine must exercise her best wiles to win him back into good humor again.

She always could do it, though. He liked to have her about him; liked to hear her call him "*Dad-dee*" in her funny French way. But you should have been there to see him put his foot down on it when she wanted to sell the surplus garden truck.

So, there being now a modern hard-surfaced highway clear on through to Danville, Morgan got a car from a friend down the road and took his grandfather

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overland. Word had come to the colonel that his sister craved to see him. She wrote in a splayed and quivering hand that she had fallen into a low state.

She feared—so she wrote—that this for her might mean the final break-up. At eighty-three one could not disregard such warnings. She had not sent for the doctor. Practically all through her active life, excepting only that time seven years before when her eyesight began to fail, she had been able to dispense with the coddlings of physicians and she did not propose at this late day to start calling them in. But she did desire to consult with her dear brother.

Concluding, she rather dwelt upon the harassments which here recently had fretted her. She couldn't exactly call them symptoms but she would call them manifestations. Somewhat at length she described them.

Reading her fretful descriptions, Colonel Bird smiled to himself. Next morning he and Morgan set out on their cross-country jaunt from their edge of the Blue Grass district clear on through almost to the farther edge.

The older man stood the journey remarkably well, all things considered. He appeared to enjoy it.

He was shocked, though, when a middle-aged negress, who filled a sort of combination rôle as nurse and companion for Mrs. Ringo, ushered him into the bedroom of the invalid. In the intervening three years since he had seen her, a grievous change had taken place in his sister.

On the occasion of their last meeting she still bore herself well erect, and despite her purblind condition was able with the aid of a cane to walk fairly well; was able also, with secretarial assistance, to carry on her duties as state president of the W. N. P. L.

It was last year that she had resigned the reins of office, retiring in favor of Mrs. Hawthorne C. Grady, that same blameless Christian lady and lifelong devotee to the Cause, in whose honor and for commemoration of whose unanimous election so successful a membership drive had been staged in Mrs. Grady's bailiwick and the colonel's.

But now Mrs. Ringo was bedfast. Her once-formidable jaws had sagged weakly and fallen in; her once-strong hands were shriveled and shrunken, and tremulous; and the now worn-out useless eyes, which had so often, and with such defiance, looked brightly into his, were covered with a shade.

Her voice, when she spoke at sound of his footsteps on the threshold, carried a ghostly trace of the ancient strength.

"Is that you, Attila?" she asked. "Well, come on in and say howdy to me." Inwardly deeply distressed but maintaining a cheerful front, the colonel crossed to where she was propped high against thick pillows and bent and kissed her. By token of that kiss was buried the ancient discord between them.

"Attila," she said gratefully, "it was good of you to drop everything and come all the way here just on my account."

"Not much for me to drop, sis, what with the plant shut down and son looking after such odds and ends as are left of the business to be looked after," said the colonel. "Yes, sis, I'm largely living a life of ease these times, thanks to—*hem*—various reasons. So I was mighty glad to get your letter asking me over but mighty sorry to hear you've not been feeling as peart as you did a while back."

"It was a comfort to be able to write you," she answered. "Attila, I'm very unhappy. I'm so restless, so nervous. I'm half distracted. And I'm so morbid, so low in my mind. I can't seem to lift

this depression that's descended on me. Having somebody talk to me, or read to me, doesn't help as it once did.

"Somehow I don't seem to want to see anyone. But there, I told you all that in my letter." The voice had shrunk to a petulant wail. "I did want to see you, though, Attila."

"And I wanted to see you," he said heartily. "As soon as I read what you wrote, I had a sort of idea as to what ailed you and I decided to come right over and see if I couldn't help you. I've brought the cure along with me."

"Medicine won't do me any good, if that's what you mean," she complained querulously. "I've been taking Vinula for years and years. It was a wonderful tonic. It kept me cheered up, made me eat well, made me sleep well. Why, I used up a bottle of it every three days. I literally couldn't get along without it. I still take it."

"So I note," said the colonel, somewhat grimly, with a side glance at a gaudily labeled bottle standing on a table alongside the bed.

"Yes, I take it regularly," went on the invalid. "But Attila, Vinula seems to have lost its power to help me. I crave it—it's got to be a habit with me—I even take larger doses of it than I ever did before, but the uplift, the strength is all gone out of it, somehow. All I do afterwards is just lie here and suffer.

"And as I wrote you, I'm fearful that since Vinula has lost its power to sustain me, it must mean I'm wearing out fast. I wouldn't send for a doctor—I never did believe much in doctors—but I wanted you.

"I felt somehow that maybe you might help me. Instinctively I seemed to turn toward you. But I'm afraid I'm past being helped by any medicine." She sighed dispiritedly.

"Well now, you just wait a minute and see," he declared. He turned to the silent grave negress. "I see you've got ice water here," he said, "and glasses and a spoon. But I need a little sugar to mix this dose with."

"We's got de powdered kind downstairs," said the attendant.

"That'll do, then. Get me some, please."

The colored woman hurried away.

"So your stand-by doesn't seem to have the old reliable kick in it any more?" the colonel said musingly.

"No, it doesn't."

"You used to buy it by the case, as I recall—two dozen bottles to a case."

"I still do. But these last few cases—all the strength appears to be gone out of them."

"Let's see, now, isn't it the same stuff that's manufactured by that big patent-medicine man down in Alabama or Georgia or somewhere—the one that's so prominent in church work and so strong for foreign missions?"

"Yes, that's the one. He's still alive, I think."

"Yes, I'm sure he is. Seems to me I was reading, not so far back, where he'd endowed some pet theological seminary of his with a couple of million more and passed out a few hundred thousand to convert the heathen. He got mighty rich making this Vinula, I reckin."

"Oh, yes, he must have. But Attila, he earned every cent of it. He has been such a benefactor to his kind. He helped millions of people in this country. I used to see the testimonials in the paper. They poured in from just everywhere. It's a blood balm, as well as a tonic, you know."

"Yes," said the colonel dryly, "so I observe by the language on the label of this bottle you've got here. Big advertiser, that Vinula man has always been. I wouldn't be surprised, though, but what his sales are beginning to show a falling-off lately. I wouldn't be surprised to hear he'd taken up some other line."

"No wonder he's branching out, if Vinula is losing its efficiency with others as it is with me. But surely that can't be the fault of Vinula. It must be that I'm failing."

"We'll see about that," replied Colonel Bird soothingly. "Oh, there you are," he continued. The negro woman was back with the sugar. "Give it to me—thank you. Now would you mind leaving us alone here for a little while? And please close the door going out.

"Oh, yes, you might tell my son, the gentleman that I left downstairs in the parlor, that I'm confident his Great-aunt Juanita will be feeling so much better in a few minutes that he'll be able to come up and have a nice visit with her.

"Now, sis, just one minute more," he said, as the latch clicked behind the withdrawing witness.

Soon he was fumbling at his hip; was fetching forth a flat flask filled with a russety-reddish liquid.

He shook this flask briskly, causing its contents to bead freely, and then he was busy making sugar-and-water sirup. Next, carefully measuring with his eye, he was emptying into another tumbler just so much of the bright fluid and diluting it with the sugar sirup which he poured in upon it, and next was stirring all together with a spoon.

"Now, sis"—he was putting the glass to Mrs. Ringo's lips—"there you are. Just swallow it right down and I'll guarantee results. The-ere you are; you took it to the last drop. Tasted pretty fair, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did," admitted the invalid. "And didn't smell so bad, either?"

"No, the odor was distinctly pleasant, distinctly appetizing—with just a faint suggestion of something I've smelled before somewhere. What is it, Attila?"

"Wait a minute longer for the reactions before I tell you." Saying nothing further, he stood smiling down at her. Then, from her, in a revived tone, came this:

"Why, Attila, it's heartened me up already! I distinctly feel a sort of warm comforting glow. You must tell me what that stuff is."

"I'm going to now. I was just holding back until your system was fortified against the shock."

"The shock? What in the world do you mean?"

"Juanita Bird Ringo, I mean just this," and the colonel, speaking rapidly, was jubilant and yet somehow, at the same time, pitying. "I mean that, after having been comfortably and uninterruptedly tight for a considerable number of years and uncomfortably sober for a considerable number of weeks or months, you've just had the first dram of decent red likker that you ever drank in your whole life."

"What!"

It was in part a strangled gasp, in part an outraged, incredulous outcry.

"It's a fact, Juanita. What you've just put into your yearning stomach was a Bourbon toddy and, if I do say it myself, a pretty tolerable good one."

"How dare you?"

"It being the first one, I made it fairly stiff—you need it stiff. The next one needn't be quite so strong. I'll give your darky woman the right proportions."

"Attila Bird, what have you done to me?" she protested in a wan sort of panic.

"Juanita, I've merely improved considerably on what you've been doing to yourself. Listen, my dear. It wasn't your fault—in your ignorance you were as innocent as the babe unborn—but the

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facts appear to be that, without knowing it, you have developed into what I'd call a first-class tippler on third-class likker. But I've known it for quite a spell.

"Wait a minute," he went on hurriedly, seeing that she was struggling to find words. "Don't get needlessly excited. Let me ask you a question or two: You didn't write any of those testimonials yourself, did you? You didn't even go around proclaiming to the world that you took your little swig of this precious Vinula about ever so often, did you?"

"No, I—I didn't," she faltered. "I thought, being opposed to doctors, that it might seem inconsistent for me to admit that I was taking a so-called proprietary cure-all. I—I made a sort of secret of it."

"*Ah-hah!* And after these nostrums and these panaceas, these tonics and blood balms began putting the truth, or part of it anyhow, on their labels—of course they didn't care much for that; the revised Pure Food law made 'em do it—you never read on a Vinula bottle the little line in fine type: 'Contains fifty-eight percent of alcohol by volume' or words to that effect, did you, Juanita?"

"If I had, if only I had! Oh, Attila, you know how it was with me—my poor weak eyes and all. I gave up trying to read newspapers even. I was absorbed only in the Cause."

"And it followed, then, that you didn't read where one of these muckraking magazines exposed the Vinula man and got him in a hole with some of his religious brethren—is that so?"

"Not a breath of that ever reached me, Attila," she pleaded. "I swear it."

"I'm sure of it. I understand how it was with you, sis. I've understood all along how it was with you. That's how I could figure out why you'd felt so downhearted lately. I knew that since your outfit put over this Volstead Act on my outfit, that pious party had to cut the bad booze out of his Vinula or else run the chance of getting in real trouble."

"But if you knew all this long before now, why didn't you warn me? Why didn't you tell me, in confidence? You let me go on leading a double life. You let my habits give the lie to my lifelong principles! Oh, Attila, why did you do that to me?"

"That's kind of a hard question for me to answer," he confessed. "Maybe I thought it best to mind my own business. Maybe I realized that at your age you needed stimulants—even the sort of stimulant you were getting. Maybe I wanted to have my little private joke on my sister.

"But that's all past and done with. You've had what the boys call a hangover and I've cured it for you—cured it in one dose. You do feel revived a whole heap, don't you?"

She didn't speak, but submissively she nodded in sign of abdication to forces more powerful than she.

"You're going to keep on feeling better. And you're going to keep on keeping your secret, too. Before your friends, the Prohibition crowd, closed in on me and put me out of my own plant, I did show a little sense. I saved out enough prime Old Blockhouse to last me and my guests and my friends for the rest of my life.

"I've got it tucked away all over the house. I've got it buried in the ground outside the house. There's plenty for me and there's plenty for you, sis.

"As a matter of fact, I stuck a couple of cases of eighteen-year-old goods in that car before we started over, and covered it up with a lap-robe—moving likker without a permit, you have to do that now. Even in Kentucky you have to. Those cases are for you, with my compliments. They ought to last a good while. And nobody around here, except you and your servants—I reckon you can trust them—need ever be the wiser for it."

"To think that at my age I should be conniving, even passively, at transgressing—yes, breaking the laws! To think that for my sins I must compromise with my conscience!"

"Not your sins, sis. Don't say that. Just look at it this way: You need a little likker regularly, having been accustomed to it for quite a spell back, and I'm going to see that you get it. It's not too late for you to develop a discriminating palate for good likker—and Bird and Son never made any other kind, as I've told you many a time before now."

He stooped and kissed her again.

"Now, now, now, honey, don't give way," he bade her, seeing that she was on the verge of tears. "Everything's all right, sis. Everything's going to be all right from now on, even if old Mr. Vinula did fail you in your hour of need.

"In a little while I judge maybe you'll be ready for another light toddy. I don't know but what I might join you in a sociable nip. We'll take one together, eh?"

"Just as you say, Attila," she consented. "I put myself in your hands; you seem to know what's best. But oh"—she was plaintive about it—"to be like this and to have to own up to it before you, of all persons! I'm ashamed, Attila, I'm ashamed!" For a flash, the old crusading fire flamed in her: "But Attila, whisky must be a bad thing for some people."

"You're quite right, Juanita. Whisky is a bad thing for some people. And a—a blame' sight too good for some others. But not too good for the Birds. Not too good for a couple of members of a family that has been turning out honest red likker ever since Hec was a pup!"

She spoke her next words reluctantly and yet eagerly: "Attila, how long did you say it would be before I could have another one of those—those toddy-things?"

When old Colonel Bird of Bird's Nest boasted to old Mrs. Ringo of Danville that forethoughtedly he had laid by an abundance of his own brand, he reckoned, as the fancy writers say, without his host. He bragged too soon. Being absolutely correct about it, he bragged too late.

While he prolonged his stay in Danville—he remained over there the second day—a culminating onslaught was being carried on against his precious store. The pilfering had been going on for months past. Now the confederated rogues took advantage of the colonel's temporary absence to execute their biggest stroke yet.

They knew where his subterranean caches of barreled goods were. The ringleader in the conspiracy had helped to bury the liquor. This was one Nelse Hawkins, the son of that trustworthy black servitor David, now long since deceased.

Up to a certain point the enterprise moved smoothly. Guided and led by this Nelse, the embezzlers followed a routine which heretofore had worked most admirably. At 3 A. M., the night being moonless and black, they disinterred two soil-smeared barrels from their respective hiding places.

They replaced the loose earth and loaded their spoils aboard a spring wagon and set out for the rendezvous on the outskirts of town where the cargo was to be delivered over for spot cash to the buyers, these last being dependable w'ite gen'elmen with whom the six jubilating plotters had repeatedly dealt after a fashion satisfactory to all concerned.

This time, though, the operation miscarried. Near to the spot appointed, the expedition fell into an ambuscade. Not friendly genial purchasers, but divers cold-voiced, dimly seen persons all of a sudden surrounded the span and wagon and the doomed occupants of the wagon.

"Tumble out of there, you darkies, and line up in the road here in pairs." That was an order coming out of the encompassing gloom. "And hold mighty still while you're being coupled-up without you want to get your nappy heads peeled." That was the next order from the spokesman for the reception committee. "Got those cuffs ready, Brophy? . . . All right, darkies, watch your step."

For many besides the shackled captives, marching townward two by two, disappointments grew out of this disaster. Prominent among the victims you must list their white affiliates, already dispersed and in flight.

These persons had counted heavily on this major consignment of eighteen-year-old mash. Properly "cut" and treated, those two barrels would have yielded ten barrelfuls at least; and the market was certain.

Now, for solace and the assuaging of their appetites, the patrons must turn to Jamaica ginger—that was before the government stepped in, and while this heavily charged compound was available at the nearest drug store; or else they must turn to the colorless potable known generally among the trade as "White Mule." And "Jake" set fire to your throat and made you crazy; and "Mule" caused burning in the stomach and would knock you down and stomp on you.

So you see that, excluding Colonel Bird from the equation, there were ramifications of the debacle affecting many bereft individuals in many parts.

However, you cannot exclude the colonel from the equation of it, inasmuch as it did have a bearing upon sundry phases of his subsequent course of action. He and Morgan, driving home in their borrowed car, were greeted, on arrival, with the bad news.

The two male members of their household staff, both being persons previously held in high regard, lay in the county jail along with four hitherto respected negroes of the neighborhood; and the colonel's priceless barrels of sour mash were safely in custody of the law. Since the seized liquor belonged to him, he might eventually, and by complying with certain involved formalities, reclaim it.

The colonel stubbornly declined to do any such thing. Nor would he move to prosecute the trapped culprits.

He brooded over the affair, though. During the succeeding months he said to Morgan a dozen times:

"Son, it's not so much the loss of the likker, although that's something, too. It's the thought that my own darkies would do a thing like that to me. Why, I'd have trusted either one of them with practically anything I owned."

"It wasn't altogether their fault," Morgan would answer. "You still could trust either one of them with your loose change. But Dad, this temptation was too big for them—what with those white men offering them what looked to them like fortunes." To himself the pestered Morgan was adding: "Yes, offering what would look like a fortune to me just at present."

"I suppose you're right," Colonel Bird would rejoin irritably, "but still I can't help worrying over it. I'm glad old Dave is dead and gone. You couldn't have

hired *him* to betray me—not with a million dollars."

"The times are out of joint now, Dad."

"Lord knows they are, son. And I'm too old, I reckin, to readjust myself to them. Well, anyhow, Juanita's fixed with what she'll need during the little time she'll be here on earth—that's one consolation, sort of. And I've still got a few bottles left. Well"—and here he would indulge in a mournful little chuckle at his own expense—"well, when those few bottles are gone, I reckon I can fall back on prescriptions."

The prospect of falling back on prescriptions already was giving young Morgan concern. This prescription thing was costly. Certain of the doctors in town and certain of the drug-store proprietors, working together in a mutual understanding and by such understanding growing affluent together, made it costly. And money was none too plentiful around Bird's Nest. The mortgage on the distillery, and it out of commission, ate up a lot of money. It ate up the lion's share of the proceeds of sales of stock on hand as rationed out under government withdrawal permits for medicinal use and so on.

And there were all those other accumulated debts to be reckoned with. The revenue from the acreage under tillage had been cut down mighty low, too, what with crop failures from time to time and sluggish demands for farm products and the high cost of farm labor.

It was small wonder then that Morgan worried. It perhaps was less to be wondered at that his grandfather moped and brooded for hours and days on a stretch.

Once the colonel was a gadabout; these times he rarely left the place. He gave up going to church, he who had been regularity itself in his attendance at St. George's. He resigned as vestryman. He had few callers, so many of the men of his generation being dead.

He grew impatient if visitors tarried too long and yet after they were gone complained that they did not come often enough. He didn't read much any more. He preferred that Ernestine should read to him.

Hearing her tell about her childhood and girlhood in France seemed to entertain him mildly. He made her repeat certain stories over and over again.

Presently the other dwellers in the house observed that he had quit going near the shut-down distillery. He avoided that part of the estate where it stood. By preference, when the weather permitted, he sat in an armchair on the front porch.

There came a time in the latter part of the following year when the octogenarian spent an even greater part of his waking hours indoors or out on the porch. That was when he had his stroke in October, the week after his sister Mrs. Ringo died. He hadn't been equal to driving over to Danville for the funeral; had complained for days of a dizziness when he straightened up suddenly and of a swimming before his eyes.

Strangely enough, after the attack he appeared to be in some regards stronger than he was before. He rallied quickly. The doctors agreed that it was remarkable a man of his age should make even a partial recovery.

Except for a fixed skew in the left side of his face and a shaking hand and an affected leg, which gave him a lingering, clumpy gait, he seemed himself again.

He was, for him, very silent, very much absorbed apparently in his own private thoughts. He wasn't even greatly interested in that year's gubernatorial campaign, which grew hot in the summer and hotter still in the autumn and

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reached its sizzling climax at the polls. And when Colonel Bird refused to be stirred by a close political fight, that was indeed a sign of something.

It had been a whale of a fight, too.

One whale of a knockdown-and-drag-out fight it was. And when it ended the Honorable B. Gill Simcox was governor-elect.

But he knew he had been to a horse race, no doubt about that. By a narrow margin he lost his home county. He lost most of the other Blue Grass counties; by that same token, lost the larger cities—Louisville, Lexington, Covington and the rest of them.

It was the tremendous strength he got in the back districts—up in the mountains and along the rivers—that put his candidacy over. In those remoter parts, party lines broke down and were wiped out. Republican strongholds deserted the Republican nominee and went hell-bent for the Red Lion.

For once, Democratic strongholds gave majorities for an independent. It was a hard blow for the professional prognosticators, that verdict that was rendered at the polls.

Well, what preceded it was a wearing time upon the forecasters and the prophets. It was in various ways a different kind of campaign; that is to say, differing from other campaigns for the governorship.

Preachers turned politicians, country preachers, mainly. They preached a veritable holy war. Afterwards it was conceded that except for the unbought help from this quarter, the glorious victory would not have been so glorious; indeed, might not have been a victory at all.

Nor was the grateful winner behindhand in returning thanks to another most invaluable ally—namely, Mrs. Hawthorne C. Grady, state president of the W. N. P. L. With her lovely strong voice and her indomitable energy and her masterful, majestic, full-busted, broad-bosomed personality, she rallied the women to the Cause. She accompanied Candidate Simcox on his principal speaking tours, which labor took her into every corner of the state.

The strain of it all told heavily upon him. More than once he had to cancel appointments and go into temporary retirement and on election night when enough returns had been tabulated to guarantee his election, he vanished altogether and was in complete seclusion at his home for forty-eight hours, suffering, so the doctor reported, from a partial collapse induced by overwork.

But from the beginning to the end, Mrs. Hawthorne never missed a date, never disappointed an audience, never failed to score decisively before that audience. She spoke as one inspired, Prohibition for her text, enforcement and a yet stricter enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act for her pleadings and her pledges.

She was at her best, was most effective, though, when giving her leader a clean bill of health, moral health and political health. With a sincerity which no fair-minded person might doubt, she proclaimed her faith and her trust in the integrity, the right living and the honesty of the man.

Her very appearance was by thousands accepted as a complete refutation of the slanderous innuendoes which some of his detractors in the frightened camps of the opposition circulated, and of the attacks against his private character as against his public record also. Verily, the lady was as a column of smoke by day, a pillar of fire by night. She just naturally knocked 'em cold.

From all this, though, you should not take it that the Red Lion of the Knobs lacked for practical political advice while his growing battalions pressed ever onward. Valiant amateurs at this intricate game might be heading the volunteers but a seasoned veteran sat with the board of strategy, his practiced hands on secret wires which reached out to secret forces in courthouses and city halls and back offices. It wasn't like Buckingham Braydon to keep himself in the background, but in this campaign he did do just that.

For his espousal of the rôle of the modest violet which shrinks, there was a reason. As he put it to Mrs. Grady shortly after he took over the management of what might be called the inner and more intimate organization of the Simcox Non-Partisan Alliance, there was a most excellent reason.

"You see, Mizz Grady, it's like this," he said. "Account of my havin' been tied up in a business way with the old distillin' crowd here not so many years back—but strictly in a business way, because, between you and me, my heart never was in it—there's probably a lot of evil-minded scoundrels that'd be just low-down enough to try to bring that up against our man ef I was too prominent in this mix-up.

"You know how some people are—they won't give a man credit for changin' his mind conscientious; they'll keep right on makin' out like he must 'a' had a selfish motive for switchin' 'round. So it might hurt B. Gill—God bless him!—ef I, tryin' in my humble way to help him run this fight, was to show myself before the people any more'n I can help doin'.

"And you know without my tellin' you, Mizz Grady, that I'd cut off my right hand before I'd do anything to cripple him or cripple the great big beautiful ideal he stands for. So I'll jest stay back behind the breastworks and do my level best to sift a little old-fashioned, hoss-rack, livery-stable political gumption and common sense into the thing.

"And when it's all over, you-all can take the credit and the glory. Lord knows you'll have earned it. His own private feelin's will be reward enough for old Buck Braydon."

His humility was most touching, and she told him so in so many words.

Having passed his promise, Mr. Braydon kept it. Right through to the glorious outcome he maintained the self-effacing rôle or, as he, in his homely way, stated it, he kept hisself under kiver.

Nor did he press his claims for public recognition after triumph had been achieved. That, he insisted, was for the ministers and for Mrs. Grady and her outfit—especially for Mrs. Grady.

So therefore it befell, with the election six or seven weeks behind them, that the happy Mrs. Grady continued still to share the limelight with the proven choice of the people. And on Friday night of Christmas week she was to preside here in her home-town and his over a monster popular demonstration—so the local papers spoke of it—for celebrating and commemorating the recent achievement. The governor-elect would make the principal address, but she would preside and would introduce him.

By contrast with Mrs. Grady, and she so bountifully surcharged with her memorized eloquence, there was, to keep the comparison local, old Colonel Bird, who had let the campaign and its almost equally exciting aftermath pass almost unnoted and unnoticed by him. From

his lips no one had heard mention of the fact that the next governor was by way of being his blood kinsman—many degrees removed, to be sure, but nevertheless a kinsman.

In fact, no one had heard him mention the winner's name at all. It was as though he had so little interest in the man and his mounting fortunes that it did not occur to him to speak of him. It was as though those inner speculations of his engaged his mind completely.

Those inner speculations were badly geared, clashing thoughts which ground around and around getting nowhere and only making things jangled and interwoven and increasingly confusing. They were grinding away in Colonel Bird's tired old brain on a bleak afternoon when the Reverend Philo Janney drove into the place to see him.

Since eating dinner the invalid had been huddled in a big armchair before the fire in his living room. There would be stretches when he leaned back and looked through the front windows and saw the limbs of his shade trees clashing together as the wind smote them.

The sky was full of snow threats but no snow had fallen as yet. It was getting colder and more blustery by the minute. It might mean a white Christmas, a phenomenon for this latitude. Christmas was only a few days off.

The Reverend Philo Janney drove up in his mud-spattered car and got out and knocked at the front door. His knock was answered by a pert-looking negro girl in a short skirt and pink satin slippers with high heels which turned under her when she walked. There were no male house-servants at Bird's Nest now; there had been none since Dan and Pink went to jail that time.

The caller was starting to state who it was he desired to see, when through the living room's half-opened door the colonel's cracked but far-carrying voice reached their ears.

"Flora, if it's somebody to see me, ask him to come right on in here. Don't keep anybody out in that chilly hall."

So the Reverend Janney surrendered his hat and overcoat to Flora, and accepted the invitation. Where he stood for a moment in the doorway, Colonel Bird, peering from under two bushy white eyebrows, looked him over and recognized him and, all in a flashing space, appraised him. The colonel's eyesight was still remarkably good, his hearing likewise.

He noted the narrow brows, the narrow tight lips, the narrow mirthless unimpeachable face, and to himself he said that here was a young man who in olden times in Scotland would have made a good witch-pricker. To himself he said that, but aloud he was saying with courtesy:

"How do you do, suh. You will pardon me for not rising; I have an infirmity. Please be seated."

Perhaps it was characteristic of the newcomer that he should choose the hardest and stiffest chair in the room. But before doing this he crossed the room and shook hands with the colonel, saying in a voice reminiscent of country pulpits:

"You probably don't remember me, suh. The name is Janney—Philo Janney, originally a minister of the gospel by profession. We only met once and that was during the great World War—during the Second Liberty Loan drive. That was before I gave up my charge—I had a church near Tarr's Gap. I gave that up to engage in this new avocation of mine. Possibly you know what that avocation is?"

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"I do, suh. I placed you, too, suh, the moment I got a good look at you—before you spoke. And naturally, as a citizen of this county, I am more or less familiar with your—*hem*—activities in this county."

"Such being the case, possibly I'm not very welcome. Maybe I'd better explain what brings me and then possibly——"

The other silenced him with a gesture.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Janney. I'm sure you are here on what you regard as a proper mission. Such small hospitality as this house can offer is yours while you are a guest under its roof. And permit me to add this: On this issue you and I are on opposite sides of the fence.

"There's no doubting that in many respects we always were on opposite sides of the fence from each other. But I endeavor to have respect for any gentleman's views even though I may regard them as absolutely erroneous views, provided only I think he entertains them in good faith. And I have no reason and no right to question your good faith.

"From what I gather, there is no stink of corruption on the hem of your garments." With a soft graciousness he tacked on the stinger: "I wonder whether you don't feel lonesome sometimes."

"I try to do my duty as I see it, as it is shown to me." This, rendered patronizingly, was in the nature of a pontifical announcement. "I made material sacrifices in order to carry on this new work. I look upon it as an obligation laid on me as a Christian—as a cross I must bear if I mean to win a crown."

"I'm sure of it. I get your drift. I hope you get mine. Kindly proceed."

"Well, Colonel Bird, I came here today to see you—alone."

"You came at an opportune hour. My son is in Lexington. He went over this morning on business and has not yet returned. I don't expect him back much before supper time. His wife went with him. It so happens that except for a couple of darkies you find me alone in the house."

The enforcement agent proceeded: "What I have to say to you, colonel, is in the strictest confidence. On your word of honor as a gentleman it must remain for the time being a secret between us."

"That, suh, is understood in advance," answered Colonel Bird with a stiffening and distant politeness.

The ex-preacher's close-set eyes were all at once aflame. He had the tense inspired manner upon him of a true zealot—a zealot who speeds a sharp bolt.

"Colonel Bird," he said, "what would you say if I were to tell you that a grave crime is about to be committed—not only against the government of the United States but against you individually—against your possessions?"

"I'd have to say I was not greatly astonished," replied the sick man; and the other's rapt face fell that the colonel should manifest so little of surprise. "Because, suh, when you appear in your official capacity, as is now evident, and when you mention my possessions you can mean only such of my possessions as pertain to my late activities as a distiller of Bourbon whisky.

"Tell me, Mr. Janney, if you don't mind, is it a simple and convenient matter of forged withdrawal orders such as they unearthed at the Old Bronough plant over in Woodford? Or is it merely a case of fixing somebody so the boys can siphon off some barrels and then fill 'em up with spring water as was done at Major Yandall's?

"You'd hardly expect me to be shocked by the prospect of such a common little trick as that being worked here, even though I am the chosen victim. It has occurred too often, hasn't it?"

The Puritan disregarded the irony. Perhaps he was unaware of any ironic intent.

"It partakes in a way of the nature of the latter offense," he explained. "But organized on a much larger scale. Let me tell you the whole story and then I'll guarantee you'll be stirred up in earnest. Colonel Bird, tonight at nine o'clock, at least ten men and perhaps more will be down in the cellar of your large warehouse."

"Number Two, you mean. Well, ten men or even a dozen wouldn't crowd it uncomfortably. It's rather a roomy cellar. Even so, how will they get into the cellar without exciting the interest of the guards who are stationed there by the Federal authorities?—or at least so I'm reliably informed. I haven't been down there lately myself."

"I regret to have to inform you that the watchmen—both shifts—have been tampered with. They'll see nothing, hear nothing out of the ordinary; they'll probably be off the premises on some pretext. Besides, these ten or perhaps twelve men that I have just spoken of will not enter the cellar by way of the warehouse itself. They'll get under the floor without even going inside the building. Can you guess how?"

"By digging in?"

"No, suh; guess again."

"I reckin I get you," the colonel said. "The old sewer pipe that runs up from the creek—the drain that use' to carry off clean refuse before I moved my auxiliary stills to their present location and converted the old building into a warehouse—that's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Exactly."

"But years and years ago that drain was blocked up at its lower mouth."

"It has been opened up; it has been cleared out. And it's big enough for a man to crawl through it and get into the cellar. It will be big enough for a whole squad of men to crawl through it, one at a time, tonight at nine o'clock."

"And then what?"

"Why, they'll use that same sewer pipe to carry off your whisky. They'll all have augers, braces and bits. They'll scatter through your cellar, going to spots where marks to guide them have already been chalked on the undersides of the floor timbers.

"Each man will bore up through the planking and through a stave of a full barrel that's lying on its side just above. He'll stick in a nipple that's attached to a flexible rubber hose and hold it there until that barrel is sucked empty. Then he'll go to another marked spot and repeat the same operation.

"With that many men busy, you can figure for yourself how many hundreds of gallons of whisky will run through that sewer between nine o'clock tonight and daylight tomorrow—if nothing happens to interfere.

"This gang figure that none of it will be wasted, either, or very little. There may be some small spillage in the cellar but there'll be none where it streams out under the creek bank. Because there'll be other men there, standing by to catch the flow in casks and barrels and take those barrels away by truck or wagon as rapidly as they fill.

"The whole scheme has been worked out most carefully. Those men—there are sixteen in all actively concerned in the plot—are already counting up their profits. Their plans for disposing of it were made weeks ago.

"There will be just one drawback, Colonel Bird, to the complete success of this scheme. Right in the midst of the job, they'll be nabbed, red-handed.

"I'm looking after that detail; I've made my preparations while they've been making theirs. And of the men involved, fifteen of them will go to prison, where they belong. And I praise God that I am to be the chosen instrument for their undoing and their punishment!"

"You are to be congratulated, suh," said Colonel Bird, and his words carried just the merest trace of a dry and bland sarcasm. "Your devotion to the cause you serve deserves reward. It can't be, though, that you expect me to hand it over to you.

"Pardon my denseness, Mr. Janney, but might I ask you to clear up for me one point in your most thrilling disclosures?

"A minute ago you mentioned sixteen men; now you say fifteen men will rot in prison. According to my arithmetic that leaves one of these depraved malefactors unaccounted for. Have they got a traitor in their midst?"

"One man got weak-kneed. He says his conscience rebuked him. A week ago he came to me and revealed the whole plot. He informed me freely of every detail of it. It was a complete confession.

"In return he asked for pledges of immunity. If the authorities see fit to pay him anything, that is his concern and not mine.

"I insisted that to avoid any suspicions on the part of his confederates, he should continue right on through to pretend to do his share. When the time comes, he will testify against them. He of course will not be prosecuted."

"You set me to thinking along a new line. Perhaps I can fathom the motives which took him to you. But Mr. Janney, why should you on the eve of springing your trap—why should you come to me?"

"Well, colonel, primarily it's your property that's to be stolen."

"Technically, and in a way of speaking, my property although actually not in my custody or under my control."

"Precisely. And if there should be any hullabaloo while the arrests are being made—there might be some shooting—I'd hate to think that you or the other members of your household might be needlessly alarmed. That's a second reason."

"Thank you. I shall endeavor not to become overly excited. Any third reason that you can think of, Mr. Janney?"

For the first time during this interview the visitor seemed reluctant to speak. But his hesitation was short-lived. The Reverend Mr. Janney was a truthful man, a literal man, a God-fearing man.

"Yes, colonel," he said, "there's another reason: There has unfortunately been more or less friction—I might add, jealousy—between members of the local enforcement forces and some of the Federal authorities. They have not always worked well together. And I regret to have to say that even among those specially chosen to enforce the splendid new law there are some I cannot regard as being absolutely trustworthy. Leaks have occurred."

"Didn't you take a chance on a leak when you came to me and revealed this plot?"

"I did not. I got your word of honor beforehand."

The colonel's smile was wry. "You have me there, suh," he confessed. "But go on, please; you hadn't finished what you were saying."

FAMOUS FEET

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"So, in view of conditions and after prayerful consideration, I decided to effect this wholesale capture without calling on the Federal people, without giving them any hint as to what was afoot. I have sworn in my own posse of special deputies—resolute, determined Christian men, none of them being citizens of this vicinity.

"At the proper moment my posse, acting on signal from me, will close in on the gang and overpower them. But inasmuch as I am engineering this thing single-handedly, so to speak, it is only a human impulse that I should ask that credit for it be bestowed where credit is due.

"I felt that some reliable witness should be in position afterwards to give testimony that I, and I alone, had all the facts in my possession prior to the seizure. You had a personal concern in the matter, so naturally my choice fell on you."

"As you say, naturally it falls on me. I should feel complimented . . . Well, Mr. Janney, was that all?"

"But colonel, you haven't even asked who these rascals are!"

"Perhaps I am not particularly interested in that detail, Mr. Janney."

"You should be. You know them, or most of them. Some of them—a majority of them—have worked for you, or their fathers before them did. Most of them are neighbors of yours; others have been until lately."

"What's that you say?" The old man's bad hand was fluttering on the arm of his chair.

"Some of your old employees—they're in this thing up to their necks. I have here a list of the names of all of the culprits." He was taking a folded slip of paper from his pocket. "Would you care to see that list, colonel? It'll open your eyes.

"One of the names is that of a former foreman of yours. Another, unless I'm mistaken, is that of the ne'er-do-well son of an old and close friend of yours, now deceased."

"Give me that paper." It was uttered as a command, not as a request.

Colonel Bird read what was typewritten on the single sheet—read it and reread, then leaned back, the paper quivering in his fingers, and shut his eyes.

"First my own black boys go to jail for robbing me," he said musingly. "Now my own white boys—the ones that I raised up, that I loaned money to, that drew their wages from me during all these years—they're fixing to rob me and go to jail for it, too."

"I beg your pardon, colonel? I didn't quite catch that."

"You must forgive me, Mr. Janney," said the colonel, opening his eyes. He returned the paper. "I was just kind of muttering to myself—thinking out loud. Please indulge me further. Let me think out loud some more." His manner became reanimated.

"I'm thinking back on other times and I'm thinking forward to these times. I'm thinking that between us, Mr. Janney—between the way my crowd muddled this game when we were on top and the way your crowd have gone about curing the world of what seems to all it since you got on top—well, between us, Mr. Janney, we've just naturally played the devil with this country, haven't we?"

Shocked by this sentiment, the enforcement agent arose and shortly thereafter took his departure. Immediately he was gone, the paralytic struggled up to his feet and bestirred himself in the empty fore part of the antiquated, shabby old house.

He wasn't talking to himself any more.

It was just turning seven o'clock when the caretaker at the Edgebrook Country Club stepped outdoors and saw near by a hectic glowing like a false sunset against the sky line. As he stared it heightened and widened and reddened upon the horizon. So by that he knew what it must be and he ran back in to give the alarm.

He got Central on the wire and said there was a blaze, over in the general direction of Bird's. Central raised the fire station and while she was doing this the caretaker grabbed up his cap and started afoot for the scene of the trouble and was among the first to get there.

There was nothing he could do, though. Really there was nothing anybody could do. The blaze had too strong a headway and traveled too rapidly. The trip of the fire department was no more than a gesture, although a gallant one. Before they arrived the fire was beyond human control, what with that inflammable tindery material which was there to be lapped up and a terrific wind blowing.

The firemen let the plant go. On orders from the chief, they stood by, ready in case flying sparks should ignite adjacent property. The rushing upper currents of air were streaked across with whirling firebrands and the heavens overhead were bright as day almost, and there was a big noise like a continuous cannonading as one explosion of barreled combustibles followed close on another.

Evidently the fire had started in the larger of the two warehouses, in the one known as Number 2; and as soon as it had eaten through the shingled roof, spread to a long wooden shed communicating with the main building. It fairly raced along and through that gabled shed, and almost immediately after that the distillery itself, which was a wide-eaved structure of frame with a crumbly brick front to it, had caught in twenty places at once, so it seemed to the helpless bystanders.

It was about as complete a piece of destruction as you ever saw in your life but it certainly made a bully free show, while it was going good, which was for about an hour and a half, and it drew a large crowd.

When the sides of the Number 2 warehouse burst asunder and the flaming rafters were flung aloft as though they had been so many jackstraws and you could see the interior as one huge oblonged caldron of seething, rioting ruination, a tremendous "Ah-h-h!" of involuntary admiration for the daunting beauty of the spectacle went up from everywhere around.

A mile or so away, up the creek valley, a group of men, who had by appointment gathered there, skirmished irresolutely to and fro and watched the unearthly reflections and cursed their ill luck, they not knowing their luck was good luck disguised. On farther beyond them, a cordon of other men, who had ringed these first men in, likewise felt and expressed—but not with oaths or blasphemy—a tremendous chagrin for a campaign defeated and a coup miscarried.

Hurrying homeward from the railroad in their little secondhand runabout, Morgan and his wife, who from persons at the station on the arrival of their belated train already had learned the news, realized that this tragedy—if for them you could call it that—would serve to solidify and bring to a head sundry private, half-executed plannings of theirs.

Morgan's grandfather sat quietly by a rear window of his old kitchen where the glare of it came through the panes and

enveloped him in a sort of rosy radiance, and squinted out upon the lurid picture that the burning of his possessions made; and if there was heartbreak in his look, there likewise was a suggestion as of some other emotion in his look. Naturally, you couldn't call it satisfaction; perhaps you might call it resignation.

By nine o'clock the fire had ceased to be an active volcano and was fast becoming a dingy crater. By ten o'clock, for lack of proper fodder to feed on, the fire had about burnt itself out. It had burnt down to a feebly crackling mass.

In part, the masonry face of the distillery still stood. It was now a cracked, jagged-edged pinnacle. And you saw that by some funneling freak of the flames, the big wooden sign reading "Bird & Son" had been spared. It was scorched and it was warped and blistered, but there it was.

Perhaps it was a vaguely sentimental impulse which inspired a squad of the onlookers to borrow from the hook-and-ladder truck two of its longest ladders and prop them against the tottery wall. Four volunteers climbed up, two to a ladder, and pried the sign loose and the other helpers eased it down to the earth. There they balanced it on their shoulders, and in unconscious imitation of pallbearers, they tramped across lots with it to the dooryard of Bird's Nest and left it on the back porch, where Morgan found it next morning.

But that old sign was all that was saved.

There were those who in succeeding days mentally reviewed the burning-up of the Old Blockhouse concern with a touch of regret. There likewise were those who hailed word of it with unrestrained approval, looking on it as a sign and a portent. Among these latter you must count Mrs. Hawthorne C. Grady, state president of the militant W. N. P. L., and new political factor in the state. With Mrs. Grady this was an occasion for congratulation on the part of the entire community, that the Divine Vengeance —if you could put it that way, which she did—had been visited upon a community plague spot.

Her managerial mind saw how the occasion topically might be woven into the fabric of an agreeable event already scheduled and previously mentioned. With her, to have a good idea was to act on it. Accordingly, on the day after Christmas she set forth to offer the idea to her protégé.

In her runabout she rode downtown to Lander Block—the town's tallest skyscraper, it being a towering edifice of seven levels, not counting the basement. She already had tried to telephone the small cottage in the outskirts where her statesman kept bachelor's hall, but evidently he was not at home, nor his darky servant either, for her repeated ringing had brought no response. Nor was there a response from within to her rap at his door here.

In fact, the whole building had a deserted air. It occurred to her then that possibly she might find him in Mr. Braydon's office upstairs. Mr. Braydon was a top-floor lessee, whereas Mr. Simcox was established on the second floor.

The elevator apparently was not in commission that morning. So Mrs. Grady, giving a deep sigh, began to climb the stairs, making slow going of it. She was a large-boned and a firm-fleshed lady, as martial-minded ladies are likely to be. Her next sigh turned into a wheeze.

While she toiled up, flight after flight, and stopped at each landing to pant for breath, Mr. Braydon and one of his

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lieutenants, by name Mr. Hodge Scopes, sat aloft there in the front room of Mr. Braydon's two-room suite.

The room wherein these two gentlemen sat had a disheveled look, and the pent air in it was stale and heavy-laden. Their garments were mussed. You would have said that these gentlemen had not been to bed at all last night. But about them was visible no mark of exhaustion. On the contrary, they seemed distinctly cheerful. Both radiated a pleasant optimism amounting really to an exhilaration. Well, Christmas comes but once a year.

"How about a snack of breakfast?" Mr. Scopes was saying. "All of a sudden I'm startin' in to feel sort of peckish. What say we go and get a little bite?"

"We better go one at a time, then," Mr. Braydon replied.

"Oh, ever'thing 'll be all hunky-dory," demurred his friend. "We could lock the inside door and take the key along."

"Better not take no chances," Mr. Braydon insisted. "You never can tell what might happen."

"No danger of anybody comin' snoopin' around, if that's what you're drivin' at," said Mr. Scopes. "You know how it is the day after Christmas. I'll bet you there ain't twenty folks all told stirrin' down on the street this mornin'. Last night was sure some night in this man's town!" He nickered as over jovial memories. "Say, Buck, didn't Judge Jimmy Sampler pass right out of the picture, though?"

"He shore did—jest folded up like one of these here condensed time cards. Speakin' of Jimmy Sampler, I like to died one day last week over in Circuit Court. It was a kind of a busy session. Jest the reg'lar run of shad, though—country darkies that had been ketched with a half-pint of pop-skull, or old wimmin snatched up and stuck in jail for peddlin' homemade Mule at two bits a swig—nothin' special.

"Well, Judge Jimmy handed out the regular line of lectures and fines. He shorely cleaned up that docket fast. Then he adjourned court and went on back into his chambers. But before he done that he give me a kind of wink out of the corner of one eye and I knew what that meant, and after the crowd thinned out I followed him on in there; and Commonwealth's Attorney Eskridge was there, too.

"Well, they opened up a fresh quart and the three of us killed it right there on the spot. It was good likker, too—a quart out of a case that was bein' held for evidence.

"And just before we taken the first snifter Jimmy says to us: 'Make 'em do as I say; don't let 'em do as I do—that's the ticket,' he says. I jest whooped right out—me and Bill Eskridge both. Jimmy's a card, even if he can't hold his share without driftin' off into the great silent spaces.

"Well, comes to that, he ain't the only one that's gaited that way, is he? . . . So, not to take no chances, you better run along and I'll stay till you git back and then I'll go down for a bite."

Mr. Scopes stood up, but at that moment a knocking sounded.

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Braydon.

"It is Mrs. Hawthorne C. Grady," came in a familiar sonorous voice through the panels. It is hard to be sonorous and gaspy at the same time, but this talented woman somehow accomplished the feat.

"Jest one moment please, Mizz Grady," said Mr. Braydon. His quick side-grimace toward Mr. Scopes carried a bidding. Already, though, that gentleman was swiftly and silently whisking into a desk drawer certain articles of glassware, and next was moving to open a window and let a gush of crisp winter wind in.

Nor was Mr. Braydon behindhand in action. He lighted a large black cigar and sent several big puffs of smoke aloft. Then he crossed the room and opened the door, taking care however not to open it too wide and keeping his body in the opening.

"Why, howdy, Mizz Grady," he said with great cordiality. "I'd ask you to come on in only that lazy darky boy of mine ain't showed up today to clean up, and this place is kind of mussy to be askin' a lady to step into it."

"Good morning," she said, including Mr. Scopes in the greeting. "I'm looking for Mr. Simcox. On the floor below I ran into the janitor and he said he was here with you-all, said he saw all three of you coming in together and that none of you had gone down since."

"Well, now, Mizz Grady, that's right," agreed that quick-thinking man, Mr. Braydon. "B. Gill is here—he's in that next room—but I don't believe you ought to see him jest at this moment. He's sound asleep, and I'm sure ef you knew all the circumstances you wouldn't want me to roust him up."

"The circumstances?"

"Yessum, he's sick—or anyway he's been sick. He was feelin' some better, though, jest before he dropped off, about an hour ago."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Grady. "Not seriously sick?"

"Oh, no, nothin' to be worried over. You see, it's like this with B. Gill, Mizz Grady. He's been mightily overworked lately, you know that. Trouble with B. Gill is he's so blame' conscientious. And there is still quite some housecleanin' to be done before we git this state dried up plum' dry."

"Indeed there is, Mr. Braydon."

"Yessum. Well, as I say, he's been broodin'. All last night he didn't sleep a wink. Jest walked the floor, he told me. It's knocked his digestion out, too. And besides, yistiddy he must have et somethin' that upset him. He was in agony all night. Early this mornin' he telephoned me he was on his way here to talk over certain puzzlin' things about his administration and his appointments.

"The minute I seen him, though, I knew he wasn't in fit shape to be discussin' nothin'. And me and Hod tolled him up here and made him lay down on the sofa in my back room yonder and he jest dropped off like a little tired-out child. So without it's somethin' terrible important you want to see him about, I'd hate mightily to wake him up and I reckin you feel the same way about it, don't you, Mizz Grady?"

"I emphatically do," said the good woman, all solicitude. "Why, I never suspected! I wouldn't have you disturb him for the world. I hope he sleeps all day—it'll be good for him."

"Yessum, it shorely will," said Mr. Braydon sincerely.

"What I wanted to talk with him about was a conception I had for his speech tomorrow night," continued Mrs. Grady. "I thought perhaps he might take it, as it were, as a text for a part of his remarks."

"S'pose, Mizz Grady, you sort of outline the gen'ral idea to me," said Mr. Braydon, "and when B. Gill wakes up I'll tell him about it. There'll be plenty of time for him to think it over and get in touch with you before tomorrow night.

"S'pose I jest step out in the hall with you while you tell me." Then, as she elevated her head and sniffed at the fumy atmosphere, he instantly laughed

a shamefaced guilty little laugh. "I see you smell it," he confessed. "Me and Hod here got Christmas in our bones and just before you come, we set down and et—you'd never guess what it was we et, Mizz Grady!

"Between us we et a whole half of a left-over mince pie that somebody sent me. Yessum, jest heated it up on a gas jet and et it up, down to the last crumb."

By now he had edged out of his quarters and the door was closed behind him. They had perhaps ten minutes together there in the corridor. Parting from him at the conclusion of the conference, Mrs. Grady said:

"Well, probably you are right about it, Mr. Braydon. We'll just let the matter drop and proceed along the original lines." She moved away, a full-rigged frigate of a lady.

"Oh, one moment, please," she was calling back from the head of the stairs. "I knew I was overlooking something. It's important, too. Please remind him not to forget to use that wonderful inspiring phrase that was so effective during the most critical part of the campaign—the one where he says: 'They have claimed there's not a headache in a barrel of it, but I tell you there's a heartache in every drop!' "

"I guarantee you he'll slip that in somewheres. You can always count on B. Gill, Mizz Grady."

"As well I know," assented the departing chieftainess. "Tell him for me he mustn't overexert himself, for the country's sake as well as his own. His country needs him—needs more men of his spiritual stamp. He's one in a million."

"Ain't it so, Mizz Grady! One in a million! We'll have him in the United States Senate next thing you know. And after that—well, if ever this little old county sends a man to the White House, remember what I'm hintin' to you now, Mizz Grady."

"God speed the day, Mr. Braydon!" She spoke it with fervor.

On that, Mr. Braydon went inside, and in the manner of men exchanging congratulations he and Mr. Scopes shook hands. "Now that," stated Mr. Braydon, "that's what I call gittin' out of a tight hole."

"You said a mouthful," corroborated Mr. Scopes. "You took a powerful long time, though. What'd that there old she-walrus want with Gilly, anyhow?"

"Wanted him for to go into that fire last Monday night—wanted him to bear down heavy on *that*."

"Why, that wouldn't never do!" exclaimed Mr. Scopes in alarm. "That'd be about the worst politics you could think of!"

"Don't I know it! But I had to make her see it. That's what took me so long. I says to her, I says: 'Don't let's be too shore about seein' the handiwork of the Almighty in this here fire,' I says. 'Mizz Grady, there's a kind of a rumor afoot that less'n five hours before that fire started, old Bird was telephonin' in to Ollie Vogelsang and cancelin' every last red cent of the inshorence he'd been carryin' on his stock and his plant.'

"You should 'a' seen her eyes pop open at that. I kept right on. I says, 'Yes, and on top of that, Mizz Grady, it's also kind of rumored 'round that jest about the same time he was telephonin' to the office of the Lander Estate right here in this buildin' and tellin' 'em that, if 'twas agreeable, he'd like to have the two mortgages they were holdin' against him lifted off the distillery and transferred to the homestead and all the lands he still owned.

" 'Naturally,' I says, 'that was plum' agreeable to them, distillery property not bein' worth what it use' to be, not by a long shot. So the Lander boys got the papers fixed up inside of an hour,' I says, 'and somebody dusted out there with 'em and had ever'thing signed, sealed and delivered before six o'clock that night,' I says. 'And the fire broke out about seven o'clock and if anybody jest puts two and two together, why, there you are,' I says.

" 'Why, Mr. Braydon,' she says, 'why, that looks to me like——' But she never got the word out. I cut in on her before she could git it out.

" 'Hold on, Mizz Grady,' I says to her. 'You and me can think private what we please. But there's some,' I says, 'that'll say it looks to them like he was teched in the head. And some more,' I says, 'that'll say it looks to them like a square-shooter doin' the square thing before he up and wiped the slate off clean. That's the way they're inclined to look at it over at the courthouse,' I says.

" 'There's such a thing as not goin' out of your way, when you don't have to, to stir up sympathy for the other side and mebbe make sore feelin's against your own side. There's such a thing,' I says, 'as lettin' bygones be bygones and sometimes it pays in the long run. And here's a case of a bygoner that's jest about gone,' I says.

" 'That old man had a second stroke night before last—on Christmas Eve,' I says. 'He won't last a month, ef he lasts that long. And,' I says, 'so far as likker-makin's concerned, his family is closed out, lock, stock and barrel,' I says.

"Then I told her the news about Morg Bird. She hadn't heard that, neither. I says to her: 'That grandson of his is fixin' to take that there little jag of money that he inherited from old man Scarr here a few years back, and open up one of these newfandangled hop-and-go-fetch-it grocery stores. Him and that French wife of his are goin' to try to run it by themselves,' I says.

" 'They've rented the old Bynum saddlery shop on Boone Street,' I says, 'and aim to start fixin' it up as soon as the Christmas is over with. They've got influential friends, too, that could mighty easy be stirred up and antagonized,' I says.

"Of course, Hod, along there I didn't tell her my main reason. I didn't tell her, ef Gilly went shootin' off his mouth tomorrow night about this thing, that long about day after tomorrow that big dumb slab-sided ox of a Morg Bird would jest about walk in on him and grab holt of him with his bare fists and pull him apart. And where would you and me be then, with our purty little hand-picked governor littered all over the place?

"I didn't tell her that, though. But I told her plenty and enough. Before I got done with her I made her see how things stood and she gave up and said I was right about it."

"That's good," assented the sapient Mr. Scopes. "Well, that's off our chest. What say, we give a look to see how our gallant champeen is makin' out before I go and get me that there delayed breakfast?"

Together they entered the rear room and stood by a rumpled couch, looking down at their sprawled leader.

The Red Lion of the Knobs was redder than usual, his great mop of tawny hair tousled, his handsome boyish-looking face—a face which had been likened to Henry Clay's—swollen and congested, and he snoring lustily.

"Think he'll make it o. k. for tomorrow night?" asked Mr. Scopes dubiously.

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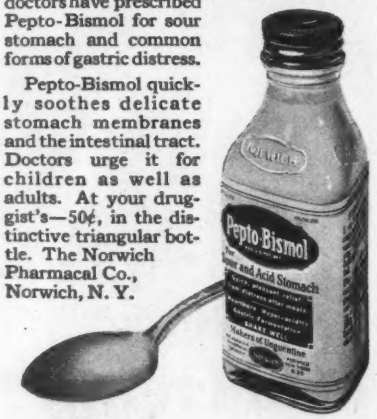

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"All the times I been spreein' 'round with him I never saw him deader to the world than he looks right now."

"Don't be skeered," said Mr. Braydon cheerily. "I'll fetch him 'round."

"What do you suppose our sacred sea cow would 'a' done ef she'd really got wise to this?" asked Mr. Scopes.

"Well, now, it's jest as well for all concerned that she didn't ketch on. She'd 'a' been right disappointed. She might 'a' gone so far as to talk out in meetin'.

"But as 'tis, she ain't goin' to be disappointed none about tomorrow night. You know yourself, Hod, how 'tis with B. Gill? When he's still carryin' a hangover, he pulls the sobby, weepy, home-and-mother one where he says there's a heartache in every drop . . . Hod, how about us two heavin' in jest one more good jolt of heartache?"

POSTSCRIPT

If you walk along the principal street of a certain small city in the state of Kentucky, you will be favorably impressed by the evidences of progress and improvement visible on all sides of you. But if you are seeking for oddities in architecture or for strikingly quaint personalities, it is likely that you may be disappointed.

The same forward-looking spirit which wiped out whole rows of buildings that were shabby enough to be picturesque, and ordained that on their sites there should stand bright, smartened-up buildings, seems somehow to have evolved out of itself and to match in with these surroundings, a standardized citizenry—fine patriotic upstanding people, you understand, but not highly distinctive in dress or manner or prevalent mode of thought or in anything at all unless it be their speech. There you would notice the slurred soft minus-*r*, minus-*g* drawl of the typical Southerner was predominant.

Otherwise than this, though, the run of them probably would impress themselves upon you as being about such uniformities and such conformities as you'd meet in any one of fifty brisk interior communities between the Cumberlands and the Kaw. Well, you know how it is these days? These days you see a great many people who look as though they might have been turned out on a press in job lots by the gross and the great gross. Or put it this way: Formerly we more or less were a handmade race, now we're mostly machine-made.

Only if you watch closely while going along through this town will you detect here and there a lingering, dozy something or other that seems even faintly reminiscent of a more leisurely gaited and possibly a more romantic-seeming period than this one is. It may be a fragment of the old-timy idiom mixed in with the conventional thieves' argot which, particularly among our youth, is favored nowadays. It may be a magnolia tree or a holly or a hackberry struggling to live on, with its roots buried under a slab of concrete sidewalk. It may be—it likely will be—that battered, faded-out old sign swinging above the doors of a spick-and-span Cash and Carry grocery store on Boone Street just off Main.

Inside and out, this grocery is smart and fine. But the sign from sheer decrepitude is ready to fall apart. Its wording, which reads "Bird & Son," is nearly obliterated. One of the owners is named Bird—Morgan Bird—but he hasn't any son. He has two small daughters but as yet no son. His partner in the business is his wife, a volatile, wide-awake, bird-eyed little woman who betrays her nationality by giving to the final syllables of certain words a musical twist so that they rather sound like syllables that had been put up on a curling iron.

Both of them are highly thought of, the wife being especially well liked. She is a hustler for trade and hustlers are valued hereabouts. A good many people attribute a major share of their success to her, she being so much quicker on the uptake than her tall, reserved, steady-paced husband is.

To look at him you'd never accuse him of having a sentimental side. He has it, keeping it well concealed, though. It is because he has it that there hangs above his shop door this rickety old sign which is so incongruously placed and seemingly so meaningless.

In another manner, peculiar to him, he proves the same unsuspected fact: On Sunday mornings he generally walks out to the Edgebrook Country Club three miles from town.

Just beyond the club is the transformed piece of land where this Morgan Bird spent his childhood and lived until he was past thirty. Now it is one of the show places of the county.

The big new Hebrew Orphanage is there, with its endowed model dairy and its scientific farm school and its cadet corps and all. The administration building stands approximately on the spot where there once stood an old-fashioned homestead.

Fine old trees surround it and on the kempt and tended lawns in front of it spry little fellows in gray uniforms may be skylarking about. It may have been a sleepy-looking, lazy-looking spot once but that isn't true of it any more.

It is, as you have just heard, one of the neighborhood show places, but Morgan Bird never gives it a look. If business takes him by the grounds, he keeps his eyes straight ahead of him on the broad macadamized highway so long as he is passing the tall iron fence with its gilded spearheads on the tips of its shining black pickets and its lofty white marble gateposts standing up like entrances to a rich cemetery.

THE END

In "Ladies' Man" by Rupert Hughes—beginning Next Month—thousands of people witness a spectacular murder which occurs while after-theater throngs crowd Broadway, yet not one person sees the murderer

5 & 10 *by Fannie Hurst* (*Continued from page 55*)

for Rarick that he kept folded in his pocket and took out to reread occasionally.

At first he had not recognized the signature.

I think I understand the thing you did not get said to Avery.

Gratton Davies

Gratton Davies? Ah, ah, yes! That likable young fellow on the committee, the one who had written the play, "Herod's Mask."

Somehow, it was the only message out of hundreds that was to open the way for tears to work their tortuous course from his clenched heart to his clenched eyelids.

Jenny

What, what in heaven's name had prompted this death act of Avery's? How

could this darling of her indulgence and her adoration have snipped the cord that bound his heart to hers as casually as you would snip the cord on a candy box?

How could an offshoot of her own body-fiber have committed an act so outside the dimensions of her own comprehensions?

One did things like this for concrete reasons. There had been no love affair. There had been no debts. Notwithstanding the ugly and humiliating innuendoes of the headlines, Jenny had always seen to it that Avery's pockets were well stocked.

Slow, smoldering conviction became Jenny's that Rarick had been the stone wall before which Avery had found life meaningless.

Rarick had crossed him so constantly. Passively, rather than by deed or stricture. That was what made it maddening to her and subtle. You could not quite put your finger on—anything. And yet, it was impossible not to know how he had failed to understand his boy. Rarick was not vicious. He was just part of the failure . . .

Her heart even bled for him now. Pity of a sort lay in her heart for him. Pity of sorts lay in her heart for herself.

She had been a good mother: neither Avery nor Jennifer nor even Rarick himself had denied her that. Wherein had she failed? Or had Avery failed? Her dear. Her beautiful.

She had seen to it that his hands were crammed unto bursting with all that her love and indulgence could give him. Nor had she stopped there. She had crept into Avery's spiritual life as far as she dared.

To go back and back and back, could there, after all, have been a hopeless passion for a girl? Or a woman? Was there something secret and terrible that a woman could not understand? Ah, no! Avery was innocent. There had been no such attachment in her boy's life. Nothing in his papers indicated it.

Or for that matter, indicated anything. Just bits of verse—so sweet—and the journals of any growing lad. She had not read them through. Rarick had hogged them greedily, as if for what comfort he could squeeze out of them.

Jenny had for herself the sweet, personal mementos. Things. Avery's beautiful platinum watch that had ticked near to the dear tick of his heart. Avery's beautiful books. His collection of portraits of Shelley. His beautiful pearl studs. She had thought of the pearly quality of his pallor as she had purchased the set. Out of it all, Jennifer had asked only for his mauled copy of "Marie Bashkirtseff."

Yes, Jenny had the dear things. Over them, she cried and she cried. His portrait, in a soft shirt open at the neck and his fair hair seeming to fly backward to some breeze.

"Dears, it was too much. A." What was too much, my darling? Avery, my darling, what, oh, what? Avery, am I in a dream? Are you dead?

It was to Ramon she turned.

"Oh, my darling," she told him over the small table of a smaller-than-ever tea room in West Ninety-seventh Street, where they were now venturing to meet, "you must be everything to me now."

"You will not let me be."

She knew what he meant. Ramon was more and more restive. This furtive meeting here and there was degrading—to both. Sure as fate, it would begin to attract notice. Cannot get away with this kind of thing indefinitely.

"Yes, yes, darling, but——"

"But why procrastination? This eternal procrastination."

"Darling, you are killing me. If ever I needed to mark time, it is now. Lightning has struck my life."

His beautiful black eyes could fill with tears for her. The death of Avery, whom he never had seen, had affected him in a manner strange to him. Ramon, to whom sickness was an ugly misdemeanor, felt a strange beauty in Avery's death. He had died with the flower of his body in full bloom. No decay.

Avery had reminded him of someone who had looked through the door of life, found what he saw not pretty, and bowed out. The superb insolence of that gesture cast a strange luster over the mother of such a boy.

She had given life and the power of death to that slim blond fellow whose photograph was smeared now with her tears. The glow of vicarious mystery was over Jenny these days. How cruel life was!

Ramon, who wanted desperately to live, yet found it so hard to be allowed to live. Struggle. Struggle. That most precarious of struggles—for existence off the whimsical bounty of women. That strange boy in the photograph had willed not to live, because the bursting cornucopia of life's good things for him had overflowed and suffocated him.

What a strange, a terrible, a revealing, a shameful note: "It was too much."

Too much, when Ramon, who loved life, was starving. Well, anyway, starving for the good things of life. Perhaps this tragedy was writing on the wall. Good times ahead. Out of his machine-stitched infatuation which he allowed himself for this enormously rich woman must come security.

Yes, allowed himself the infatuation, was what it amounted to. He must live. It made it pleasantly decent that in his relationship with this woman who could do much for him, he had been able to steam up a modicum of fascination. It gave him ethical standing with himself.

Curious, slim, greenish woman, sitting opposite him in the glamorless little tea shop. Mother of a beautiful boy who had done a strange, wild thing. Her grief made her sweet.

"Sweetheart, when you cry your eyes are like deep pools filled with sea water that cannot break into surf."

"What would I do without you, Ramon? I need things like that said to me. I'm frightened, Ramon. Life has showed a fang at me. Ramon, I was a good mother to him. You know that!"

"You were too good, Jenny."

"Ramon," she said, giving words to a thought that had smitten and smitten her, "do you think it—possible—that some way, somehow, my boy could have known—about us?"

That thought, too, had flashed through his brain. "That, Jenny, you know is impossible."

In a way she did, only the thought would wedge in. "He idealized me. He was sensitive. Disillusionment could kill."

"He was too much of a poet. He would have idealized our love."

"You dear. You would see it that way."

"Strange you," he said, confusing her with the strange aura of the strange death that hung over her.

"Am I strange to you, Ramon?"

"Only in the sense that the strange is beautiful and full of mystery, like a beautiful little sea flower captured in a bottle."

"In that sense, Ramon, I think I was strange to my boy."

"Strange?"

"He must have found life too—too——"

"Too exquisite."

Too exquisite. They bandied words, prettily minted ones, their glances jeweled with points of excitement.

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"Too exquisite on one hand, Jenny—too putrid on the other."

He meant Rarick. The strange locked sense of her second-rate loyalty kept her silent. With his capacity for reticence at the right moment, he let the conversation end abruptly, folding her into the cloak of his velvet glance.

"It is easy to imagine death for love of you, Jenny."

"You are all the strength I have, Ramon."

He put out his hand, stroking hers, insinuating his palm beneath hers.

"Ramon, dear, please! Those people at that table are glancing at us."

He drew back stiff, taut, flushing, and suddenly she too flushed riotously.

"Dearest—of course. I have not forgotten what you asked in your note. Here—forgive."

She felt out timidly for his offended hand, pressing it, leaving a small folded one-hundred-dollar bill in it.

Jennifer

"The death of Jennifer Rarick's brother has played the dickens with her," people were saying in one way or another.

It had played this kind of dickens with her, sobering her in a way that made her dull, most of all to herself.

"I've gone dry-rot," she said one night to her mirror, gazing at herself through a sudden attack of inertia that had swooped down upon her in the midst of dressing for an early dinner appointment.

The appointment was a clandestine one with Berry. They were to meet and dine at a business-men's chophouse near Wall Street. Afterward, Berry was to join his mother-in-law for another dinner and a benefit performance of "The Port of Salute." And Jennifer was to dine with Hartley Slocum at the Ambassadeur Club and go on to that same performance. It was not the first time that their respective appetites, blunted by a six-o'clock clandestine meal, were later to be commented upon in the course of a second and more formal meal.

It was easier to eat when they met. Berry had discovered that it kept down Jennifer's late tendency to hysteria. Jennifer no longer made terms, but complied.

There had been only four such occasions. The death of Avery had been a crash into the apple cart. Why couldn't life jell neatly, the way it did in the copy books?

According to rhyme and reason, if there were such, this hit between the eyes should have jerked her to the sanity for which she had prayed those weeks at the camp. This should have made an end of that monstrosity of her state of mind and soul and heart toward Berry. She should have come through the fire of that ordeal of death cleansed.

And here she was dressing to meet Berry. Waiting to meet Berry, as she had been waiting since last they met.

"I can't not go," she said and began to cry weakly. "I'm too tired to go. I'm too sick to go and I can't not go."

Well, it would be worth the trip down to the Wall Street restaurant to see him in his new rôle of father. Comedy lay ahead. You didn't go sober over life just because of death—you certainly didn't go sober over death.

Avery had been in on the know, that was all, and had seen fit to pop off. Thank heaven, one Rarick had dared to be honest about the waste of time so solemnly called life. An Indian philosopher had said it! Time passes. We don't. Avery had turned into Time.

Fool nonsense called grief. One hurt, yes, like the devil. He had been such a regular kid to be onto life that way, secretly, down inside of him.

He had written her a letter some time before. It was soggy now with her tears.

Dear Jennif:

Come on up to college over next week-end and let's talk. I'm for cultivating more of that indoor sport among the Ranicks.

She had sent him, by telegraph, what she called one of their nuttyisms.

Darling, can't. I'm doppling with a darling doppus to a chic shindig on Saturday.

The darling doppus had been Berry and the chic shindig a furtive rendezvous with him at a roadhouse.

"Oh, darling," she cried, "how in on the know you looked in your beautiful coffin! Were you just afraid, Avery, or was it something too terrible and adolescent to understand—or, I wonder, Avery, were you just frightened and a quitter!

"I'm frightened," said Jennifer to herself. "You've knocked what few props I had left right out from under me, Avery. I don't want it all any more than you wanted it, only I don't know what to do about it. I haven't got the courage, or I've got too much, to do it your way.

"Which is it, darling? I don't want to get dressed. I don't want to go on. There's no place to go. All dressed up and no place to go, Avery. That's me.

"Why the devil did you, darling? It's a mess. Was it on account of the Rarick? But you did for him, Av. He isn't a bad party. He deserved a better break. So did you, darling. Darned little I did to see that you got it.

"Why did you do it, Av? You've been onto Jenny ever since you were born. We both know that her square is crooked, but it looks square to her. I'm for her, Av. So were you. Why did you do it?

"I know—I know—only I can't say it any more than I can describe the taste of tripe. Confound it, Avery, life's got a core to it somewhere. Look how many have nibbled through to it. The Rarick suspects the core, only he hasn't nibbled through. Gerkes has nibbled through, but on a cotton apple.

"The world you thumbed your nose at, and quit cold, is the Rarick world. There are better ones. That's why the copy books say riches can't buy happiness. That's why East Indians are happy.

"Darn it, I want to be happy, Avery, and be something decent to atone for the way life didn't come off for you. Darn it, I do," sobbed Jennifer.

A clock struck then, and Jennifer began climbing into what she would have called her dud. A lace frock, the beautiful color of coffee, well creamed. It weighed less than half a pound and cost three hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Berry kept her waiting twenty minutes, so that she sat alone in the business-men's restaurant, trying, behind her flaming discomfort, to look interested in the large menu proclaiming its specialties of grilled dishes. Fool to have come!

Berry at last was probably going to stand her up. He had begged her to leave off writing, not meaning it, of course. Perhaps his new dignity as father!

Strange how curious that made her to see him, although to visualize him, even vicariously, in that rôle was pain. Berry was the father of Leslie's child and here, the week after the birth, was Jennifer waiting for him in a restaurant.

Sickness of spirit smote her. She was on the point of pushing back her chair, when the revolving door spun Berry into the room.

He ordered abruptly, without consulting her. She liked that. There was a

great straight seam horizontally across Berry's brow.

"Well," he said, and rubbed it, "this hasn't been what you would call a nice get-away. Too many lies."

How matter-of-fact he was, and hot-looking. Business men looked that way after a hard day. It made him appear like a rumpled boy. That softened her.

"You might have spared me this waiting around beneath a grilled mutton chop, Berry."

"Good Lord, Jennifer," he said, and looked at her with actual incredulity in his big chiseled face, "do you realize that I had a kid born a few days ago? Nine pounds, all to the good."

There was nothing to say to that and so she stared at him, her palm against her beating throat.

"It's a dickens of a job, getting born, Jennifer."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it?"

They stared and stared across the catsup bottle and the mustard and the jar of chutney.

"Look here, Jennif, make allowances."

"For what?"

"Good Lord, for the birth of a man's son."

"Berry dear, I'm dense."

"I—I'm—I guess I'm confused, Jennif."

She wanted to feel, and she was not feeling, so she spoke words that she felt she would have spoken had she been feeling. "Dearest Berry, we've passed that milestone."

"Whew, yes."

"We've never exactly discussed what then—but doesn't it seem to you like release, Berry? Like a release for us, now that it's over?"

"Where do you get that, Jennif?"

"She'll be back in normal health now —Leslie."

"I see."

"There's no question of money. You've both so much."

"What the devil? I say, Jennifer, it *is* a dickens of a job, getting born."

"Well, as I seem to have remarked before, what do you expect me to do about it?"

They were staring again, across the chutney, staring and staring in incredulity at each other. Simultaneously, the impulse to laugh smote them. A side-twisting, strangulating gust of it shook Jennifer, not hysterical, but what Berry later designated as an eleven-dollar-orchestra-seat, below-the-belt laugh. He swept in on it.

Gasping, they regarded each other across the table through the thick lenses of laughter-induced tears.

"Oh, oh, oh!" gasped Jennifer.

"Good Lord," panted Berry, and kept wiping away his tears. "I've paid eleven dollars for an orchestra seat for a laugh that didn't come through like that. Whew! Now how do you think we got that way, Jennifer?"

"I don't know," she said, still laughing.

"Give you my word, Jennif, I think we were laughing at us."

"I hope so, Berry. It will help me to seem funny to me."

"About me?"

"I—I'm afraid all of a sudden you are funny to me, Berry—and that's fatal."

"To what?"

"Us."

"'Us' is a nice word, Jennifer, when applied to us."

"You don't mean that. You wish I'd let you be."

"Then what?"

"So you could settle down to being what you are at heart—a husband on one hand and a fast, rich, gay stockbroker on the other who thinks girls were made to pinch and wives were made to have nine-pound sons. A father whose son is a miracle, chiefly because he resembles his daddy."

"Pretty picture."

"I hate it more than you do."

"Hang it, Jennif, I'll say it even at the risk of bringing down that well-known scorn of yours—that kid getting born as mine gave me the kick of a lifetime."

"So it should, Berry."

"Dear girl——"

"Don't say that, Berry."

"Now what?"

"Because it's as if—as if I lifted the words off this table and put them on your lips."

"You should have been a writer of fantasies."

"I'm a liver of them."

"Nothing fantastic about this mutton chop," he said and slid a steel knife into the "specialty of the house."

"And I am expected to nibble chicken with Hartley Slocum at seven," she said.

"And me something or other with my mother-in-law. Jennifer, ever see a new kid?"

"Yes. They cause strong men to falter and bad girls to trek across the snow."

"Darn it, I like my kid; now what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm afraid, Berry, I'm going to be noble."

"Heaven forbid."

"I'm going to give you back to your wife and your che-ild."

"But I don't want to be guv."

"You do. Only this surreptitious thing on the side called flirting satisfies the bounder instinct in you. I satisfy your instinct for show girls. I'm one to you now."

"Gosh, you can say the low-down to a man, Jennifer."

"Funny, Berry, that I can say it to you so quietly. I'm all helped. Look, I can throw away my crutches. Note the way in which she carves her mutton chop and scoops up some potato. I'm afraid something has happened over this mutton chop, Berry. I'm out of love. I see you now in your true light. Perforce, villain, you're a family man at heart. You're a Babbitt in sheik's clothing. I'm *for* you, but not after you."

"If a man did the square thing by you and himself, he'd turn you over his knee and spank you for making a continual fool of him, going and coming."

"That's all that is needed to give this occasion the truly heroic ending it deserves. I'm renouncing you, Berry, not —denouncing."

"Why the devil?"

"Is your kid all beety and underdone? Do his fingers twine around yours? Does the sight of his crib warm the cockles of your heart? Why is it cockles are always warmed?"

"Darn it, yes!"

"Berry, I'm *for* your kid."

"I know you are. You're so darned for him that I suspect you of being noble."

"Maybe I am. But if that's true—it's such easy, incidental nobility. It's easy for me to want to play square by your youngster and your wife, Berry—chiefly because I've come to the conclusion that one good husband and father is worth more than a bounder."

"But Jennifer!"

"But Berry!"

"Darn it, Jennif, now that this has happened—maybe it is for the best."

"Maybe, nothing. Surely, you mean. Here, Berry, pay our check. You'll be late for mother-in-law."

"That's my business."

"No, Berry; thank heaven, now it's my business to see that you're not late for mother-in-law."

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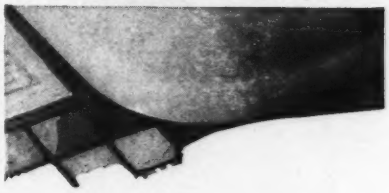

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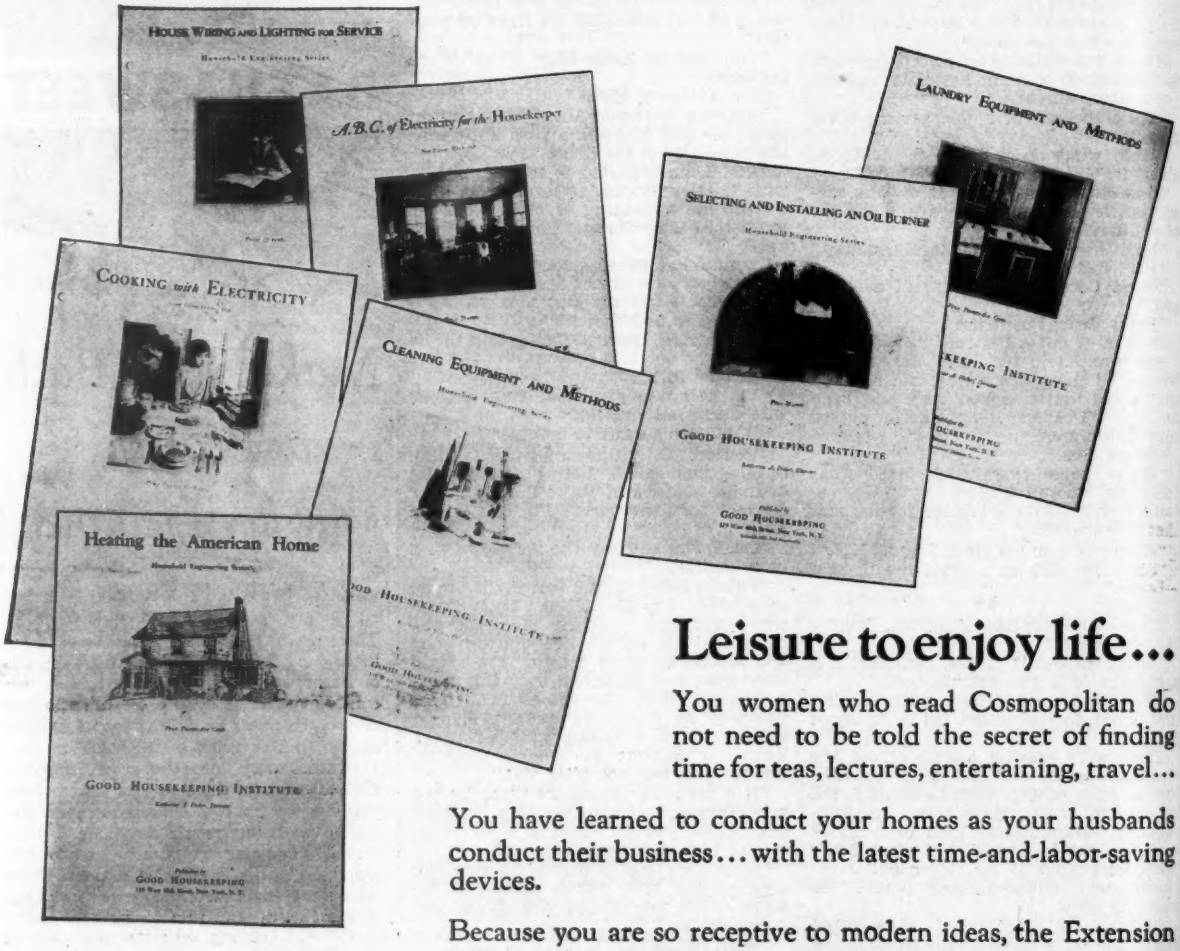
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Cos. 7-29

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They drove uptown in his car, their fingers interlaced after an old fashion between them, but in a silence that began to embarrass.

"I say, Jennifer," he said, "I say."

"Don't say, Berry," she said; "it would spoil the perfect thing that has happened between us. Wait until I've gone and then say Amen. Fini. Curtain."

She alighted, leaving him standing bareheaded as she ran up the hotel steps.

That was the night, after dinner and the benefit performance with Hartley Slocum, that Jennifer met for the first time the author of "Port of Salute"—a young man named Gratton Davies.

An idea began slowly, surely and roundly to form itself in Rarick's brain. With the characteristically slow metabolism of a mind that thinks its way cautiously to destination, even the consummation took place so gradually that up to a certain point it was scarcely perceptible to Rarick himself.

The idea, which, it seemed to Rarick now, must have been slowly congealing in his subconscious mind for years before a chance dissertation from Gerkes had jelled it, so to speak, had reached, these months since the death of Avery, a sudden consistency.

Day after day, in the maelstrom of his affairs; in conferences; in trips of coast-to-coast inspection, on tours through the raw scaffolding of the partially erected Rarick Building; night after night, in discussions with Gerkes, the idea was slowly swimming into pattern.

"The wealth which man draws from his fellow creatures, as clouds draw moisture from poisonous and sweet waters alike, must be made to descend again in productive rains, or what availeth it?"

Or what availeth it? Avery had answered that question while Rarick sat in his Gothic library pondering the responsibility of disposing of his wealth.

According to the charts of the companies that carried his enormous insurances, his span of life was well-nigh two-thirds spent. The time had come, it seemed to Rarick, to formulate into a legal document the groping convictions of years, which, aided and abetted by what he regarded as certain brilliant thinking of Gerkes, the death of his son had solidified in his mind.

Disposition of wealth. His millions must be made to accumulate something besides interest and objects. Bracelets and shields, just as he had read it storied of the Greeks, had bewildered his son out of life. Smothered him to death.

This much beyond a doubt: *The members of his family who survived him must be made safe from those millions.*

Wealth need not be in itself the arbitrary symbol of man's ability to exploit man. Capital, yes, might be interpreted as that which you in your strength continued to draw from the weak. Wealth, if you were worthy of it, was what you turned back to them, wisely minted.

The time had come when Rarick contemplated with obsession the turning of his capital into wealth, wisely minted, into the largest crusade of scientific research ever launched.

The wealth which man drew from his fellow creatures was not to descend in a crushing golden mantle upon such shoulders as Jenny's, to whom those fellow creatures by now had become so many millions of maggots eating away the impedimenta of life for her, that she might walk in glory.

It was thus out of the freighted solitudes of the long evenings of the long months following the death of Avery that Rarick began writing the document that was to be last will and testament. . .

The day the last steel beam was laid across the seventy-ninth story of the skeleton of the Rarick Building, Hellman arranged a ceremonial. A luncheon to take place under gay awnings on an improvised platform erected among the mortar and bricks of the parapet that surrounded the Gothic auditorium that topped what was to be the tallest building in the world.

It was a motion designed chiefly to catch the eye and headline of the press. Tables were set up exclusively for reporters and feature-writers at the most spectacular end of the platform, overlooking more span of bridge, rush of skyscraper, outlying Palisades and bird's-eye panorama than had yet been achieved from roof top.

There were about seventy guests. Mayor. Aldermen. Health commissioner. Lieutenant governor. Borough presidents. Superintendent of schools. Chief of police. An ex-mayor of St. Louis, an old personal friend of Rarick's. A half-dozen leading St. Louis citizens. Eight most important executives of the Rarick Chain, Inc. President of the Gray Department-store Chain, in which Rarick was reputed to hold large interests. Vice-president of Chicago Transit Company. Owner of the San Francisco Commercial Journal. Max Lindsey, internationally renowned corporation lawyer. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, yes, even a fire chief. District attorney. Ramond Lopez.

Wives had been invited. The publicity value of women present was incalculable. Editors would give photographs of a mixed assembly twice the space. Jenny had realized the indiscretion of asking Ramon and yet the explanation of his presence with her had seemed almost too trivial to require comment. She had motored down for the ceremony from Roslyn, and had picked up Ramon, who was week-ending with the Breckenridge Scoteses at Scotes Manor, where she had stopped for luncheon. She had given him a lift to town and brought him along to the ceremonies. Nice boy—so obliging.

Indeed, so trivial was the circumstance that when she explained it to Rarick, he scarcely heard, his attention focused instead on the arrival of guests as they stepped out of the improvised elevator.

Public ceremonial occasions were such painful and excoriating anathema to Rarick that his consistent failure to accept civic and honorary rôles could be traced to what amounted to an insurmountable disability to occupy a president's or chairman's position. Even board and directors' meetings at which he must preside, filled him with apprehension. Usually he evaded parliamentary procedure by calling conference in his office and seating the group about his desk, this colossal shyness also accounting for the almost total lack of social life in his scheme of things.

On those rare occasions when his appearance at formal functions was imperative it took more hours of steeling his will to make these appearances than even Hellman would ever realize.

It was rumored that Rarick paid Hellman, who was supposed to write his speeches, stage such necessary formalities as these and appear as his proxy wherever opportunity presented, the sum of twenty thousand dollars a year.

As a matter of fact, he paid him thirty.

This was one of the occasions when not even the machinations of Hellman could prevent the affair from falling mercilessly on the shoulders of Rarick, whose place of honor at the head of the T-shaped table, even before the guests were assembled, had become dreadful to him at the

Proof that You need Mum hangs in your own Closet

Most women have read about Mum, but often the woman who reads does not apply the message to herself. Yet no one is exempt from perspiration, and all perspiration has an odor.

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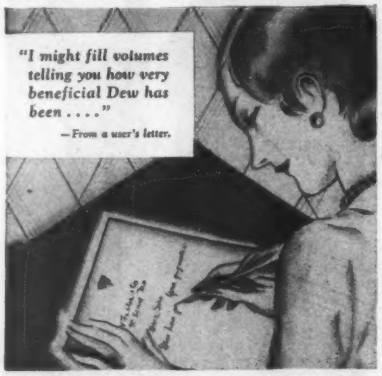

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sight of the small ivory gavel there.

The page of typewritten address of decorous phrases, mock humility and suave platitudes, lay folded in the pocket of his stiff-feeling cutaway; steep sills of language to be crossed by his faltering lips. Presently, at whispered word from Hellman, he would push back the fluted paper cup of untasted Nesselrode ice cream, rest his cigar on the edge of the saucer of his demi-tasse, clear his throat, strike his gavel and bow to the mayor.

"Your Honor the Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, friends—guests."

It was going to be blowy up on the roof. Gusts of wind snapped the bunting. The sheet of paper containing Rarick's speech would be sure to wave and rattle. Sometimes, in spite of having memorized, it became necessary for Rarick, because of the numb nervousness, to read his address.

Greeting his guests as they stepped out of the makeshift elevator, Rarick's tongue lay like chamois on his mouth. The great little magnate was heavy with dread.

The panorama from the highest roof in the world unrolled before his glazed eyes. Dime by dime, brick by brick, he had built his pinnacle. It was of steel and it seemed to him it swayed a little in the high wind.

The Rarick Auditorium tilted its Gothic-shaped eyebrows out over the vastest expanse upon which windows had ever gazed. It seemed to Rarick that too many forces were meeting here for his endurance to bear up under. The agony of the nervousness. Altitude. That insistent, that terrible sense of the swaying of steel. The harbor moving out to sea. The crawling, remote island below, the streets as negligible-looking as slots. The dipping heavens.

Congratulatory phrases and the shrill extravagances of the women cluttered up the high clean altitude.

Marvelous. Breath-taking. Oh. Oh. Oh. Dramatic! Stupendous! Incredible. Finest—biggest—highest—tallest—most terrific—most expensive—gigantic. Oh, oh! Look. See. What? Where? Finest—tallest—highest. So—American!

In all of the scene of animation on the half-completed roof, Rarick's was the one hesitant figure, requiring on the part of Hellman constant watching and steering, or inevitably he gravitated to a corner, there to stand unanimated, his twitching hands under his coat tails, and making inaudible replies to the women, meeting but never making overtures of conversation to the men.

As a host, Hellman confided to his wife, the old gentleman would make a first-rate funeral director.

Motion-picture cameras stood around on tripods. Cameras clicked. Groups leaned against parapets and were photographed. The wife of the mayor was snapped with the wife of Rarick. The entire group of seventy was photographed. Then twenty. Then ten. Finally Rarick and the mayor.

Luncheon itself was a cold and tasteless affair by the time it was relayed up the seventy-nine stories. The wind was a nagging one that became bothersome to the women.

There were souvenirs. Snowstorm paper weights of the Rarick Building enclosed in crystal.

At the salad course, Miss Jennifer Rarick, slender in black tailored things and white fox, apologetically late and becomingly breathless, arrived with a young man named Davies, for whom a chair had to be crammed in beside hers.

The occasion marched to the address by Rarick, who knew that this was to be one of the excessively nervous times he would be obliged to read his few remarks.

He did so after coffee, the decorous phrases dropping heavily onto the assemblage.

On occasions when Rarick made address, Jenny invariably rolled bread balls and kept her eyes down. Zigzags of disagreeable sensation ran up and down her spine. From his place beside her, Ramon's knee pressed hers sympathetically.

"Awful," she whispered. "He simply should not attempt it."

The voice of Rarick went over its rutted road:

"——share with you—proudest moment of my life—generous public—lifetime ambition—service of the people—humble servant—owe everything to generosity of those who have encouraged (applause)—temple of music dedicated to people (applause)—from the people back to the people—your generous cooperation—my humble efforts—fine spirit of cooperation in my organization (applause)—thanks due to officials—employees (applause)—I wish I had ability to express—dedicated to people—dedicated to people——"

"Awful. Awful. He said cooperation eleven times."

Ramon's knee so gently pressing hers! It made it easier to look up after the polite applause had died down.

Thank heaven, chairs were scraping back. Another horror over. Curious that the figure of Rarick could be so consistently a depressant. Never knew it to fail.

"You mustn't mind it, Jenny."

"I do mind terribly. Why does he attempt it? Oh, Jennifer, there you are. Wasn't it ghastly?"

"Not at all, Mother. Father is my idea of a bat in the pulpit, or is it belfry? I love the bat, if only I didn't have such a horror of getting him caught in my hair. Gratton, you're supposed to be a word prestidigitator. Pull me a phrase out of the blue that can do justice to that view down there."

They leaned over the parapet, young and exultant, stricken with the wonder of what they were, even more with the wonder of what they beheld.

"It's the book of life written on a postage stamp," he said.

"Putrid! I can do better than that. It's the story of the circulation of the blood being told by those crawling caterpillars down there."

"Zero. It's Lucifer being hurled, and splitting, as he strikes bottom, into land and water, skyscrapers and taxicabs."

Elegant but dumb.

With the wind in their faces, it was difficult to indulge in any but a breathless sort of discourse and yet they did discourse, these two, smartly at first, high-keyed each to the other's presence.

"The roof of the world isn't so cozy as the low thatched ones of Devonshire and English poetry."

"After spending a summer in a picturesque, damp and gloomy thatched cottage in Sussex, I am convinced that love in a cottage may lead to lumbago."

"Love! Must all conversational roads lead to love?"

"Pretty many, I suppose, between the delightfully unattached like ourselves. Daring to assume that you are as unattached as I yearn to believe."

"Your way, I suppose, of asking how, or if, I have recovered from my last devastating love affair?"

"Many a true word——"

"Many and many a true word," she said, fastening her hard, hurt eyes upon him. "Well, to whom it may concern, the dead past has buried its Berry. I'm so unattached it hurts! I think I'm in love now with the idea of being in love with you, Gratton."

"I wish you could manage to get all the way through to being in love with me, Jennifer. I need to be rich. I've a low kind of Indiana background that I don't seem able to live down. I can't feel the swank in evading my creditors. An unpaid dry-cleaner's bill will insist upon keeping me too worried to tackle a second act."

"An admirable but low instinct, my lad, not acknowledged in circles of the highest creative impulse."

"I know it! But hang it all, my highest creative impulse, whatever that means, gets all obscured by fear that the dry cleaner's thirteenth child may be dying of rickets, for need of pure, fresh milk. The dry cleaner probably can buy and sell me ten times over, but that doesn't seem to lessen my obligation."

"Go on."

"Where?"

"Not being all the wise-crack things we seem to pretend to be whenever we are together."

"It's you who set that pace, Jennifer."

"I need the wise-crack, to divert the eye of the beholder from seeing through my poor little mental tricks. You don't."

"Jennifer, are you being humble?"

"I want to be."

"That's terrible. It somehow—hurts. I prefer you naughty."

"I think you do."

"I think I don't—really."

"Gratton, guess why my face aches."

"Too loaded with the seductiveness of youth and beauty."

"Don't rag. I am being profound and introspective. Altitude does that to me. My face aches, Gratton, from pretending to look like what it isn't."

"Perhaps it is your heart that aches, Jennifer."

Their bright young eyes poured against each other and she did something that was adorable to him. She placed her hand against the heart in question, and her lips came lightly apart like a small thirsty bird's.

"That's it! The ache is down there and my face hurts from pretending that it isn't."

"It's too dear a face to ache."

"Meaning expensive?"

"Not kind, Jennifer."

"If I were to start in allowing myself to be kind to you, Gratton, I might not know where to stop."

"Wonderful of you to say that."

"Wonderful to be able to say that."

"It's nice, our being this way," he said on a blurt of words.

"Yes. It rests the face."

"What on earth do you mean, Jennifer?"

"Being this way. Just simple. To the dickens with persiflage."

"I hope it isn't all due to altitude that you're so nice today. Perhaps attitude has a bit to do with it?"

She grasped his arm. "Look down there, Gratton! See that steamer, looks like a fruit boat, nosing into slip alongside her pier."

"Yes! Two red funnels."

"Right. I want a port, Gratton. I too want to slip alongside a pier. That's what Father always says about you. You've destination."

"What kind of port do you want, Jennifer?"

"A snug-harbor into which I can bring useful wares—such as they are."

"Yours would be first-rate."

"Are you thinking, or saying, that?"

"Both."

"Aren't I grotesque to you, Gratton, up here on this peak of dimes? Don't I appall you?"

"In a way, yes."

"Look at Father over there. Bewildered, frustrated, with dimes. Sometimes he seems to me like a little man whose eyes have turned to dimes and whose spirit cannot shine through them. Dimes have flowed over his life, making of it a metal prairie. My mother stands in the middle of such a prairie. I do. My brother lies buried in it.

"This building is a monument of dimes to the futility of dimes—and in a way a monument to the curious, groping genius of my father. I am part of his great frustration—Gratton—never for a moment doubt that I know that."

"There are times when I come perilously near liking you perilously, Jennifer."

"Like me enough to understand me, Gratton."

"Then you understand him," he said, and nodded toward Rarick, who seemed perpetually to be hovering on the edge of groups to which he did not quite belong.

"I try," she said, on a small click of teeth. "I try. Believe that."

"Curious, how simple he seems to me. A man who is too stern an idealist to compromise. A man who asked for bread and got a gold nugget."

"A gold brick, if you mean me."

"I don't."

"I'm crazy to help him. I'm crazy to—love him."

"I should think his pathos would help you to that; the pathos of his terrible, heartbreaking grandeur."

"It does."

"Jennifer, you are sweeter today than I have ever known you. Please don't ever again let your face ache from looking like what it isn't."

"Yes; but what about my heart?"

"It's a dear heart. In the right place."

"Gratton, if I prove that to Father, some day, when I do things for him that he won't believe I had it in me to do, will I be proving it to you at the same time?"

"If you haven't already."

"I need more money than anybody in the world, Gratton. The chances are that I'm apt always to have money. I wouldn't ever want not to have money, and yet I suppose that the only real chance I'd ever have to show what I think I'm made of, would be to wake up some morning broke—heaven forbid!"

"I'm beginning to suspect you of being made of what you think you are."

"Don't make this strong man weep, Gratt. She might proceed to tell you how ghastly lonesome and misunderstood she is. Than which——"

"Don't take advantage of my youthful susceptibility. I am on the verge of thinking you more of a person than is good for my peace of mind."

"And so, snapping out of the mood of better-self which had crossed her fair and petulant face, the fêted and ill-fated heiress to the Rarick millions hurled her champagne tumbler from her hand and—ate the glass."

"Idjut!"

He stooped to pick up her glove which had fallen at her feet. "Give me your hand," he said. "I'll draw this on for you."

"Are you suing for my hand?"

"No."

"Well, then, keep my gauntlet until you are ready to come suing."

"Idjut," he said again.

This was the conversation between those two as they stood at the parapet overlooking the world, high wind in their faces, and their words jerked off their lips and swallowed up by gusts. Once or twice, Rarick hovered. The very atmosphere about them was built up of particles that kept him gingerly on edge.

Their sureness and brightness and youngness oppressed him with a sense of

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his own unsureness. He felt ill at ease, just as much so, in a different way, as he did when he bobbed about helplessly among the dancing young men that Jenny dangled around with her.

This Davies, now, was another matter. This fellow had a sure, uncompromising look to him. He knew what races were worth entering—for him. He knew his track—he knew his goal.

Even as Davies stood there, keyed by the slim Jennifer beside him to his facetious worst, Rarick was ready to like him. He had written that message: "I think I understand the thing you did not get said to Avery."

"Well, young man," said Rarick, greeting him a little later, "how is the enterprise coming along?"

"Not for the moment so surely as this one of yours, sir. This building has been headed for its roof ever since you laid the corner stone. We are not certain yet where we are heading."

"We've just come from a reading rehearsal of one of Gratton's plays, Father. Talk about not seeing the woods for the trees. We couldn't hear the lines for the adenoids."

"That remark, I shall explain to your daughter when I have her alone, Mr. Rarick, was both unæsthetic and untrue. The fact is, the cast at the moment doesn't measure up."

"Gratton's polite way of saying, Father, that the first thing the committee did after feeling money in its pocket was to go out and buy the most expensive Broadway casting director they could find, thus launching the experimental idea safely and smugly toward the commercial theater from which it was so passionately revolting when you came across. You should have endowed Gratton, Father. Not a half-baked idea."

"Jennifer!"

"Modesty ill becomes you, my young man. You may leave something to be desired as a playwright, but you are as bona fide an idealist as ever let himself in for a bumping. But anyway, I'm for Gratton's play, Father. Louder and funnier; more situations and less psychology, is all anyone could have asked of the first rehearsal. Also a new and not quite so comic hat for the leading lady."

"I'd like to come around sometime, Mr. Rarick, and talk to you about this baby of yours. That is what it is, in a way—your money made it possible."

"Are you speaking of me, sir? Father, I think the young man is about to sue for my hand."

"Jennifer, idiot, if your comedy cannot be funnier, let it at least be deferred. I've a notion you'll be interested in seeing first-hand, sir, what we are doing with your money. Jennifer isn't entirely correct in what she says, but it does seem that with money in our cash-box the committee is about to commit the understandable error of becoming pretentious. I'm for adhering to our pre-affluent repertoire. Would like to talk over our production end with you, sir."

A broad slow smile moved across the sallow features of Rarick. "My hours, young man, for conferring advice for the furtherance of our native and esoteric drama are for the present overcrowded, but if you will consult with Mr. Hellman, he will arrange an appointment."

"Darling," said Jennifer as they turned away, "I wish to commemorate this occasion by sliding down seventy-nine stories and rushing to the first corner orangeadery for an ade—or a gin fizz. You may not realize it, but you succeeded in eliciting a smile and a witticism from my father."

"I'm for him."

"I'm of him."

"That makes me vicariously for you."

"Viciously, did you say?"

And so on and so on and so on, as stepping into the elevator they began descent through the stories of steel that were rising to the tunes of the jingling of the dimes.

By unexplainable oversight that, offhand, would seem almost impossible, Rarick, what with Hellman rushing off with the newspaper men and the guests paying their departing platitudes, was left on the roof alone after the elevator man had made his last descent and apparently gone from the building. There were no bells. It meant a walk down thousands of stairs that were little more than ladders. For an hour now, the wind had been stiffening. Meanwhile Rarick waited, hoping for a return of some of the waiters to clear away the few remaining chairs or for a watchman on his rounds.

It was not unpleasant up there on the rim of his skyscraper, except that with the rising wind he could have wished for a warmer coat. Clouds scurried low and the heavens seemed to scamper. Vessels with slanting funnels were riding out on their first lap eastward. There were a few coming in. You could tell by the direction of the slant of the funnels.

With the instinct of man to ponder from high places, Rarick, looking out, looking down, stood with his elbows on a parapet and his cheeks crushed between his palms. The leaping bridges rushing to jerk land to land. Ships that not improbably were majestically putting to sea or making harbor on some such petty mission as dolls with peach-skin faces or pressed-tin ash trays. Belching funnels of fruit steamers that were packed with enormous cargo of green-skinned bananas to sell by the puny penny piece off East Side pushcarts.

Vertically below, the winding of the crisscross streets, slots into which to drop your dime; the winding play of elevated railroad; the animated dartings of the specks of little humans rushing about with hearts buttoned up underneath their coats. The moving clouds, the moving streets, the moving waters, the ever-moving specks of heartbeat. The little Rarick elevated on his parapet of the nickels and the dimes. The little Rarick —contemplating.

What Rarick was actually contemplating at the moment, as he stood there in the midst of space, his last guest gone, Jenny with her narrow youth, Jennifer with her heckled and heckling companion, was that here he was with miles to walk down, and no place in particular to go after he had walked them.

One of those hiatuses which, because they occur so seldom in the map of a busy man's affairs, flabbergast.

Well, here goes!

It was almost dusk when he reached the street, mortar streaks along his coat and the dizzying descent and the Saturday-afternoon bedlam of shoppers, ferryboat commuters, trucksters, newsboys, clerks, stenographers, brokers, causing the scene to seem to sway by the time he reached sidewalk level.

Women with oilcloth bags, that had been stocked at a Rarick Five and Ten, across the way, jostled him.

There was a small triangle of park opposite set out sparsely with two dusty maple trees, two scrofulous benches, a refuse can and an inset of gray grass. There was a vacant place on one of the benches between a bulging woman with one of the oilcloth shopping bags and a sandwich man who had unhooked his boards and had sat down to rest from them.

The red front of the Five and Ten was

ground into the pallid scene. Its windows glittered. There was a handkerchief display this week, of pink and blue and striped cotton squares. Cotton handkerchiefs for the customers with the cotton-looking faces who poured in and out. They brought their ten-cent pieces to this fount of abominable things with an acquiescence that had pathos in it. Kitchen ware, celluloid fine combs, underarm shields, glass jewelry were the mission of these men and women who, from the heights a few moments before, seen as specks, had seemed sublime. Ten-cent trailers after ten-cent things!

He watched them come. He watched them go. The woman on the bench beside him began to open a package and count hairpins. Rarick pins. Children emerged from the red front opposite, jamming Rarick lollipops along tongues. Women lugged Rarick mops and Rarick clothes hangers. Men came out with Rarick collars and Rarick ten-cent socks tucked into their coat pockets and more Rarick lollipops for more babies.

The feet that turned in at the fount of Rarick were for the most part tired, crooked feet. The splayed feet of women who have borne too many children under too many handicaps. The side-tilting feet of men who are on them too many hours a day. The pitiful feet of girls in short vamps and tall heels. Tawdry feet filled with a mysterious eagerness.

After contemplating them for a time, Rarick finally dived down into the subway and home, to write throughout the evening at the document that was slowly becoming his will.

The third day that Jenny's meals had consistently disagreed, she rather angrily decided to see a specialist.

Deep down within herself, she sensed the trouble. As a child, she had been subject to fits of nervous indigestion following punishment or spells of rage. She had subsequently outgrown all this and, for the years since, had enjoyed the singular hardihood that is so often the lot of the wiry nervous temperament.

Jenny could and did truthfully boast that she never had spent a day in bed. Small ailments such as the sciatic twinge that had come of late, yes. But, in the main, she was entitled to regard herself as a creature well thewed.

The old nervous unease asserting itself in this physical fashion was, as Jenny frenziedly diagnosed it to herself, due to a sense of panic that went to the roots of her being. It smote her with terror, with a sense of aloneness such as nothing in her experience had prepared her to meet.

Ramon was growing tired. The symptoms were in him. The guarded manner. The wary voice. The roving eye. Slowly, surely, unrelentingly, the realization was closing in on Jenny.

His telephone no longer responded to her call, when too well she knew he was lying within reach of it. The old punctiliousness about appointments was a thing of the past. Almost invariably now it was a matter of waiting for him.

His tendency to be irritable was growing. He disliked the pink Chinese polish of her finger nails; hated the manner in which she shrouded her throat in furs and tulles, and told her so.

"It makes you look so blamed manufacturedly exotic."

"But Ramon, you once told me that Duse and Bernhardt——"

"Never mind what I once told you. This is now."

"Why, Ramon," she gasped, tears spurting. "Why—Ramon!"

He had leaned over the table of the tea room to pat her hand as you would the hand of someone who innocently irritates you beyond endurance.

"Never mind, dear."

Never mind! Jenny was minding to such a degree that the blood kept whirring in her veins and flooding her with flushes. The boy was tiring, no doubt of that. More frequent exchange of handclasps that left notes of larger and larger denomination in his palm did not seem to matter, except for the moment.

The pallor of terror was in Jenny's face these days.

What was Ramon wanting? The apartment? The retreat to which he used to refer? Her discretion continued to shrink from that. The present suited her so well. Careful. Satisfying. Cautious. Having your cake and, as Ramon repeatedly added these days, eating it too. But curiously, even that mooted subject was laid now. Ramon no longer talked in terms of their rendezvous.

Was Ramon's eye straying? The younger girls, including Jennifer, interested him strangely little. Significantly little, the men would have put it. He had appeared at the opera in Mrs. Emanie Bursilap's box of late. But that was unthinkable. Emanie Bursilap was a great-grandmother and sixty-eight if a day. Rich beyond the count, it is true, but rather horrible. A naughty old gray bat of a woman, jealous of her own daughters.

Had the time come when Jenny must face her issues? What issues? It was unthinkable that this outward scheme of things, this scheme of having her cake and eating it too, could ever be any different until—until what? Until something happened! Well, things did happen. Death changed the maps of families. Women had been left widows before—free! O God, forgive me for that thought.

Ramon must be placated. As yet there never had been a time when Jenny, in Ramon's behalf, had drawn against her account for noticeable sums. But in a pinch that could be managed.

When one was desperate—and yet somehow, terribly, relentlessly, Ramon did not seem to want to be placated. What did one, who felt the universe slipping, do to reclaim it?

It was then that digestion seemed to go back on her and Jenny decided to visit the specialist. Secretly, Ramon's antipathy for illness was something reprehensible, of course, but at the same time adorable and fascinating and fastidious in him. Illness to the young blade Ramon was decay, antithetical to his sleek beauty. No wonder that he shrank from the ill! Illness was something from which you protected Ramon.

As a matter of fact, be it said for Jenny, illness, hers, was something from which she protected those about her.

It was an acutely wretched week of physical distress, about which neither Jennifer nor Rarick had an inkling, that preceded this visit to the specialist. Not even the maid in the Breton cap, who had served Jenny well and long, knew to what extent she had been in torment.

The physician to whom she finally presented herself directed her, after discovering that the seat of her difficulties lay in an anatomical area removed from the region on which his skill focused, to an eminent man who, after an examination, awaited Jenny in his office, while she climbed back into her clothes in the examination room.

A trying moment, this interval between physical examination and doctor's verdict, and one that added to Jenny's state of general nervousness.

It was not that she feared. If there

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were anything serious the matter with her—well, that was life—and death. If there was something only superficially wrong—dear Ramon.

The verdict was neither so good as she had hoped nor so bad as she had feared.

Some digestive complication. His manner was casual and reassuring. Thank heaven for that. Life was good. But the best method of diagnosis and determination would mean a short period of observation at a hospital. A little troublesome but nothing to worry about. X Ray. Fluoroscope. Test meals.

A chill rattled itself against Jenny. Hospital!

"Nothing to be alarmed about. Merely a checking-up process."

"Yes, yes, of course."

Then and there the matter was arranged by telephone.

"I have no intention of confining you to the hospital, Mrs. Rarick," the doctor told her. "You may leave every afternoon after we have tinkered at you for a few hours, but you must have all your meals at the hospital and return at six o'clock for your dinner and early bed."

Perhaps, then, Ramon need never know! There could be nothing seriously amiss with one who was allowed such leniency. Come to think about it, Bettina Slocum had been obliged to undergo such observation only last month, only to discover that her trouble had been due to tooth infection.

Ramon need not know. She could disappear under pretext of week-end. Nuisance having to tell Jennifer and Rarick. And—oh dear! Friday was the Gluxom dinner and Saturday the automobile contest at the Garden, a society competitive gala for the most beautiful car. Jenny's new special-body car had just arrived from Italy. Oh dear!

What a disgusting nuisance! They rode you down formidable smelling corridors on something that resembled the hand trucks on which porters rumble trunks at railroad stations. They stretched you on a table and covered you with metal plates and took pictures of your liver or whatever it was on the side where the sciatic pain made you feel like a persimmon. They punctured your perfectly good arm and drew thimblefuls of blood that felt like bucketfuls. They counted your pulse and they counted your blood and they took your metabolism, whatever that was. Internes, such unhandsome ones, laid dingy ears to your heart.

So Jenny took the overhauling, for the most part in good nature, rushing back to the hospital apologetically late and creating in her wake a confusion that was as outwardly annoying as it was secretly impressive to the nurses.

The rich Mrs. Rarick was a patient not soon to be forgotten even in a hospital designed to meet the needs of the rich. Jenny lay in her narrow bed that was fluffed up as if it were a shell to hold the pearl of her magnificence. The slim ridge of Mrs. Rarick was least of all in that bed. Silks, laces, scents made it riotous. Jenny, packed in splendor.

Rarick sat stiffly in the room the evenings he came to visit her. Strangely, his comings created almost as much stir as had the arrival of a motion-picture star two weeks before. Nurses and internes remained on duty past hours to catch glimpses of him as he arrived and departed. But for the most part, except for Jennifer, who darted in and out, and the maid in the Breton cap, who occupied a room adjoining, secrecy prevailed.

At the end of the three days, Jenny, her maid, her pillows, her special bedding, her bottles of scents, her special breakfast china, her frilled bed jackets, her character dolls, departed for home.

Three days after that the reports on her tests were completed.

Something that had not happened to Rarick in years occurred one morning. At least it had not happened to him since his clerkship days in Schwebbe's Hardware Store. A peremptory command in the form of a hand-delivered message lay on his desk. Hellman had laid it face up on the top of his sorted mail.

> It is imperative that you come to my office alone at four o'clock this afternoon. Regard this as confidential.
>
> John Noon

Noon was the man under whose care Jenny had been during this recent disturbance. An illustrious figure in medicine.

Could this little upset of Jenny's have a graver significance than he, Rarick, had realized? She had made so light of it. His trips to the hospital had impressed him chiefly for the air of festivity in the sick room. Jenny lying in her frills and going through what she called rigmarole. Even Doctor Noon, whom Rarick had encountered there on one of those occasions, had held her pulse lightly and joked at her joking.

Women got out of gear like that. Not Jenny, it is true, but the expensive hospitals fairly yawned for the run of them.

There was something about this wiry woman Jenny that had seemed to him, immediately after his marriage to her, to be highly cutaneous, as if she were encased in an armor of brittle but resistant skin. Pain did not get at her. Her hands had the cool, polished feel of having been dipped in tallow. It struck Rarick that he had never seen her blood. If she had ever pricked her finger, it had not yielded a drop.

That was why, without his being able to analyze it concretely, the idea of Jenny in any kind of physical predicament was difficult to conjure. She was part of a surface, just as she had lain lightly on the ridiculous ruffled bed in the hospital, making no physical dent.

It again smote Rarick, funnily, that in her place beside him, Jenny never left a dent. Or warmth. Her side of the bed, when she rose from it, was as cool and untouched-looking as if human form had not rested there. And now this, from her doctor, suggesting that, after all, Jenny might be more than just a corporeal surface.

He did what was rather unusual for him. He thought up a pretext for telephoning Jenny. She was not at home. Her secretary, the pale Miss Dang, offered to try to locate her at one of three places: André Trianon's for a facial and wave, the Children's Charity Show, in the Leslie van Blarcoms' ballroom, or the Oval Room at the Ritz.

"No, never mind."

There was something reassuringly normal about Jenny immersed in her usual kind of morning, which was crammed to capacity with the piffle of such minutiæ as facial, marionettes, Oval Room.

Probably it was on the score of just this frenzied futility that her doctor wanted to see him. A woman as high-strung and curiously nervous as Jenny might go on indefinitely and then snap. At least that was what you heard was constantly happening to women in society, and perhaps more especially to those so frantically on the rim of it. Well, you could not expect even so astute a man as this Noon appeared to be, to understand. No need to acquaint him with

unnecessary facts, of course, but precious little Rarick could do about it. Jenny wanted—well, Jenny wanted what she wanted.

Nevertheless, at four o'clock, Rarick stepped out of his car and into the tall narrow building that contained the four stories of offices, laboratories, consultation and observation rooms of Doctor Noon.

His summons into an inner office came almost immediately. It struck Rarick with surprise that he was trembling. Here was a firm that dealt in human destinies. He was doing business with it. What if Jenny had a deep-seated illness of the blood and bone? All this was nonsense about her corporeal specialness. What if Jenny . . .

Doctor Noon sat at a desk as uncluttered as Rarick's. There were two sheets of white paper spread on it.

Jenny's destiny, thought Rarick as he seated himself.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Rarick, before communicating with your wife. In cases like this it seems best."

So then, Jenny did not know . . . "In cases like this." The great man was meeting just another case. Jenny's, perhaps a little special by virtue of the impact of the name of Rarick, but to a man like Noon, who ministered to the powerful ones of the earth, not sufficiently differentiated to remove it from the category of "cases like this."

"Yes."

"Mrs. Rarick's tests are in. I am going to explain our findings to you. You are not, I take it, the man to want beating around the bush."

"No."

"There is a possibility that Mrs. Rarick's trouble may be a major one. I say possibility advisedly, because an operation may reveal it to be an unmalignant complaint that will respond to surgery. Miss Bart, bring in Mrs. Rarick's X-ray plates."

What a devilish formula for saying everything there was to be said, without saying anything. Surgery. Malignant. Operation. Major. So! This was the whither of all the frenzied, struggling, ambitious years of Jenny Avery whose eyes, away back there in the St. Louis beginnings, had turned with his toward the dream of the Pyrenees. This was the whither! That he might sit in a doctor's office, twenty-five years later, without ever having walked those Pyrenees with her, and listen to what sounded cryptically like her doom.

Jenny, who had seemed so frenziedly to be going somewhere through all the years, must at last pause and heed . . .

"Here are our findings, Mr. Rarick. See this negative." There was a wall frame ready to receive it with an electric bulb behind, that made transparent the story of the flesh of Jenny, told in bits of waving lines and clumps of shadow. So, there was the bit that was Jenny—on glass—in light—in shadow.

"Those heavy spots in there, Mr. Rarick, are what concern us. The X ray cannot reveal their depth. But these shadows indicate—er—a—an obstruction—alimentary canal—may merely be ulcerous—if inoperable—close up wound—but better to explore. Imperative that the attempt at surgery be made."

Heaven knew that was plain enough. All this elaborate preamble boiled itself down to the fact that Jenny must go under the knife. Either her complaint was operable or not. The exploratory knife would tell and if operable—well, then, science, skill, destiny—Jenny was sitting in the lap of the gods . . .

"The exploratory knife will tell?"

"You have about summed it up, Mr. Rarick. It is not improbable that Mrs. Rarick's complaint may prove to be of a nature that will respond to surgery."

"Of course."

"I am sorry to have been obliged to call you here on such a mission, Mr. Rarick. There is, of course, reason to feel concern. On the other hand, there is reason to feel optimism. Strong constitution, excellent health history—hope."

"Of course. Of course."

"In case you feel the need of more opinions—stand ready to call in consultants—but nothing puzzling in the situation. No emergency, but advise immediate operation—every day may count."

"Of course. Of course. Of course."

"I—shall discreetly advise your wife. Do not acquaint any other members of your family. Keep atmosphere free of anxiety. Spare her any undue nervous shock. I will be the one to advise her. Make all arrangements within week. Extremely glad to have met you, Mr. Rarick—long been an admirer. Rarick Building fitting monument. Miss Scow will show you to the elevator. Good afternoon, Mr. Rarick."

Late sunlight lay on the stoop of the house as he left it.

"Where, sir?" said his chauffeur when he had stood at attention for several minutes after Rarick had seated himself in the car.

"Where? Just drive."

With startling suddenness Jenny's affair with young Ramond Lopez reaches a climax, and death comes again to the Rarick home, in Fannie Hurst's Novel of Wealth—Next Month

A Boy Who Became President (*Cont. from page 35*)

we both came home very wet. Usually there was a picnic celebration on that day.

Thanksgiving was a feast day for family reunions at the home of the grandparents. Christmas was a sacrament observed with the exchange of gifts, when the stockings were hung, and the spruce tree was lighted in the symbol of Christian faith and love.

While there was plenty of hard work, there was no lack of pleasurable diversion.

When the work was done for the day, it was customary to drop into the store to get the evening mail and exchange views on topics of interest. A few times I saw there Attorney General John G. Sargent with his father, who was a much respected man.

A number of those who came had followed Sheridan, been with Meade at Gettysburg, and served under Grant, but they seldom volunteered any information about it. They were not talkative and took their military service in a matter of fact way, not as anything to brag about but merely as something they did because it ought to be done.

They drew no class distinctions except towards those who assumed superior airs. Those they held in contempt. They held strongly to the doctrine of equality. Whenever the hired man or the hired girl wanted to go anywhere they were always understood to be entitled to my place in the wagon, in which case I remained at home. This gave me a very early training in democratic ideas and impressed upon me very forcibly the

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dignity and power, if not the superiority, of labor.

It was all a fine atmosphere in which to raise a boy. As I look back on it I constantly think how clean it was. There was little about it that was artificial. It was all close to nature and in accordance with the ways of nature. The streams ran clear. The roads, the woods, the fields, the people—all were clean. Even when I try to divest it of the halo which I know always surrounds the past, I am unable to create any other impression than that it was fresh and clean.

We had some books, but not many. Mother liked poetry and read some novels. Father had no taste for books, but always took and read a daily paper. My grandfather Moor read books and papers, so that he was a well informed man.

My grandmother Coolidge liked books and besides a daily Chapter in the Bible read aloud to me "The Rangers or The Tory's Daughter" and "The Green Mountain Boys", which were both stories of the early settlers of Vermont during the Revolutionary period. She also had two volumes entitled "Washington and His Generals", and other biographies which I read myself at an early age with a great deal of interest.

At home there were numerous law books. In this way I grew up with a working knowledge of the foundations of my State and Nation and a taste for history. My education began with a set of blocks which had on them the Roman numerals and the letters of the alphabet. It is not yet finished. As I played with them and asked my mother what they were I came to know them all when I was three years old. I started to school when I was five.

The little stone schoolhouse which had unpainted benches and desks wide enough to seat two was attended by about 25 scholars. Few, if any, of my teachers reached the standard now required by all public schools. They qualified by examination before the town superintendent. I first took this examination and passed it at the age of 13 and my sister Abbie passed it and taught a term of school in a neighboring town when she was 12 years old.

My teachers were young women from neighboring communities, except sometimes when a man was employed for the winter term. They were all intelligent, of good character, and interested in their work. I do not feel that the quality of their instruction was in any way inferior. The common school subjects were taught, with grammar and United States history, so that when I was 13 I had mastered them all and went away to Black River Academy, at Ludlow.

That was one of the greatest events of my life. The packing and preparation for it required more time and attention than collecting my belongings in preparation for leaving the White House. I counted the hours until it was time to go.

My whole outfit went easily into two small handbags, which lay on the straw in the back of the traverse sleigh beside the fatted calf that was starting to market. The winter snow lay on the ground. The weather was well below freezing. But in my eagerness these counted for nothing.

I was going where I would be mostly my own master. I was casting off what I thought was the drudgery of farm life, symbolized by the cowhide boots and every-day clothing which I was leaving behind, not realizing what a relief it would be to return to them in future years. I had on my best clothes and wore shoes with rubbers, because the village had sidewalks.

I did not know that there were mental and moral atmospheres more monotonous and more contaminating than anything in the physical atmosphere of country life. No one could have made me believe that I should never be so innocent or so happy again.

As we rounded the brow of the hill the first rays of the morning sun streamed over our backs and lighted up the glistening snow ahead. I was perfectly certain that I was traveling out of the darkness into the light.

We have much speculation over whether the city or the country is the better place to bring up boys. I am prejudiced in behalf of the country, but I should have to admit that much depends on the parents and the surrounding neighborhood. We felt the cold in winter and had many inconveniences, but we did not mind them because we supposed they were the inevitable burdens of existence.

It would be hard to imagine better surroundings for the development of a boy than those which I had. While a wider breadth of training and knowledge could have been presented to me, there was a daily contact with many new ideas, and the mind was given sufficient opportunity thoroughly to digest all that came to it.

Country life does not always have breadth, but it has depth. It is neither artificial nor superficial, but is kept close to the realities.

While I can think of many pleasures we did not have, and many niceties of culture with which we were unfamiliar, yet if I had the power to order my life anew I would not dare to change that period of it. If it did not afford me the best that there was, it abundantly provided the best that there was for me.

NEXT MONTH: Mr. COOLIDGE tells of life in Black River Academy (including the story of a mule which was found in a classroom); how he learned the value of money; the coming of his stepmother; and of how he felt when he first saw a President of the United States

I Want to be Happy *(Continued from page 80)*

which religion brings to timid souls sickened with an imperfect life. You have nothing to look forward to after death—no heaven and no hell—no reward for your suffering and no punishment for your foes. The faith that simpler men and women have in a final setting-right of all the world's wrongs is to you but one lie, one comedy, one tragedy more; to the very end people will be deceived, life will pull their noses till they are dead. But you will die without metaphysics, like an honest animal; you expect nothing and will not be disappointed if you never wake, if no trumpet of the Last Judgment ever summons you to Paradise.

Perhaps this poverty of fancy leaves you a little somber in your moments of meditation; some echoes of the ancient hope sound dimly in your heart, and the world seems less beautiful since God is dead. But you will have no nonsense.

Man, as you see him, is a mortal machine, a middling mechanism of hydraulic pressures, chemical syntheses

ionizations, calories, reflexes, tendons, ligatures and bones; his destiny is from hour to hour to ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour to rot and rot, and provide food for worms. The worms will feed fowl, the fowl will feed men, and the men will feed worms again. All life feeds on other life, all existence on this helpless planet is struggle, conquest and killing; only one thing is as certain as the night, and that is that everything must be eaten in the end.

Death is the lord of all: youth dies, love dies, friendship dies, man dies, nations die, civilizations die, species die, the earth and the sun will die. All is vanity and chasing after the wind; life, as your philosophy sees it, is an idiot's tale, full of pain and grief, ultimately signifying nothing.

I have tried to be honest with you, to paint the causes of your gloom as darkly as any Timon could. But I have left out one cause which is more fundamental than all the rest and provides the hinge on which your mood may turn. I have not yet revealed your secret: that you look morosely upon life because in your flesh and blood there is something physiologically wrong. Don't flare up; disrobe, and let the doctor thump you here and there, and mark down his frowns.

Tell me, do you think that you would be a pessimist, even as the world goes, if you were physically sound—if your blood were rich and clean, your brain alert, without stimulant, your senses keen and your muscles strong, your stomach at ease—and your colon flushed? Tell me, would all these considerations of dying drama and decadent art, of war in the trenches and the factory, of corruption in Washington and New York, of domestic and planetary disturbances, bother you one bit if you were at the top of your stride?

Would the fate of the universe, or of the Democratic Party, darken your soul if some perfect arm were curving about your neck, or a chubby child were bouncing on your knee? What if this whole question, whether life is worth living, depends more upon you than upon life?

Life is as it is; let us agree that all these black eyes we gave it *supra* were well deserved; let us agree that all things must die, that every sun must set; is it possible that with all these evils and with all these limitations life may still be a gift if we give it half a chance?

Here am I, for example, sitting all this day in a train; nothing could be more unnatural or ridiculous. If, in the evening, I am dull and spiritless, is it life's fault, or mine? And you, how much sitting down have you done today? Do you expect that nature will do her best for you if the only muscles you use are the sedentary ones?

Do you brave your neighbors and go out for exercise in the fields, or do you take all your sport by proxy, sitting in a grand stand watching others laboring at baseball, or breaking their backs for your exaltation? Are you, perchance, an introverted intellectual, capable of thinking and never of acting, knowing all philosophies but shrinking timidly at the approach of a hale and hearty proletaire?

Why is it that manual workers, despite exploitation and heavy toil, are a jollier, more laughter-given lot than business men and scribes? Why is it that there is more song and frolic in their workshops and their homes than in the offices and palaces of the bourgeoisie?

Because action is the secret of health, and health is the secret of happiness. Go out and let the sun shine upon you for a while; you need not fear the results with which Hamlet threatened Ophelia.

What do you eat, and where?—where do you sleep, and when?—what if this has more to do with your pessimism than the vicissitudes of marriage, or the destiny of the earth? Perhaps you are one of those millions who lead the lives of inactive intellectuals and eat the diet of blacksmiths and porters? Heaven knows how any of us can keep from pessimism in this age of restaurants, Prohibition, soda sirups and denatured or manufactured foods.

The decay of cookery is the blight of modern life and the source of many philosophies. Get a home, Jacques, even if you must marry for it. Come back to your own table in the evening and let your eating be one of the joys of life, not one of its tribulations. The foundation of good cheer is joy in our daily bread.

We suffer today more than many generations suffered from the normal affairs of life, because the stimulation of machinery and crowds and print and noise has worn all protective tissue from our nerves, and we are as sensitive as broken minds. There are compensations: this same sensibility sharpens us to such subtlety of perception, such range of response, such manipulation of delicate mechanisms, and such coordination of muscle and sense in rapid reaction to a thousand stimuli, that we are able to do things which would have seemed utterly impossible to primitive or medieval man.

We are like the musician whose "educated ears" make him suffer whenever he hears a noise, or another musician play; he pays the penalty for his gift and has the defects of his virtues. But would he think of surrendering his gift to be freed from its pains? Neither would modern men yield up the sensitivity that doubles the content and fullness and suffering of their lives.

Last week, halted in the traffic on Fifth Avenue, I could relax for a moment and study modern life. On every side automobiles and trucks, so close that some fenders touched, and chauffeurs exchanged philosophies. In the midst of it all the traffic officer stood calm and poised, in a charmed square foot of space, risking his life on the accuracy of fifty thousand drivers, giving directions without hurry or worry, and finding time, amidst it all, to talk with a passing friend.

Men and women picked a path among the cars, careless of accident and injury; boys pushed clumsy clothing racks along the pavement, and one reckless lad, vestige of a slower age, wormed his way through the maze on a bicycle. No one grew excited or even raised his voice; the chaos moved on leisurely and peacefully, as if the whole were a scene in some insane asylum where only gentle madmen lived. I marveled at the nervous resilience, the self-control and good temper of these men.

But I would not live in such an asylum if I might for any reason be excused. Surely men must tire of this wild pace and need some refuge from it; even if they know it not, the poison of speed and noise and everlasting danger gets into the blood, and health begins to break.

For my part, after fifteen years of city life, I had enough; I resolved to ease the tempo of my life by dwelling where nature might give me her silent example of calm and steady growth. I rented a little home in Long Island (if you will let me tell you of my own experience), some sixteen miles from madness, and left myself free to pack up and go if my rural mood should change.

The adventure (or flight from adventure) has lasted only half a year, too short a time to deduce eternal verities. But every day I like it more, and my

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hunger for it dictates these pages as I rumble too slowly back from the West.

It is a little town of perhaps ten thousand people; and most of the homes draw a more modest rental than the average apartment in New York. To reach Bedlam, I walk twelve minutes along quiet streets shaded by rich trees in summer and paved with clean white snow in winter; I board a clean and spacious train, and in half an hour I am in the midst of musical comedies, photoplays, dirt, noise, subways, elevated trains, flying newspapers, operas, automaton restaurants, open-air loud-speakers, ten thousand automobiles and one million mauling people seeking refuge from themselves.

Once out of the Great Asylum you see it for what it is; and unless its fever is irrevocably in your blood you shun it as you avoid, when you can, the subway at its "peak." How tawdry it seems from far away.

No, I shall not go there unless love or friendship importunes me, or some great artist, inaccessible over the air, dignifies the chaos for a while. I want to stay where a man may be himself, and not a cipher in the mob; I want to wake up in a room echoing with birds and sparkling with the unimpeded sun; I want to see trees swaying near my windows as I dress. I want to breathe air that of itself would make me fit and hale.

I want to do my work in a study cheerful with light, cozy with a fireplace and far from the madding crowd. I want to eat at my own table, with my own family, simple foods that grow out of the earth, prepared by a lover's hand. I want to putter about the house. I want to stroll in the autumn woods and get drunk with autumn's colors under the autumn sun.

But, you say, let us speak of the strain and brutality and injustice of our economic world. I have known it, I have felt it directly enough on my own flesh. But I would not be quite ungrateful for the myriad comforts and powers which our industrial age has heaped upon us; merely the plumbing that we use would have seemed a luxury to a medieval king. We are protected by public sanitation, and the progress of medicine, from a hundred diseases and epidemics which once harassed every life and brought half the race to early graves.

We speak of poverty, and it is real; but once it existed everywhere and stared us in the face; now we must go slumming to find it in its ancient virulence. The vast majority of the people whom we meet seem to have enough to clothe them warmly and to feed them beyond need; was there ever before a nation whose people died not from undernourishment but from overeating? As one physician puts it, we live on one-third of what we eat, and the doctors live on the rest.

We speak of human slavery, and it is real, above all in lands harassed by imperial subjection; but how much of it remains in Europe or America as compared with a century ago? Every day muscle power in our country becomes dearer, through the restriction of immigration from Europe and from heaven; every day mechanical power becomes cheaper, through the development of invention and the harnessing of falls and streams. It is only a matter of another generation or two when the rising cost of muscle will meet the falling cost of power, and the dream of Aristotle will be realized, "the loom will weave of its own accord," and slavery will be too expensive to survive.

Here is a building going up; there's not a hod-carrier in sight and only a handful of harassed slaves; on the contrary, these ironworkers, plasterers, carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers and electricians are better paid than the average business man. At the station I see motor trucks carrying the baggage which was once pulled by tired men.

In Detroit I stand by in admiration as two men, unaided, dig a great trench eight feet wide at the rate of three blocks a day; one operates a gigantic steam shovel, the other, with omnipotent toe, moves a five-ton truck. Should I tell either of them that he is a slave, I may be told that I am a professor; their pay envelopes would make many a professor envious. But where they work, cheerfully and competently today, fifty years ago a hundred immigrants would have toiled long hours to exhaustion for a wage hardly sufficient to provide them with onions, bread and beer.

And there in that factory, which was once damp with steam and filthy with grease and dirt, clean electricity holds sway, and everything is as tidy as in an old New England home. A thousand devices protect the worker's life and limb, and insurance helps him in accident or disease; organization and invention have given him, not all that he might merit, but far more than his brothers over the sea.

Poverty survives among the weavers, slavery survives among the miners; it is an evil that will move stout-hearted men not to despondency but to the brave resistance of a Wilberforce and a Garrison. A man does not whine over evils; he sharpens his teeth against them.

As for love, it is again our own immaturity that makes us expect that it will last forever; an ounce of biology should teach us that, once we have mated, nature withdraws from love the fancies that supported it and leaves its continuance to the resources of our own intelligence. How can we fare well in love if we seek in women not the qualities that make a family and a home, but those more visible—ever more visible—charms that arouse our tired flesh?

We cannot spend our gold and blood on Dixie Dugans and Loreleis and count on them for any tenderness that shall survive our purse; we cannot expect a "flapper" to make a faithful wife, a good mother, or even a safe cook. Marry a modest girl, Jacques, if you can find one; the other sort will deceive you in a year. I grant you that marriage is war; but it is better to marry than to burn, and Mars is a better god than Mercury.

And see to it that a child or two shall come to keep you awake o' nights and pestered by day; those troubles will give you a strange and unreasonable happiness. Let the "hard-boiled" laugh at you; nature is on your side, and chubby arms will be giving you a fond good night when your unsentimental friends, as they yawn on a park bench or in a furnished room, will be wondering how to "kill time" till the day is done.

No man is a pessimist who has been faithful to his children; their song and laughter cleanse away the fatigue of the day's work; and their bright youth is his answer to the years that age him, his challenge to eluded death. There is no pleasure in the world like children.

Even the fatigue is good if one lives actively; have you not enjoyed your very perspiration after some triumph in honest labor or in a game? Use your bodies, dear pessimists; play, and don't spectate too much; make things with your hands, even if you crack your thumbs; keep a garden or have a workshop, and the Devil will never find you. Join in the life of your community and do your share to combat the evils that exist.

Franklin's Favorite Daughter

(Continued from page 45)

anguish on account of his nifty going virtually for nothing; and then he disappeared and worked round to the back to where we girls made our next exit. And no sooner were we off stage than the whole place was ringing with the sound of him firing Pearl.

That night she tells me she's transferred to the Ensemble of the Number Two company, about to tour the small towns.

Well, you might say it looked a safe bet that this Pearl Delahay had spoken her last lines under the Pottinger and Abeles banner. But you never can tell in the show business, and Fate had much in store for her. I didn't see her for a week or two, and pretty soon the Number Two went out and opened in Albany, to play three nights and a matinée and then troupe around New York State.

And then one Saturday I get a telegram from Jim saying the girl playing the part of the Maid has sprained an ankle, and he's mentioned me to Headquarters, and I'm told at the office to pack a suitcase and hurry off to a hamlet called Eulalia, to open there on the Monday night.

Well, I got to Eulalia on the Sunday morning and Jim met me at the station and we went off to the hotel for a bite of lunch, and while we were busy digging in along came Lew Ginsberg, our advance man, all worked up and full of interest and curiosity.

"Say, who's Pearl Delahay?" asked Lew.

"I don't know," says Jim, turning to me. "Isn't she——?"

"Certainly she is," I said. "That girl with red hair. She and I roomed together when the show was on the road before the New York opening. She's in the Number Two chorus now."

"That's what I thought," says Lew. "I knew I knew the name. There must be some mistake."

"What about?"

"Well, we play a place called Franklin next week, and I've got a letter from the editor of the Franklin Argus-Gazette saying I can have all the space I want for a write-up of this Pearl Delahay. Why Pearl Delahay?"

"I'll tell you," I said. "This Franklin is this Pearl Delahay's home town."

"Is that so?"

"It certainly is. She was born and bred in Franklin, and her husband runs the Always Open Garage on Main Street on the right as you leave the Baptist Chapel."

"Important, if true," says Lew Ginsberg. "But I can't go giving big write-ups to chorus Janes."

So he decides that, as far as Pearl Delahay is concerned, publicity is the curse of the modern stage. And we go trouping around for the next week and on the Sunday morning we fetch up at this Franklin.

I'm bound to say that the first impression I got of Pearl's home town was that any girl who left it and went to New York to fulfill herself had a good smart head and deserved credit. None of these up-state towns are what you might call Babylons on a Sunday morning when you've just come off a train and haven't got the cinders out of your hair yet, and Franklin, as far as I can see, is no exception.

There were a few of the prominent

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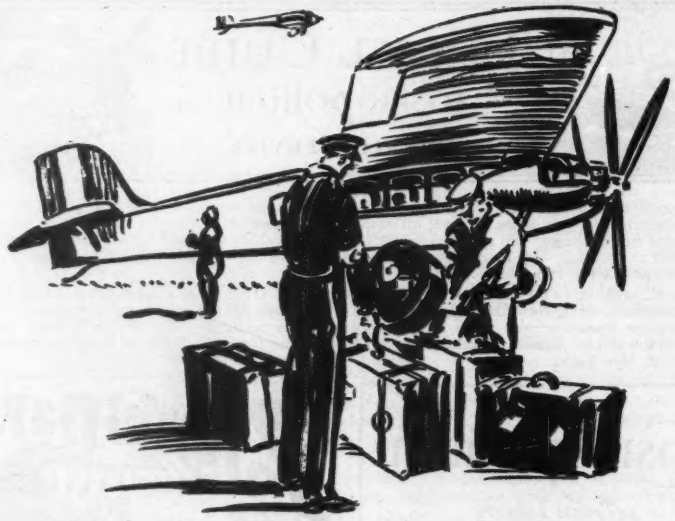

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		Rochester	35
		Buffalo	40
		Cleveland	60
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	once daily	one way	20
		round trip	35
Cleveland to Detroit	twice daily	one way	18
		round trip	35
Cleveland to Chicago	once daily	one way	45
		round trip	85
Detroit to Chicago	once daily	one way	30
		round trip	50
Detroit to Indianapolis via Fort Wayne	once daily	Ft. Wayne	19 50
		Indianapolis	33
Chicago to San Francisco via Omaha, Salt Lake City and Reno	to Omaha, twice daily beyond Omaha	Omaha	47
		Salt Lake City	146
		Reno	191
	once daily	San. Fran.	200
Chicago to Indianapolis via South Bend	once daily	So. Bend	10
		Indianapolis	25
Chicago to Twin Cities Two Routes	once daily		30
	once daily		35
Chicago to Cincinnati via Indianapolis	once daily	Indianapolis	22
		Cincinnati	35
Chicago to Kansas City via St. Louis	once daily	St. Louis	30
		Kansas City	55
Chicago to Atlanta via Evansville, Nashville, Chattanooga	once daily	Evansville	36
		Nashville	48
		Chattanooga	55
		Atlanta	65
Atlanta to New Orleans via Birmingham and Mobile	daily except Sundays and holidays	Birmingham	15
		Mobile	35
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New Orleans to Houston via Beaumont	daily except Mondays	Beaumont	$25
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San Antonio to Brownsville via Corpus Christi	once daily	Corpus Christi	16.50
		Brownsville	33
Dallas to El Paso via Abilene	once daily	Abilene	22
		El Paso	71
Fort Worth to San Antonio via Dallas, Waco and Austin	once daily	Dallas	5
		Waco	14
		Austin	25.50
		San Antonio	34.50
Fort Worth to Galveston via Dallas, Waco and Houston	once daily	Dallas	5
		Waco	14
		Houston	33.50
		Galveston	39.50
Salt Lake City to Great Falls via Pocatello, Butte and Helena	once daily	Pocatello	17.50
		Butte	37.50
		Helena	44
		Great Falls	50
Los Angeles to El Paso via Phoenix, Tucson and Douglas	once daily	Phoenix	32.50
		Tucson	45
		Douglas	57.50
		El Paso	77.50
Los Angeles to San Fran.	once daily		50
Los Angeles to San Fran.	twice daily		35
Los Angeles to San Fran.	twice daily		40
Los Angeles to Seattle via San Francisco and Portland	once daily	San Francisco	45
		Portland	113
		Seattle	125
Los Angeles to Salt Lake City	once daily		60
Los Angeles to Phoenix	once daily		35
Los Angeles to San Diego	once daily		30
San Francisco to Seattle via Portland	once daily	Portland	45
		Seattle	55

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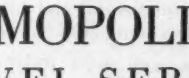

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citizens leaning up against walls and a few dogs massaging themselves in the road, and for the first couple of hundred yards that's all there was in the way of excitement.

And then, as we turned into Main Street, things livened up. Stretched right across the fairway between a couple of trolley posts was a great big streamer, and on it these words:

GREETINGS, PEARL!

And a few yards on, another:

WE'RE WITH YOU, PEARL!

And just outside the hotel, one more:

WELCOME TO FRANKLIN'S FAVORITE CHILD!

We're just drinking in this third one, when there's a sound of galloping hoofs in the rear and up charges Lew Ginsberg.

"Do you see what I see?" asks Lew anxiously.

"What's it all about?" says Jim.

"The best way of finding out is to ask her," I said. "I'll go in and see if she's registered yet. I think she came off the train ahead of us."

So I went into the hotel, found this Pearl and came back to the boys.

"Interviewed by our representative," I said, "Miss Delahay made the following statement. It seems she never knew we were ever going to take in Franklin in our wanderings in the wilderness, so she's been writing long, chatty letters to the home-town folks, telling them what a good part she has and what a riot she is and how she only wishes they could all be there to see her, and a lot like that. The result is, they've got the impression she's some sort of a star."

"Well!" says Lew.

"Well!" says Jim.

"The poor wet smack!" says Lew.

"You can't blame the girl," I said.

"Can't I?" says Lew. "Watch me!"

"I don't see what it matters."

"You don't!" says Jim. "Has it occurred to you what the inhabitants of this burg are going to say when they discover their idol tucked away in the second row of the chorus? They'll wreck the theater."

"And lynch the management, most likely," agrees Lew. "When you get out in the wilds like this, you never know what lengths the populace won't go to when stirred. Probably every second man in a place of this sort packs a gun and uses it if you so much as look cross-eyed at him."

"I must get Mr. Pottinger on the long-distance," says Jim, all worked up.

So he goes off to the phone and I go up to my room and presently he appears in the doorway, looking at me in a sad sort of way, and then he shuts the door and comes across and looks at me some more, sadder than ever.

"Say, listen," says Jim.

"Spill it."

"You've always been a sport. You'll admit that?"

"Maybe you're right."

"Well, be one now, kid. I've been talking to Mr. Pottinger and he's madder than a wet hen, but he agrees the only way out is to let this Pearl Delahay play a part tomorrow night. And," says Jim, avoiding my eye, "the only part that's short enough for a Dumb Dora like her to get up in the time is yours. How about it?"

I put the poor geek out of his misery. "Ho kay, agribble by me," I said. "Go as far as you like. I don't mind sitting out front and watching her fulfill herself."

"Baby," says Jim, "I've said it before and I say it again and I don't care who hears me. You're all right."

And he kisses me in a reverent sort of

way and goes off. And I go to this Pearl's room and find her full of ecstasy and ambition, walking about with the prompt-script in her hand, studying.

"Wish you luck," I said.

"Thanks," said this Pearl. "You know, Mae, this is my big chance. I hear Mr. Pottinger's coming down tomorrow. That's a wonderful compliment, don't you think?"

"If you look at it that way."

"What I mean, a big New York manager coming all the way to Franklin just because he wants to see me play."

My own personal view was that, if Mr. Pottinger was really coming to Franklin, it was simply so that he could be on hand to wring her neck the moment the curtain has fallen, instead of waiting till the company got back to New York.

I was wondering whether or not to say so, when the phone rang. I was nearest, so I answered it.

"Friend of yours down below," I said. "Name of Brewster."

Pearl got agitated. "I can't see him, I won't see him. Go down and tell him I'm studying my part and can't see him. I don't want to see him and I won't see him."

"Have I got this straight? What you're trying to say is that you won't see him?"

"I simply won't."

"All right. I'll break the bad news."

So down into the lobby, and there's Brewster, looking more than ever like something you're glad isn't yours.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" said Brewster.

"I've got a message for you from Pearl."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs."

"I want to see her."

"Well, you can't."

"Why not?"

"She's busy with her Art."

"Art? Art who?"

"How do you mean, Art who?"

"Say, listen," says this Brewster. "This guy Art, who is he? One of the company?"

Well, I explained, but I don't think it penetrated, and there was a kind of fierce look in his eye that made me hope there wasn't anybody in the troupe whose name happened to be Arthur.

"Any message for Pearl?" I asked.

"Yes. Tell her little Elmer has broken out."

"Violent?"

"Spots."

"Is it dangerous?"

"It is if you go near him. He soaked me on the nose this morning, and I haven't been able to smell anything since. I never saw a child so blamed fractious. And he's bit his Aunt Ellabelle."

"Well, that's all to the good, isn't it?" I said, remembering one or two things Pearl had told me about her.

"Pink spots, you tell Pearl," says Brewster. "And mention that in my opinion he needs a mother's care."

I slipped this information to Pearl, but she didn't seem as interested as she might have been. She looks at me in an absent kind of way and says it's probably only what's-its-name or something.

I could see she was studying too hard to worry about gossip from the home. Mr. Pottinger was to be at rehearsal next day, and spots have to be pretty considerably pink to take a girl's mind off her job when she knows that.

Well, even in a place like Franklin time passes. Night fell, and next morning broke, and there was a rehearsal in the lobby of the theater, with Mr. Pottinger watching it and muttering to himself in low tones whenever Pearl was in action, so you could see he'd not forgiven her on account of his nifty going for virtually nothing. And then the shades of evening descended once more and the hour of the performance approached.

The birds who build the theaters in these road-towns always seem to have the idea that nothing's ever going to play in them except "Ben-Hur" with a company of two hundred, not counting camels, ancient Roman senators and elephants. The audience gets plenty of elbowroom.

The Franklin Opera House was about four hundred yards by two hundred and fifty; and when I went in at eight-fifteen, in spite of the fact that probably every man, woman and child in the place—exclusive of little Elmer, of course, who's confined to his bed with pink spots—had rolled up to see Franklin's Favorite Daughter perform, there were still a few empty seats. In fact, I had a choice of about a hundred and seventy-five of them; so, seeing Brewster sitting all by himself in the back row, I made for him. Company is company, even if it's Brewster.

"How's Elmer?" I said, friendly, parking myself next to him.

He hadn't seemed any too pleased to see me at first, but the mention of Elmer makes him open up. "Still got 'em."

"The spots?"

"Spots," said Brewster, "is right. I'm pretty near off my head. I don't hardly know what I'm doing."

I told him. "You're treading on my foot," I said.

"I'm desprit," says this Brewster, sort of mumbling darkly. "I don't know but what I may commit some rash act," he says, "being so desprit. I was up with him all night, and it's made me kind o' desprit."

And, looking at him, I note that he does seem a mite moth-eaten and wild-looking. And then they turn down the lights and the show begins.

"Yessir, good and desprit!" I hear him mutter in the darkness.

Well, you know, I want to be fair-minded, and I'm perfectly willing to admit that maybe a girl sitting on the side lines watching another girl playing her part isn't the best possible judge of dramatic technique; but I'm bound to say it seemed to me that this Pearl Delahay—my understudy, as you might call her—was about the most awful yell for help I'd ever set eyes on.

And I wasn't the only one that thought so, either. She hadn't more than played her first scene when I become aware of a sort of low, growling sound to the southwest, like thunder rumbling in the distance, and there was Mr. Pottinger.

I could just see his bald dome glistening in the twilight; and, judging from the noise he was making, this Pearl's performance was hurting him even more than it did me. If he'd been on a bed of sickness he couldn't have acted more unhappy. Every now and then there'd be a lull, and then up would bubble another groan, starting at the soles of his feet and climbing up him and trickling out at the top.

It was a relief when the curtain fell and there wasn't any more Act One to be sat through.

"Well?" I said to Brewster.

"Well what?" says Brewster.

"Now that you've seen her in action, is love dead?"

"Whose love?"

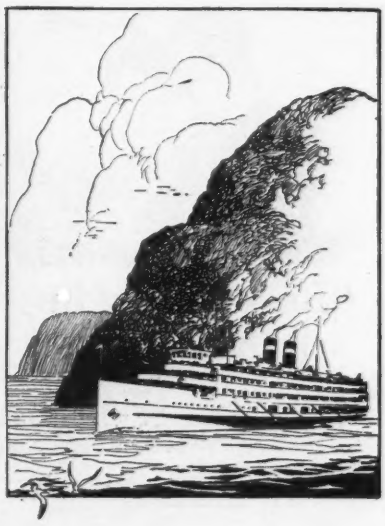
"Your love."

"Her beauty maddens me like wine."

"You got that out of a movie subtitle," I said.

"What of it?" said Brewster.

So, seeing that he wasn't chummy and that nothing I could say was going to make him and me be like one big family or a salon or anything like that, I eased into the silence.



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And soon after that the second act started.

Now, it seemed to me that at the end of Act One the stage manager or somebody in authority ought to have stepped in front of the curtain and warned the audience that the worst was yet to come. For it was in the second act that Pearl Delahay was due to sing.

The thing was one of these building numbers, and Pearl did the first verse and refrain. And she hadn't more than started the first line when I saw that all that had gone previous wasn't to be reckoned as suffering at all.

This Pearl Delahay's great defect as a singer was what you might call too much indecision. She don't seem like she was able to come right out in a frank and manly manner and make up her mind once and for all which key this musical number is in. She's one of these song birds that'll try anything once, and she wabbled to and fro, making experiments, till the hair rose stiff on my head.

And so it would have done on Mr. Pottinger's, if he'd had any. It isn't easy for a man to register a great deal of emotion in a dark theater when he's only got a bald head to do it with, but Mr. Pottinger was making a darned good try.

Even Brewster seems moved. I could hear him moaning softly at my side.

And so it goes on through the verse and the first half of the refrain. And then, just as Pearl's rounding into the straight for the big finish and climbing as close as she can get to the high note, and just as I'm clutching the arms of my seat and Mr. Pottinger's head's shivering with emotion, something suddenly cracks in the dark like a pistol shot.

And, what's more, it is a pistol shot. And the next second the fellow in charge of the drum is doing a backward dive because a bullet's gone clean through his instrument. And, looking round, I see this Brewster resuming his seat.

"Was that you?" I said. And I spoke in what they call in books a low, strangled voice.

"Yes," he says.

"What's the idea?" I said. "Drums cost money."

And then, as some of the populace begin to surge in our direction, I grabbed his gun, and I pushed it out of sight in my bag just as the first wave of citizenry breaks over us.

"Did you do that?" says somebody, gripping Brewster by the arm.

Brewster doesn't answer. He's gone sort of limp. I piped up on his behalf.

"Certainly not," I said. "It came from somewhere over there."

"Over where?"

"Over there," I said, pointing. "Ask the gentleman with the bald head."

So the hue and cry goes off in the direction of Mr. Pottinger.

"Was that you shooting?" they ask.

Mr. Pottinger rose to his feet, put one hand in his waistcoat, cleared his throat and made a statement.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pottinger, speaking for publication and voicing his sentiments fearlessly, "it was not I who shot. This I attribute to the fact that on leaving New York I carelessly omitted to bring a firearm with me, though I might have known it would be needed.

"I fear I cannot take the credit for this public-spirited act. I would say, however, in conclusion, that what has occurred cannot but shed fresh luster on the fair name of Franklin. I thank you one and all."

Or something like that. I can't remember the exact words.

Well, they've rung down the curtain by now, and the house lights are up, and it seems to be the general opinion that whatever entertainment there may be in "Ask Dad" is over for the night, and most of the Franklin intelligentsia seem to be trying to see how quick they can get out. So, as there doesn't appear to be anything to keep me, I go round behind to see what's doing there. And I come on the stage just as Mr. Pottinger is finishing telling this Pearl Delahay that she draws her two weeks' salary and severs her connection with the troupe this very night.

"I always thought you were bad," says Mr. Pottinger, "but I never realized before that you were bad enough to make the audience shoot at you."

"Have they found out who did it, sir?" asks Lew Ginsberg.

"Not yet," says Mr. Pottinger. "But they think it must have been the local dramatic critic."

Whereupon this Pearl dissolved into tears, and I get hold of her and lead her off.

When we came out, all was quiet. The company had dressed and sneaked off to the hotel. We made for the stage door, which, like all stage doors, opens onto a dark alley with lots of tin cans and scraps of old paper in it. And we'd hardly got into this alley when something that's not a tin can comes out of the shadows.

"Pearl!" it says.

It was Brewster, better known as Old Sure-Shot, the Peerless Marksman of the Sierras.

"Pearl," says Brewster; "I'm sorry, Pearl. What I mean, I owe you an apology. I shouldn't have gone shooting you up that way. I don't know what made me done it, Pearl. But I'd been sitting up all night with little Elmer, Pearl, on account his spots making him fractious, and when I see you up there, Pearl, looking so beautiful, something seem to come over me like a rash and I try to drill a hole in you. Can you ever forgive me, Pearl?"

"Brewster!" says this Pearl, taking a running jump into his arms.

"Pearl!" says this Brewster.

"Brewster!" says this Pearl.

And I leave them at it.

The whole thing is, this is a funny world, and you can't ever tell how some people's minds are going to work, especially if they're the sort of minds that anyone would be justified in mistaking in a dim light for an order of cauliflower. Pearl comes to see me next morning just before the train pulls out, and she explains what you might call the inwardness of the thing.

Up till the big night, it seems, she'd fallen into a habit of looking on Brewster more or less as just one of those annoying accidents that happen to a young girl before she gets enough experience to side-step them. No soul she thought he hadn't, if you get me, no romance. And she's so overcome and uplifted by the discovery that he is one of those great spirits that go about trying to fill girls with lead that she's decided to go back home and live happily ever after.

Also, Elmer's spots are better. And, furthermore, she's said enough to Ellabelle to keep her out of the family circle for years and years. That's one advantage of serving a term in the chorus. You do get to learn how to talk to people.

"Pretty soft," I said to Jim, as Franklin receded in the distance. "Pretty soft we girls make it for our husbands. All you have to do is to hit us with a flatiron or push us under a truck or loose off a gun at us from time to time, and love can never wane."

"I'll bear it in mind," says Jim.